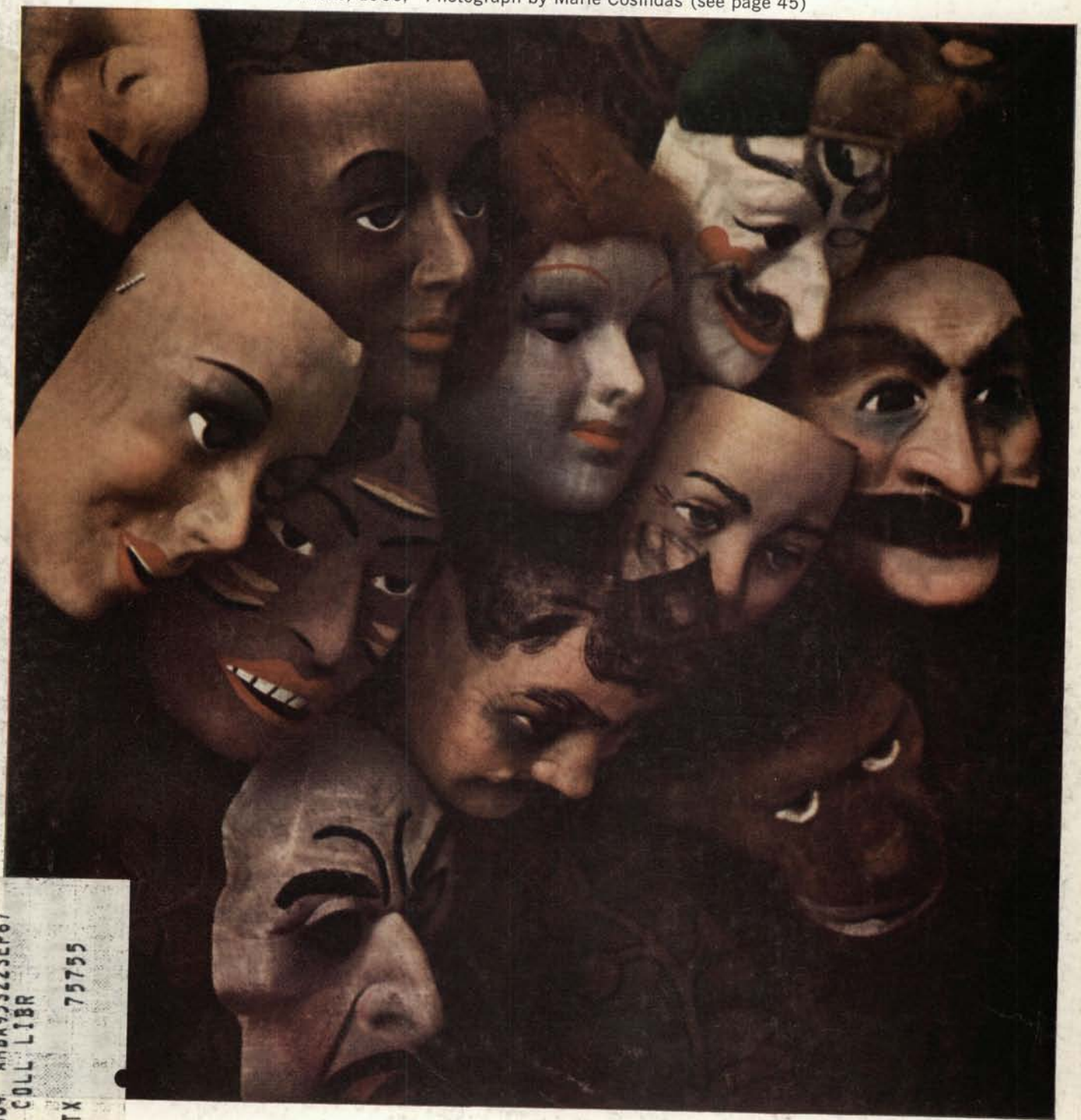
Saturday Review

September 24, 1966 35¢

A SHOW OF COLOR, By Margaret R. Weiss

"Masks, 1966," Photograph by Marie Cosindas (see page 45)



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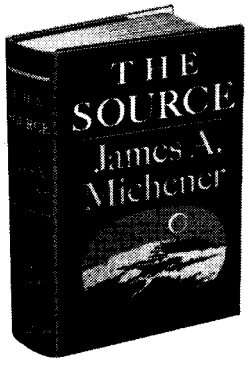

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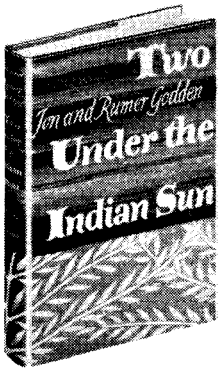

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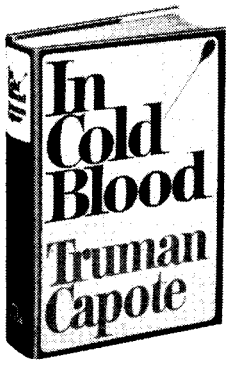

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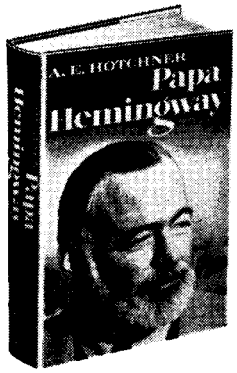

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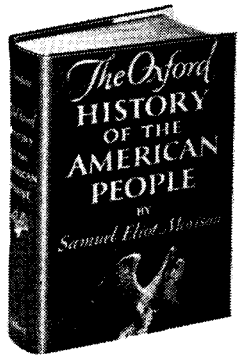

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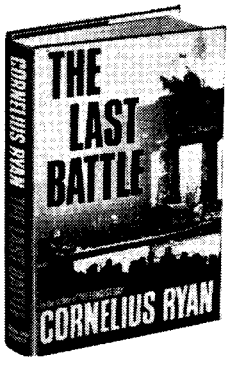

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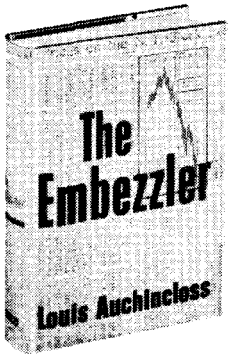

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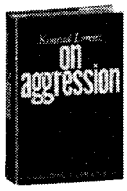

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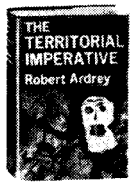

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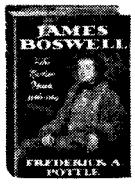

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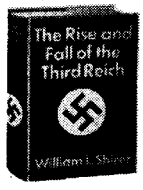

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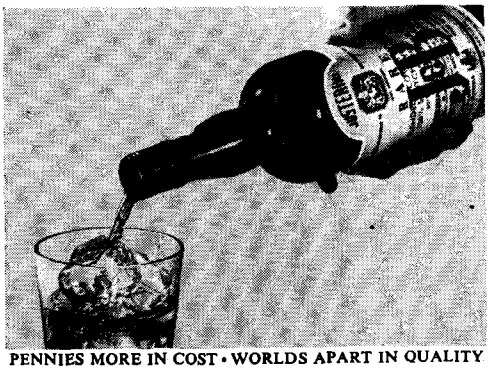

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September 24, 1966

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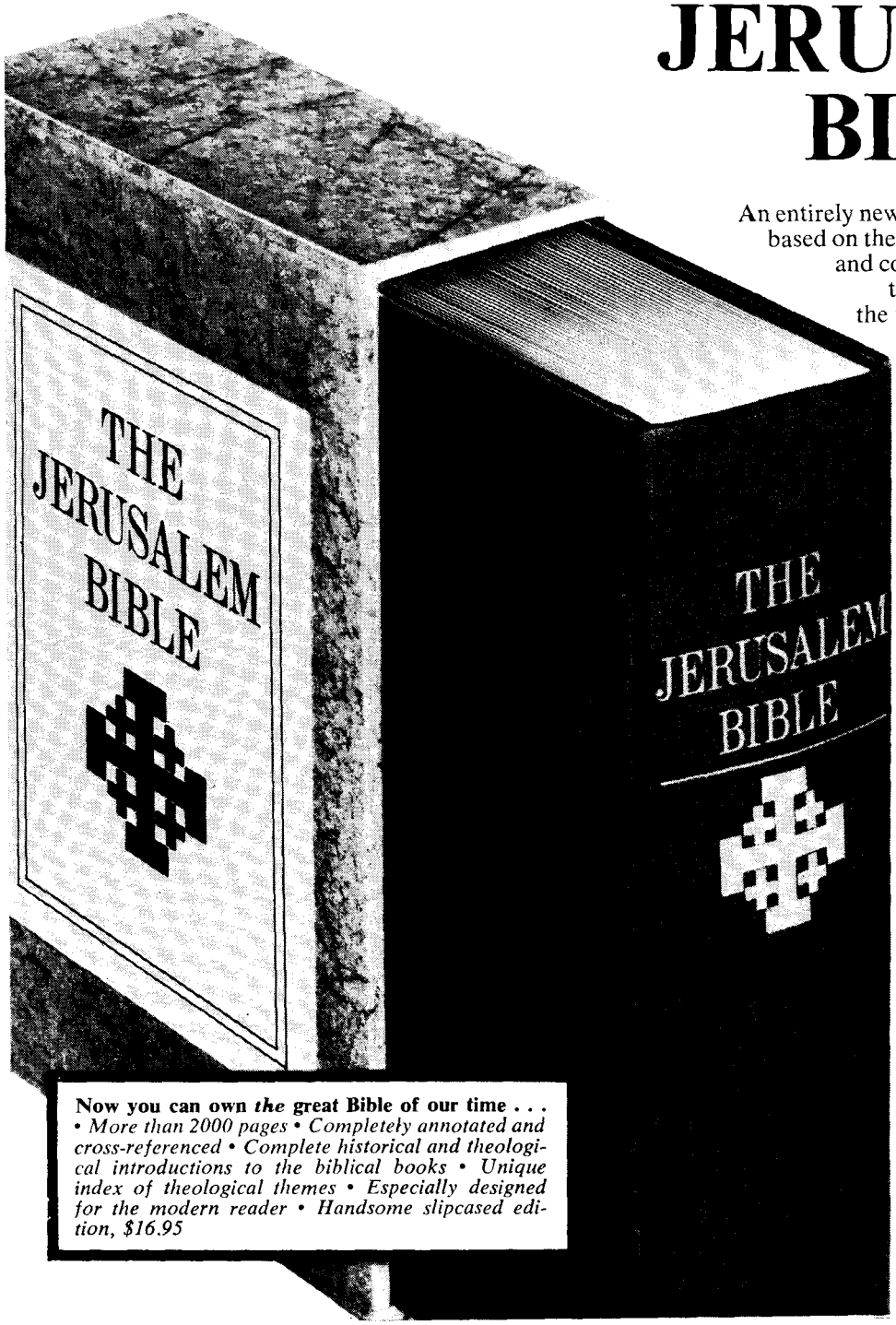

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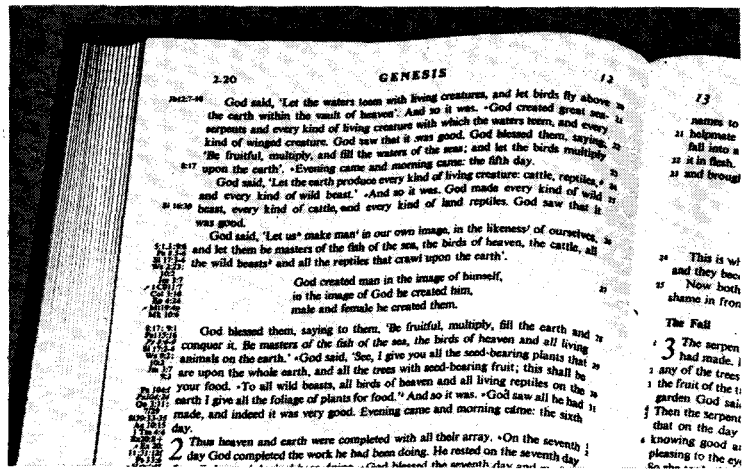
2.20 GENESIS 1.3

God said, 'Let the waters teem with living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth within the vault of heaven'. And so it was. God created great sea-serpents and every kind of living creature with which the waters teem, and every kind of winged creature. God saw that it was good. God blessed them, saying, 'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the waters of the seas; and let the birds multiply upon the earth'. Evening came and morning came: the fifth day.

God said, 'Let the earth produce every kind of living creature: cattle, reptiles and every kind of wild beast.' And so it was. God made every kind of wild beast, every kind of cattle, and every kind of land reptiles. God saw that it was good.

God said, 'Let us make man in our own image, in the likeness of ourselves and let them be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, all the wild beasts and all the reptiles that crawl upon the earth'.

God created man in the image of himself,
in the image of God he created him,
male and female he created them.

God blessed them, saying to them, 'Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth and conquer it. Be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven and all living animals on the earth.' God said, 'See, I give you all the seed-bearing plants that are upon the whole earth, and all the trees with seed-bearing fruit; this shall be your food. To all wild beasts, all birds of heaven and all living reptiles on the earth I give all the foliage of plants for food.' And so it was. God saw all he had made, and indeed it was very good. Evening came and morning came: the sixth day.

2 Thus heaven and earth were completed with all their array. On the seventh day God completed the work he had been doing. He rested on the seventh day

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Edited by Martin Levin

A Little of Each, Please

THE other night I shelled out $6 for a pair of tickets to a film. Not a *movie*, a film. The picture, a typical foreign product, was, of course, a prizewinner at the Dubrovnik Festival—what foreign picture isn't?—and was called, catchily, *Unfathomable Neurosis*. It dealt with the same old eternal triangle those Continental chaps handle so knowledgeably. There was this repressed widow, in love with her pet spider; then, after a few reels, along came a black tomcat, and . . . well, if you've ever seen a Dubrovnik Festival-winner, you know the rest.

The film's moral was familiar to all Americans who can afford $3 a ticket: Sex is loathsome. I'm sure the producers will be happy to know that their work had its desired effect on me: On returning home, I spat at my wife, took two Seconals and slept on the kitchen floor.

Not long afterward, in an effort to heal the domestic rift, I paid another $6 and took the lady to a *movie*, as distinguished from a film. This work, a Hollywood product, was a "wild, wacky spoof" of something really spoofable—World War II. I can scarcely recall the picture's moral, I was so doubled up with mirth—but I believe its point was that the Battle of the Bulge was really a barrel of laffs. (Boy, what a sight-gag when that anti-personnel mine went off!)

So there I was, out twelve bucks (though still with the same wife), brooding on the dilemma that confronts today's screen fan. For his costly ticket he can choose between a film—a tormenting tragedy—and a movie: some equally tormenting slapstick. Where, I wondered, is the old-fashioned "comedy-drama," that catchall for us middle-of-the-roaders who like to mix smiles and tears, us suckers for the old one-two punch: the chuckle, then the lump in the throat? MGM, I recalled, used to turn out these plum puddings by the gross, and for only four bits a ticket.

To attract the built-in audience that I'm sure still exists for such two-tone jobs, I've devised a scenario which combines the best features of the movie and the film. My "movie-film," as the *New Republic* will soon dub it, still lacks a cast, a director, and a bankroll—but I'm open to offers.

My locale is India; my title is *Pather Pancharley's Aunt*. My tale is about a mischievous Calcutta lad who dresses up in his aunt's sari and is mistaken for a woman by a lascivious Raj. Obviously the story can be enjoyed on two levels. On one hand, it's a sidesplitting comedy of mistaken identity, with sly, campy overtones (the chase through the ricefields); on the other, it's a tormented study of transvestite adolescence. (For tops in poignance, I give you the close-up of Pather Pancharley daubing a caste-mark on his forehead with his amah's lipstick.)

Documentary realism (the 45-minute shot of the jute crop growing, decaying, and growing again) alternates with the saucy humor of the seduction scene in the ox cart, a sequence crammed with yocks and yaks. There's social comment (Pather lives in a cobra-infested shack) plus searching symbolism (Are they *real* cobras?).

My story shifts adroitly from the harrowing bubonic plague scene to the high jinks of the moment when the police rip off Pather's sari, and find out he's turned into a *girl!* As for the smashing black-comedy climax, when an elephant tramples the Raj to death and Pather commits *suttee* on his psychiatrist's settee . . . but enough, I'm spoiling it for Bosley Crowther.

Joseph E. Levine, my script is ready. Are you?

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Automobile Watching

IT is heartwarming to see the rebirth of one of this nation's great spectator sports—automobile watching. In the recent past we haven't heard much about this sport, but when I was growing up a certain kind of status was achieved by the ability to recognize, and instantly call out, the make, model, and year of this country's classic automobiles as they whizzed by.

No true lover of the sport will ever forget the genuine triumphs of the past—the model "A" Ford, the Dynaflow Buick with the holes on the side, the first tailfins on Cadillacs. And real buffs will hold fast to their memories of the over-piped Cord, the which-way-is-it-going Studebaker, the Pierce-Arrow, the Hupmobile, the Terraplane, the Edsel, and even the Henry J., which may have just missed being a sort of Volkswagen of America.

All this seemed to have passed. In this age of 8,000,000 cars a year, there had been too much of everything and too

The Vehicle

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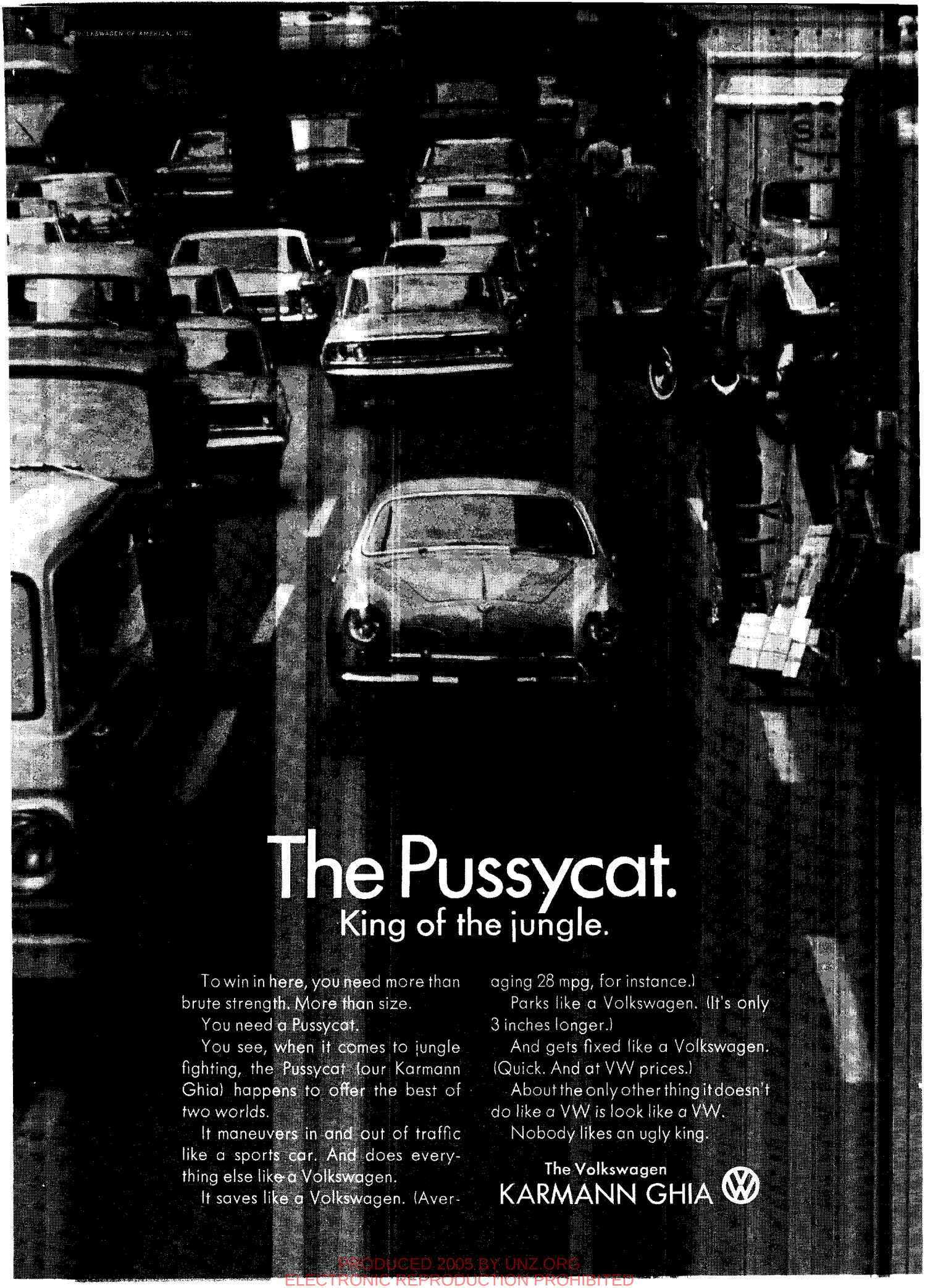

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Nobody likes an ugly king.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA

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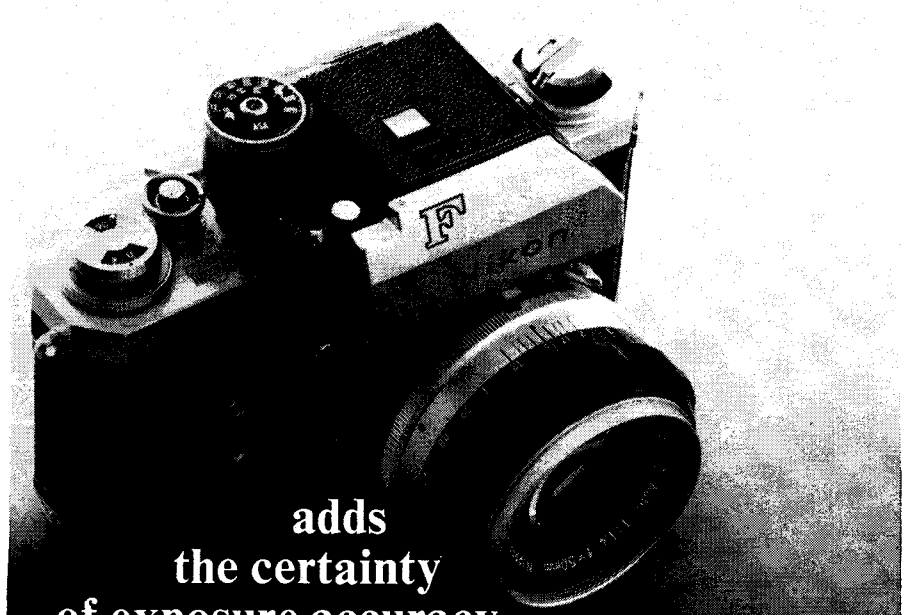

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"Hey, lookit that! A real rarity. That's a 1965 Z———. You can tell by the open door as it goes around that curve. They made only 16,000 cars with faulty front-door latches. And there aren't many of those left on the road."

And as we learn more and more about these special features Detroit has been putting on our cars, we automobile watchers can look forward to increased hours of walking and watching as the cars go bye-bye.

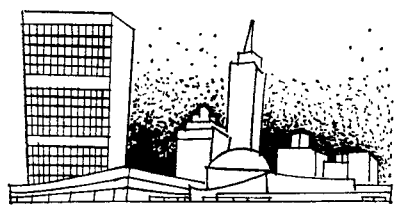
—Lexes Coates.

Letter to the Embarrassed Editor

Dear Sir:

In reading Axel Horn's article "Hjalp! Polis!" in the August 27 issue, I was somewhat baffled by the capital *i*'s appearing before the Spanish versions of various sounds. Then I realized that someone unfamiliar with the Spanish language had probably misread the ¡TUUACK! and the ¡PAAS! and all the other sounds, not knowing that in Spanish exclamations are preceded by inverted exclamation marks. I concluded that said person had helpfully substituted capital *i*'s for inverted exclamation marks. Having reached this conclusion, I was able to reread the article with interest and enjoyment and then put down my copy of *SR* with a quiet PLUUP.

—Mary Meikle.



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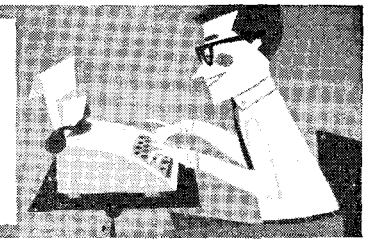


$50 Billion Minus $25

Mayor John Vliet Lindsay,
City Hall,
New York.

Dear Vliet:

This is a Dear John letter to inform you I have contributed $25 toward that $50 billion in aid you so eloquently asked Congress to give you to make New York the fun city you envisioned it.

How I contributed my $25 makes our town seem more like a musical-comedy city. I was fined that amount for going three miles an hour over the 30-mile speed limit while riding along Central Park. Which proves that there is more than one way to be robbed in Central Park.

What it was was, when we came out of the park we saw a policeman sitting in a police car who waved. I saluted. He came over to our car. He said: "You were going three miles over the speed limit." He invited me to wait there while he went back to his office, which was car number 1755, to get his book of tickets.

Well, your honor, since he was sitting in car 1755 while I was allegedly speeding three miles over the limit, wouldn't you be compulsively moved to ask him how he knew we were allegedly speeding three miles over the limit? I was. I asked him: "Since you were sitting here in your car 1755 how do you know I was allegedly speeding three miles over the limit?"

He smiled patiently. "Radar," he said.

"Radar?" I asked.

"You were picked up on radar by our car down there."

I said, "Isn't that invasion of privacy?"

I noticed that don't-mix-me-up look in his eye, but, compulsively, I continued. "Even on *Candid Camera,*" I said, "they have you sign a release before they show you on the screen."

He saw that I had him. So he handed me the ticket. My first ticket ever. He wasn't showbiz like you and I, your honor.

I will say he was polite, friendly. That's why I didn't ask him why he hadn't stopped the car we had been following, which was a yellow cab. Or the car which was ahead of the yellow cab, which was a green bus. I guess he doesn't have a color radar set.

Next day the judge's radar was going pretty strong, too. He said, "Fined twenty-five dollars. Next."

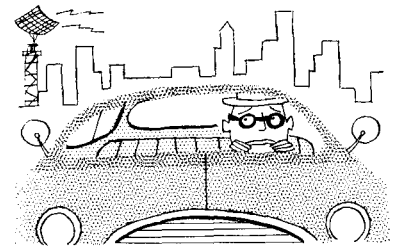
I said, "Next when?"

He said, "What?"

I paid the $25 for allegedly going three miles over the speed limit on my first ticket ever. I hope this contribution helps make New York more fun than the Johnny Carson show.

Mr. Mayor, I'm not a comparison shopper, but I'll wager that going three miles over the limit can be purchased in most other towns for not more than $10. And $9.98 in discount towns.

Dear John, are you trying to drive industry out of our city? Do you want us to take our three-miles-over-the-limit business to New Jersey or Connecticut? Do you know how much revenue this city will lose if you overprice our fines?



Competition is the soul of enterprise.

Mr. Mayor, my sympathy was with you when I saw you on TV asking Congress to give you $50 billion. I sensed the antagonism in the Senate when you asked for that 50 billion bucks. They didn't realize what a job it is to run the greatest city in the world. They should have granted you the money as a tribute to your courage for asking for that much. But you know Congress—millions for defense but not one cent for tribute.

I hate to tell you this, but I doubt you will get it. Money is tight. Tighter than Benny. Isn't that a switch? And the least you can do is keep your fines at a competitive level. It's volume that counts. Or you'll blow the whole $50 billion.

Do you know how many appearances on the Johnny Carson show you would have to make at $320 a throw to get $50 billion? You should live so long, Mr. Mayor, and in good health, because we need you here.

I still remember fondly your campaign promise to "get this city going." I didn't know you meant to get this city going after me for going three miles over the speed limit. —Goodman Ace.

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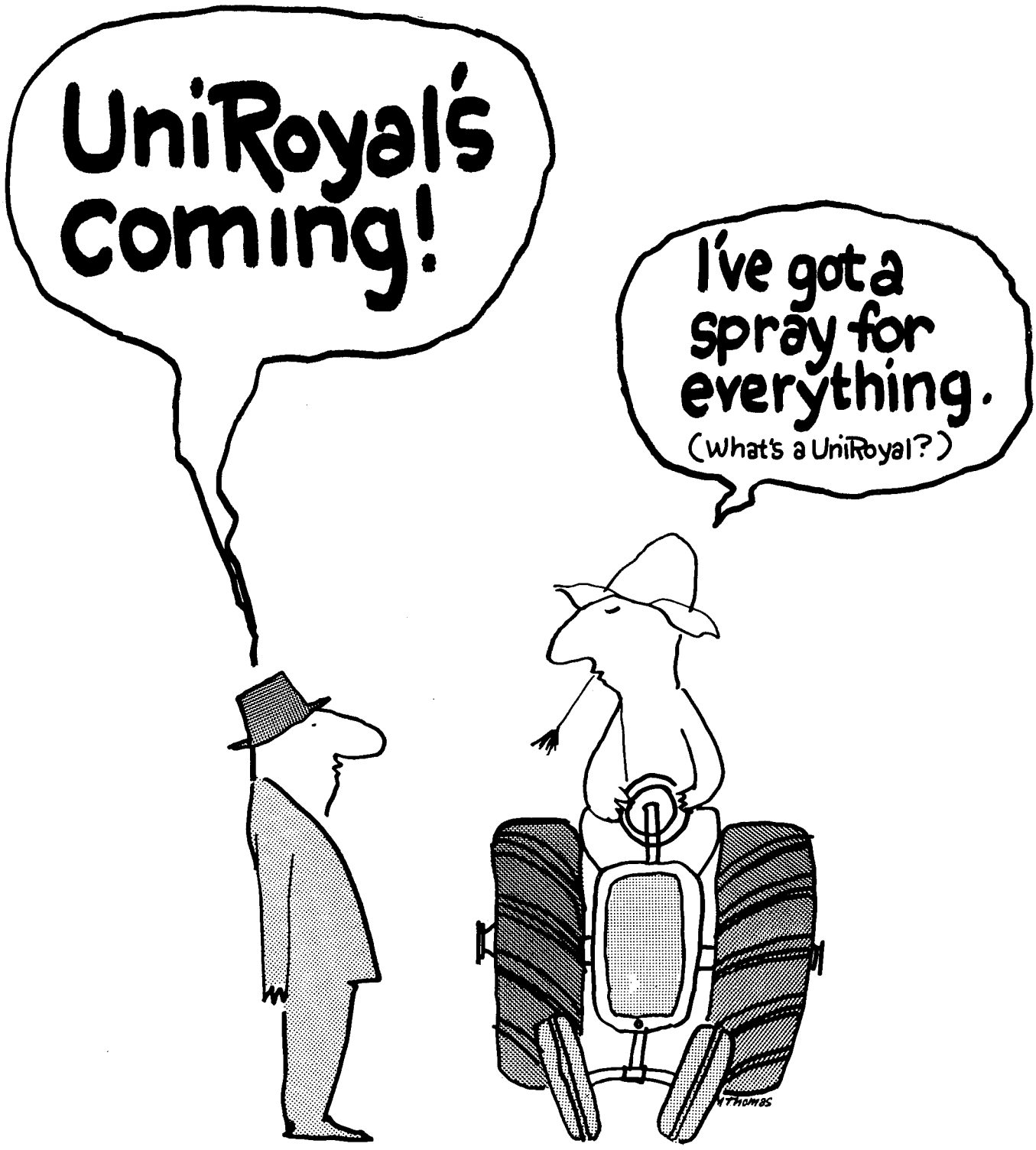

Hey, don't kid that poor city slicker. You know what a Uniroyal is.

Your boots are Uniroyals. The raincoat under your seat is a Uniroyal. Your tractor tires are Uniroyals. Not to mention the tires on your pick-up truck, your threshing machine, your hay baler, your...wait a minute. Maybe you really don't know what a Uniroyal is.

Uniroyal is the new international trademark of the U.S. Rubber Company which we're now using in the 150 countries in which we do such business as manufacturing, research, buying and selling.

A moment ago you said you had a spray for everything. These sprays are Uniroyals—every one. Such as Alanap*—the smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers. Or Aramite*, the mightier miticide.

Well, we hope all this enlightens you a little. Now, will you enlighten us? Which really did come first, the chicken or the egg?

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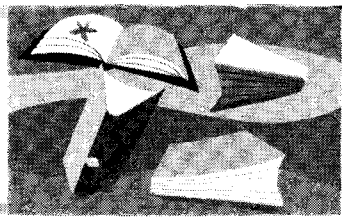

A book called *The World's Funniest Offbeat Humor* has been published by Paul B. Lowney of Seattle, Washington. Sample:

> A man was bitten by a dog, and eventually was told by the doctor that he had rabies. The patient took out a pad and pen, and started writing.
>
> "No need to write your will," said the doctor. "We'll pull you through."

> "It's not my will," said the man. "It's a list of people I'm going to bite."

Here's something for a Congressional investigation. Pierre Salinger, in *With Kennedy,* tells how the President hired the French chef, René Verdon, for the White House. He writes:

> Only American citizens can work in the Executive Mansion so, at the start, JFK had to pay Verdon out of his own pocket until arrangements could be made for his naturalization.

How does one make arrangements for someone's naturalization?

A wild motion picture called *Fantastic Voyage* has just been released, and a written version of it by Isaac Asimov has been published by Bantam Books. The plot concerns a party of scientific people who are miniaturized so they can make a trip through a person's bloodstream. One member turns out to be an enemy agent, and there is a battle in the inner ear.

Thirty-five years ago a funny man named George S. Chappell was the first to make such a voyage. He wrote about it in *Through the Alimentary Canal With Gun and Camera,* a spoof on the Richard Halliburton-type exploration books that were a fad then. The book is still in print, thanks to Dover Publications.

In it Dr. Chappell described "the sources of the Bile," and made comments such as, "so fascinating is the neighborhood of the Gizzards that we decided to stay on for a few days," and, "The origin of the Pancreatic League is shrouded in the mists of antiquity." Oddly enough, in the final chapter, "An Upset in the Interior," the Chappell expedition came to grief. It seems that there was a rebel uprising, led by "Reds." A cargo of ipecac had been smuggled into Gastritis and the natives were in revolt. The explorers fled the trouble area.

"As we tore past Gastritis," Chappell wrote, "I could see most of the city parading the streets, waving red flags and singing the *Internationale*. . . .There was a blinding crash. I remember no more."

Dr. Chappell woke up in the New Haven Hospital.

In his book, *The Intelligent Buyer and the Telltale Seller* (Knopf), Dexter Masters criticizes the retail price of books. He says:

"Practically all books published today, and many other things, are priced misleadingly. I tried to avoid the deception with a recent revised edition of a novel of mine that came out originally ten years ago. . . . I protested the $5.95 proposed for it (the book had appeared at an honest $4 originally), and finally won the publisher's agreement to a $5.75 compromise. But this slightly more honest price completely disrupted everybody; nobody could believe it. And so the $5.95 price was printed on the jacket anyway and had to be removed, and the $5.95 price got into the trade listings and had to be corrected. Months later a friend of mine called the publisher's office to ask if a revised edition of my book were available, as he had heard, and was told that nothing was known of a *revised* edition, but that the book *was* available—at $5.95 a copy."

As for *The Intelligent Buyer and the Telltale Seller,* Masters reports that it was scheduled to be $4.95. "This is a classic deceptive price," he declares, "designed in this instance to make you feel in $4 terms, while getting you to pay in $5 terms."

The terms have been changed since he wrote that. His new book is selling for $5.95.

In his newspaper, the *Independent,* publisher Lyle Stuart recounts the interesting deal he made with Bantam Books for the reprint rights to *Flying Saucers — Serious Business,* by Frank Edwards. Before publication of the hardcover edition, Stuart was getting bids

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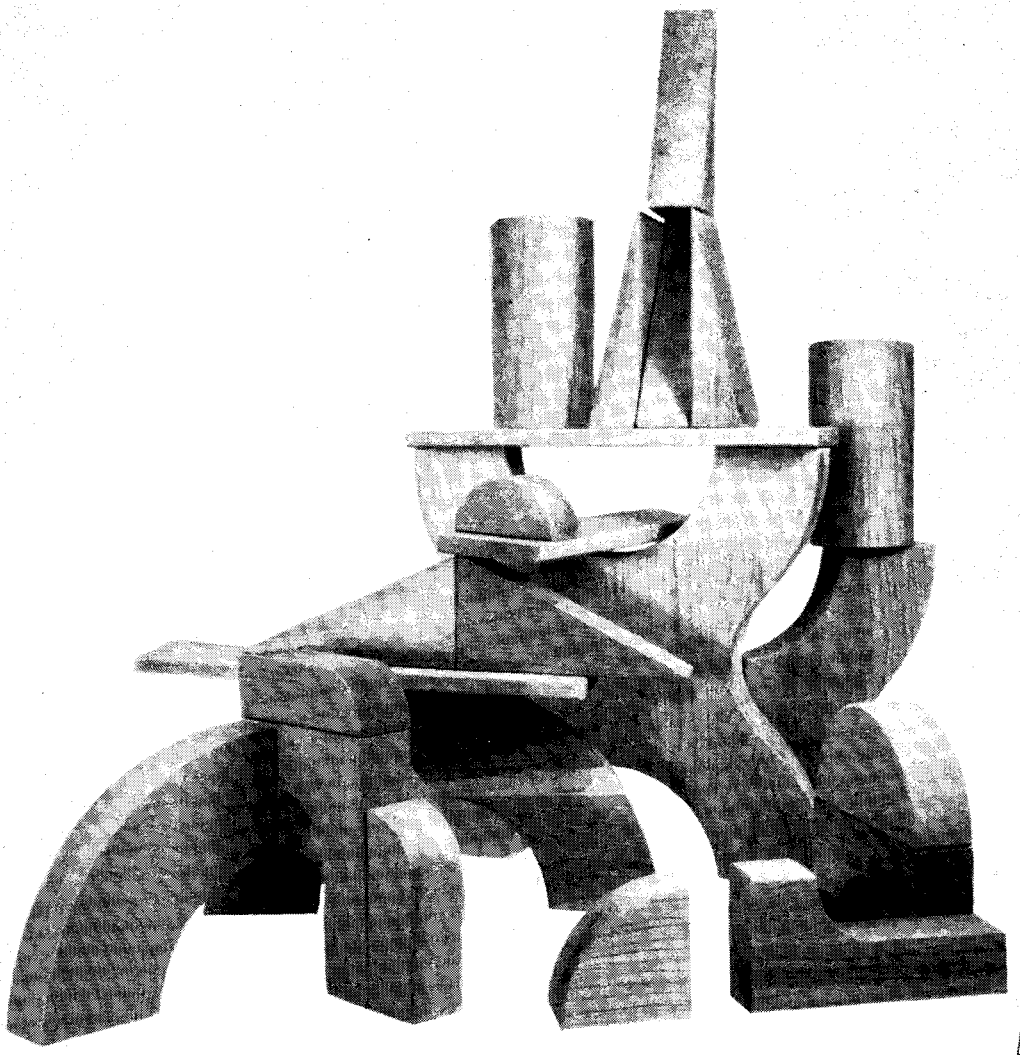

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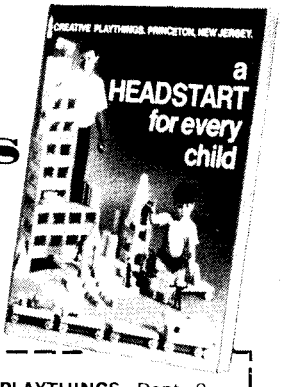

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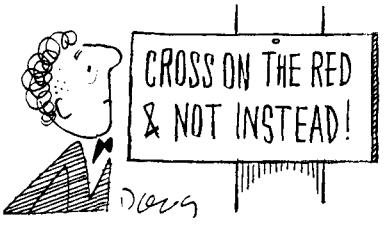
that indicated he could collect about $35,000 for paperback rights.

Instead, he offered the book to Bantam for $15,600, if that paperback house would pay Stuart $5,000 if *Flying Saucers* made the best-seller list of *The New York Times*, plus a bonus every week it appeared there. The book has been on the list quite a few weeks now, and Bantam wonders whether it got the book so cheaply, after all.

Sharps and Flats: A dancer was arrested in a night club in New Mexico for indecent exposure when she performed topless. In court two New Mexico State Policemen testified that they observed the dancer for forty-three minutes before they felt they had enough evidence to make the arrest.

► Can anyone explain why the footnotes in books are still printed in small type? If space is that important, let's put the book in small type and the footnotes in large.

► The Red Guards, those young Chinese who are shaking up Peking society and rooting out bourgeois behavior, are demanding that the traffic light system be changed. Red is the revolutionary color and should mean Go. Motorists should stop on green. Nothing is said about Caution, which is a color they should be thinking about.



► In London, *The Times* reports a shortage of maternity beds in the Midlands area. One person was told at a hospital, "I'm sorry, sir, but if your wife needs a bed in March it should have been booked ten months in advance."
—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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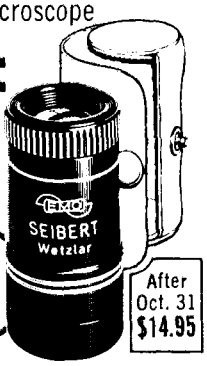

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The Museum of Modern Art Christmas brochure

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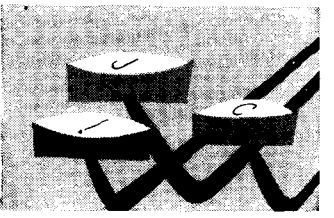
Manner of Speaking



Glass Diamonds: I have been at my doodle pad again for such gems of wisdom as are curlycued there. Sadly, there is no way of doodling a diamond. The true stones have to be dug for deep in blue clay, and they must be cut (always with the risk that they will shatter if you have guessed wrong) and then painstakingly polished. True, there are synthetics nowadays, but those are at best small and imperfect, good enough for commercial grinding but too meager to be ornaments of grace.

On our way to achieving the classless society, however, there is always costume jewelry. One by one, as estate taxes fall due, the great gems will find their way into museum collections, and glitter by glitter the muses of the Great Society will shine in bangles from the glassworks.

Let it be understood, however, that in offering these imitation gems, I do so only on high democratic principle and not by way of shyly assertive apology. Shyness is always self-seeking. It is the cowardice of the sentimental bully. It holds back coyly in the hope of wheedling a special sort of treatment it lacks the courage to demand or the merit to deserve; and once it has been deferred to it turns tyrant. Marry a shrew and hope, but marry a shy one and be doomed.

I am not, of course, proposing marriage; except, perhaps, to true minds unimpeded by solemnity. Nor do I propose to be shrewish even about the impeded, if they will not be shrewish about the fact that a week of any man's life may go by without turning up real gems in any quantity, though the glassworks can always grind on—always, remember, toward high democratic principle. And so to this week's shuffle through the bangle box, beginning with democracy itself and wandering at random.

* * *

Democracy is the will of the governed after it has been subjected to federal probate.

* * *

What we need most to know about public servants is the identity of their masters.

* * *

Whatever else may be intended by history, the rat knows that man was given into its keeping.

* * *

Fantasy is what reality becomes when we ask enough questions of it.

Air is solid if you can get to it fast enough.

* * *

Selection begins with refusal.

* * *

If you don't really care, any reason is good enough.

* * *

A pedant is a man who studies a vacuum through instruments that allow him to draw cross-sections of the details.

* * *

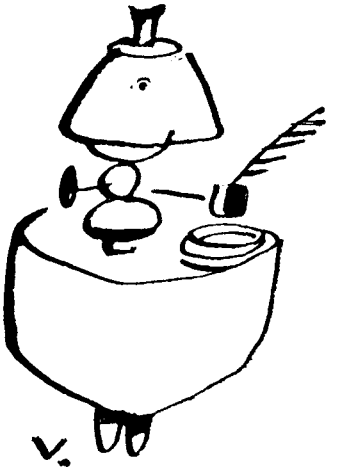
There is nothing wrong with sobriety in moderation.

* * *

Art is the conversation that best listens to itself listening.

* * *

A man is exactly as old as his appetites, but he is beginning to dodder when he keeps biting off more than he can chew, and he is over the edge when he can't remember wanting to.



The rooster knows what really brings the sun up.

* * *

Honesty is the ability to resist small temptations. Saintliness is the ability to resist large ones—or is it the inability to recognize them?

* * *

Character is our description of ourselves as we want others to see us.

* * *

A girl is certainly the best idea any boy has had to date.

* * *

Thoughts on receiving a rejection slip—

(Continued on page 20)

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The Shakespeare Recording Society invites you to enjoy one of the most memorable performances of our generation...

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Albert Finney

in

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with Dame Edith Evans

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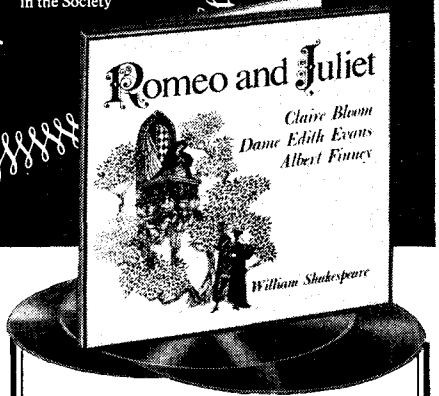
$1 for only [catalogue price: $17.85] with membership in the Society



IF you have ever been enchanted by Shakespeare's poignant tale of young lovers, you will be thrilled by this unforgettable performance. Here, in an inspired interpretation, lovely Claire Bloom portrays the girl *Juliet*, torn between conflicting loyalties...the exciting new star Albert Finney (of *Tom Jones* fame) is an impetuous, virile *Romeo*...and the formidable Dame Edith Evans is superb as the *Nurse*.

Albert Finney plays Romeo

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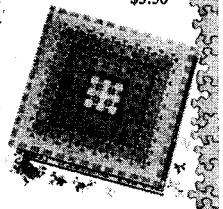

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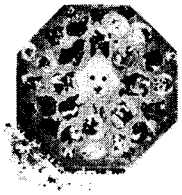

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Continued from page 16

not every idiot is an editor; some of them are out of work.

* * *

Happiness is kind.

* * *

A neurotic is a man who has been forced to adjust to the way we all live. A psychotic is a man who has failed to adjust to the way a psychiatrist lives. A psychiatrist is a man who has been forced to adjust to his own adjustment.

* * *

The judge who does not agonize before passing sentence is a criminal.

* * *

The advantages of dying old can be overestimated.

* * *

The day will happen whether or not you get up.

* * *

Courage understands cowardice but tries to keep its retreats orderly.

* * *

Suicide is an act of justice normal men have no stomach for.

* * *

Inanity is the normal vocabulary of our strongest emotions.

* * *

Love is always the first time again. Whatever comes after that is only habituation.

* * *

A neurotic does well to be either rich or a poet: In the one case he can support his neurosis; in the other, he can employ it.

Boredom is what happens when we lose contact with the universe. Nor does it matter whether or not the universe is in contact with us. It exists as whatever it is, and we exist only as we react to it.

* * *

A miser is an importer who cannot bear to deal through his own tariff wall.

* * *

A Ph.D. candidate is a suspected ignorance undergoing the third degree.

* * *

Intelligence recognizes what has happened. Genius recognizes what will happen.

* * *

A mountain is a river's motive for flowing fast enough to wear it down. Other natural features that stand in the same relationship to one another are men and women, women and men, and adults and children, but not children and adults.

* * *

Gentility is what is left over from rich ancestors after the money is gone.

* * *

If a tree could be made to grow from seed to full height in twenty to forty minutes, the deaf would have symphonies.

* * *

The difference between knowing and feeling is the same as the difference between sound waves and music, or between a glass of water and an ocean: nothing really happens to the data of things until they have been taken into the emotion of perception.

—JOHN CIARDI.

"I'm afraid that the information explosion hasn't even grazed Clarence."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

THE AMERICAN MARKET OF THE FUTURE. By Arno H. Johnson, Gilbert E. Jones, and Darrell B. Lucas. New York Univ. Press. $3.50.

THE INTELLIGENT BUYER AND THE TELLTALE SELLER. By Dexter Masters. Knopf. $5.95.

THE MARKET-PLANNED ECONOMY OF YUGOSLAVIA. By Svetozar Pejovich. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.75.

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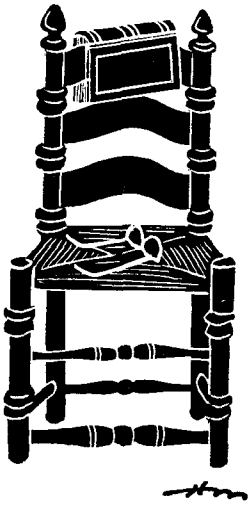

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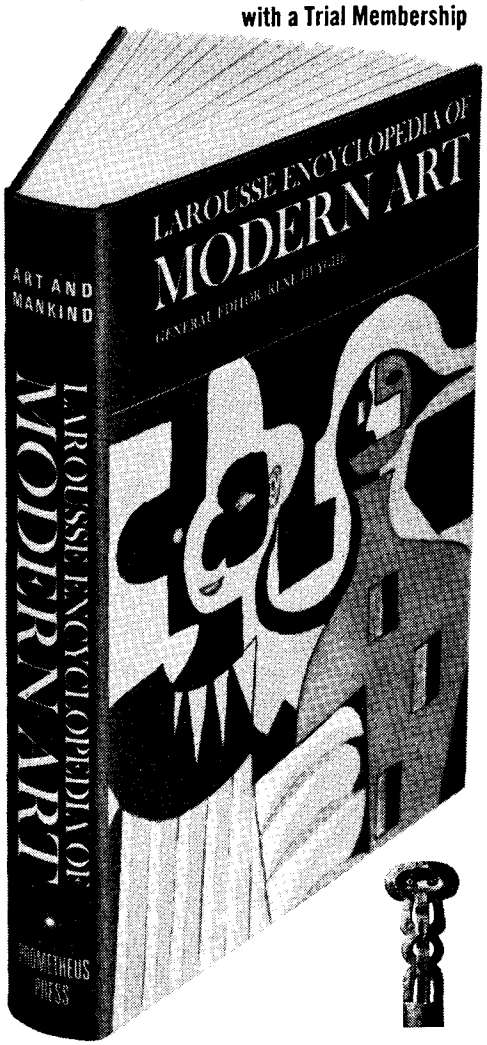

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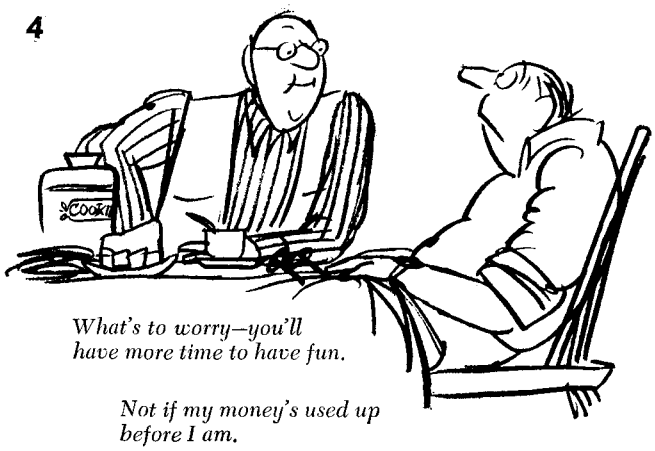

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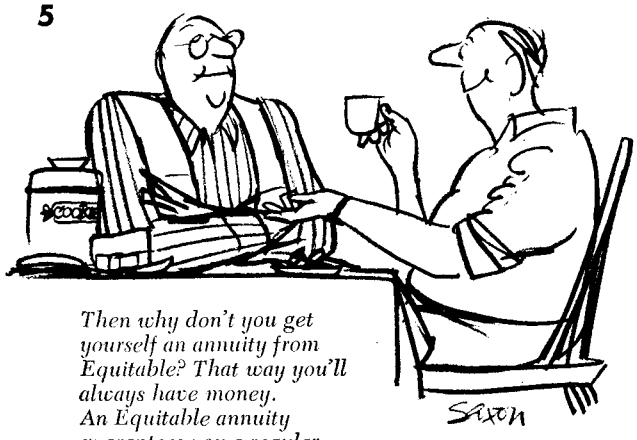

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Saturday Review
September 24, 1966

Position Papers—1966

The New Left: What Does It Mean?

"The end sought is not a new system. Our ultimate goal is peace, and this is impossible without justice—social, economic, and political. Are we then so extreme?"

By EDWARD M. KEATING

With this article *SR* resumes a series of Position Papers, introduced during the 1964 Presidential campaign, in which leading national spokesmen outline the positions of the major segments of American political opinion. The author of this article, a lawyer and active Roman Catholic layman, is publisher of the magazine *Ramparts*, author of *The Scandal of Silence* (1964), and was a candidate for U.S. Representative in the 1966 Democratic primary election in San Mateo County, California. Position Papers representing other points of view will be published in succeeding weeks prior to the November election.

THE ELECTIONS this November will prove totally irrelevant because the American electorate will have no substantive choice among the candidates. Naturally, there will be the traditional rhetoric about the "great liberal policies of the Democratic party" and the "great Republican tradition of fiscal responsibility," but if one pierces the rhetoric of each party, one sees that while each may say varying things, each pursues a common policy, *i.e.* the preservation of the status quo.

Republicans and Democrats in 1966 are snarling and snapping at each other, vainly attempting to deceive the voter into thinking that there are choices, not echoes, on the political horizon. This is to dissemble. Both parties know that neither will attempt to alter basic American policy, which, on the national level, is to obfuscate the social sickness that is consuming us all, and, on the international level, is intended to extend Americanism to the rest of the world by military blackmail.

This year, however, a new phenomenon has entered the political process to contend with traditionalism. I am referring to "the New Left" that has made its entry into the political arena in national elections, especially in the California Democratic primaries that took place last June. In 1964, the only issue was the Right, as symbolized by Barry Goldwater; there was nothing visible on the left. In 1966, not only is the Right visible in the person of Ronald Reagan, but the Left is also represented by such men as Robert Scheer, Phillip Drath, Stanley Scheinbaum, and myself, all of whom are unequivocally identified as originating from the left. The Left is now politically visible—and everyone to our right is both nonplussed and unsettled. We have committed the unpardonable sin of offering the American voter a choice for the first time in history. We have uncaged authentic political conflict.

In the California primaries we "New Left" candidates ran for Congress and were all defeated. We practically all ran in the middle and high 40 per cent, but we nevertheless lost. I believe it was the closeness of the vote that made "nervous Nellies" out of a lot of people. If we had all been soundly trounced, our adversaries could have begun to breathe easier, knowing that in the future we would not again dare to lift our political heads and challenge their right to serve in an elective office. We could be dismissed, in other words. But this didn't happen, and we will run again in 1968.

Before proceeding, I must point out that it is our adversaries who call us the "New Left," and that this is intended to be taken as a pejorative label. To coin the phrase "New Left" is to lean back into the past, where anything left of Right was radical, anarchistic, Communist, extremist—that is, inimical to the American way of life. Today, people of these persuasions are called the "Old Left" in order to equate them more inescapably with us. Thus, we can be viewed as aspiring to essentially the same goals: violent overthrow of the government, linking up with the international Communist conspiracy, abolishing the capitalistic system, destroying religion, oppressing the people, ordering bloody purges, and all the other paraphernalia of a Communist dictatorship.

This equation, needless to say, is completely fallacious. The "Old Left" was within the political spectrum; the "New Left" is not. The old sought to overthrow the system. Overthrow was an end in itself, notwithstanding the ultimate goal of a classless, stateless society.

The "New Left" does not fit within the political spectrum. If anything, it belongs to the social spectrum. The end sought is not a new system, since systems —whether the current one in this country, those in Communist countries, or,

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for that matter, any system of the past—are irrelevant. What *is* relevant is justice. Whereas the "Old Left" sought economic justice, the "New Left" has a far broader concern that encompasses social, economic, and political justice. Its ultimate goal is peace—domestic and international—and peace is impossible without justice.

Further, we believe that the American system has all the built-in aids necessary to arrive at justice for all people. Most important of all is the elective system of government. That is why, rather than replacing the system, we seek to work within it by running for elective office. And the strong vote we received our first time out reaffirmed our belief that the people of this country, as exemplified by the California voters, understood what we were about, and supported us. Next time we will reach more, and we will be a significant voice in Congress.

Understanding the California primaries and "us" (using no labels for the moment) requires an understanding of the national and international context in which we are all caught up.

Ronald Reagan's resounding triumph in the Republican primary is being misread because it is not being put in proper context. Most people view it as a strong pull in California to the right. While this is partially true, it doesn't reveal the total political picture. Reagan presented Republican voters with issues—the University of California at Berkeley, welfare, property rights, race (in the guise of Proposition 14, which was overruled by the State Supreme Court in the middle of the campaign), to list but a few. He was not equivocal on these issues; he pounded them home, appealing to the base instincts of fear and hostility. He did not appeal to the moderate Republicans (as did George Christopher, who addressed himself to almost no "gut" issues), but he took them along with him—and he took them to victory.

Governor Edmund Brown, in sharp contrast, avoided every issue that would have appealed to the liberal wing of the Democratic party. His was a silent campaign, while Mayor Samuel Yorty's was vocal. Again, issues were presented to the people by Yorty. His biggest issue was that Brown's administration was tired and devoid of any affirmative ideas—and Brown neither said nor did anything to contradict him. Brown won, but by a small margin. Yorty possibly could have won if he had been more personable.

AND personable is what Reagan is. Brown is not. This is significant, and even potentially critical, especially if Brown doesn't present the voters with issues. As I have said, Reagan presented in the primary, and is presenting in the general election, issues that can give him victory in November. That is, unless Brown has learned a most important lesson from the Right.

The political middle is crumbling. On the right is Reagan—an issues-oriented candidate. On the left (here now I mean the political Left as it is traditionally understood) in the primary there were myself and similarly minded Congressional candidates, all of whom spoke out against the war in Vietnam, on capital punishment, napalm, racial prejudice, and the war on poverty. We, too, were issues-oriented candidates. Governor Brown, along with many other Democratic candidates across the country, will face defeat in November, since he and they occupy the political middle from which no issues emanate.

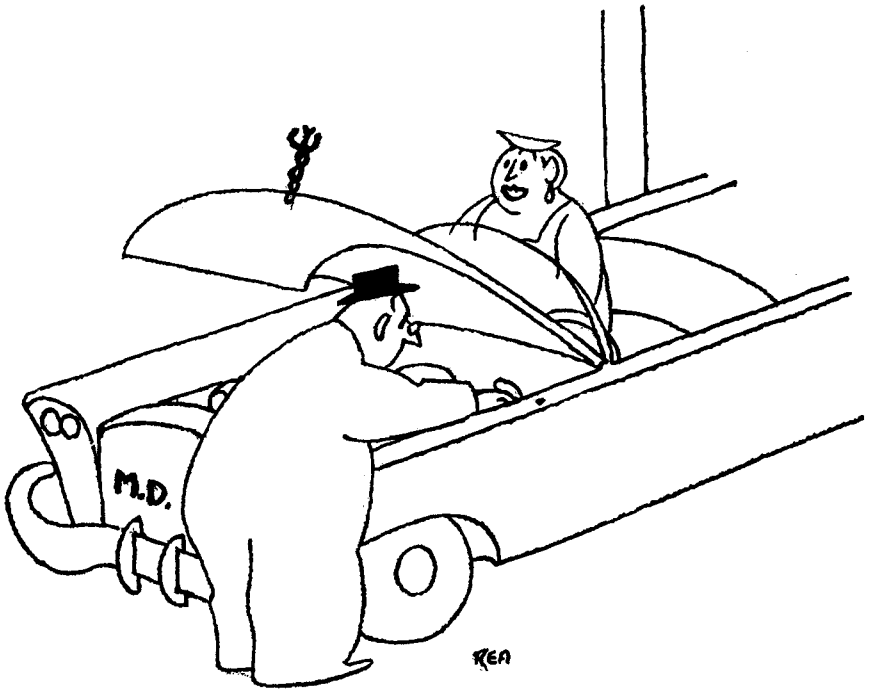
Democratic candidates will be forced to look either to the left or to the right for support. Unfortunately, if they look to the right, they will see Reagan, or the lingering shadow of Yorty. If Democratic candidates move to the right, they will not only do violence to democratic ideals, they will also find the area already occupied by issues-oriented supporters of Reagan. In this direction lies certain defeat. If Democratic candidates look to the left, they will find a large force of voters who will not only support them at the polls, but will also provide a great many workers. This way means not only victory, it also means active reassertion of democratic principles.

Democrats can learn an important lesson from the Right. The successes in California of Barry Goldwater in the 1964 primary and Ronald Reagan in 1966 rested largely on dedicated workers. Similarly, the strong showing this year of us "Peace Candidates" was based almost entirely on the vigorous efforts of comparably dedicated workers. Why the dedicated workers on the right and on the left? *On both sides of the middle the candidates address themselves to the issues and do so without equivocation.*

The workers on the right were successful in the California primary—so much so that Reagan will win the general election if Brown continues to remain in the middle. A Reagan victory will move California to the right. Academic freedom will be imperiled and racism intensified. Poverty programs will be pushed aside as being equivalent to "welfare give-aways." In short, everything Democrats are supposed to believe in and work for will be denied the people of California. And it will be the fault of the Democrats if this happens!

Democrats have a 3 to 2 voter registration advantage in California. They don't, however, get the voters. And they don't get the voters because they don't get workers for the party. They don't get the workers because they don't give them anything to work for beyond obsequious loyalty to the party. Loyalty to the party will bring defeat. Loyalty to ideas, programs, and issues will bring victory. Again, we can learn from the Right. Both Goldwater and Reagan repudiated the moderate wing of the Republican Party and took the voters with them. They were smart enough to see the crumbling of the middle. When will the Democrats see this?

I have gone into some detail concerning the California political situation because it illustrates the increasing polarization of national thought concerning



"Do you suppose it could be psychosomatic?"

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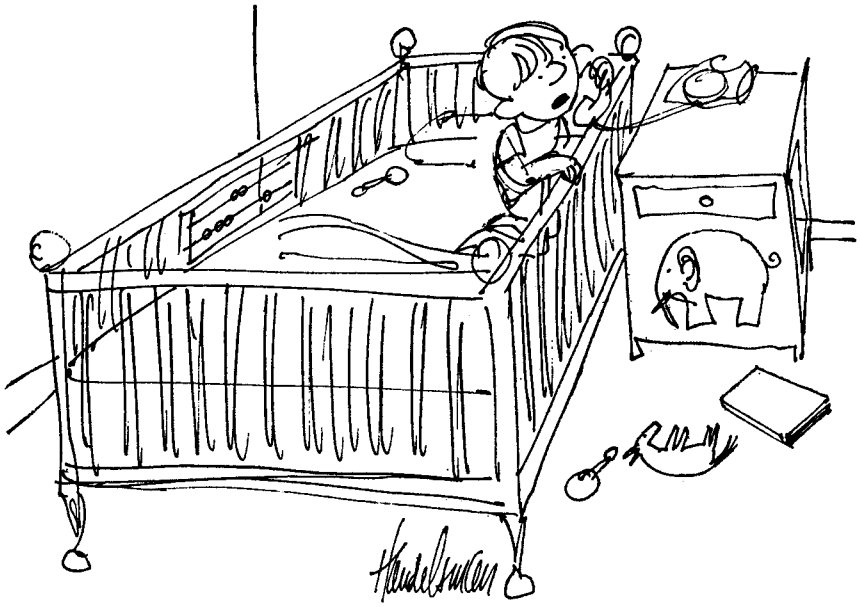
the future of this country. We are essentially a simplistic people; there are those who are friends (even if only temporarily) and there are those who are our enemies (even if only temporarily). For example, in World War II, China and Russia were our friends; we even called Stalin "Uncle Joe." Germany and Japan were our mortal enemies. Today everything is turned around.

We were born and grew up on the Monroe Doctrine, the Bill of Rights, the virtue of motherhood, and the curse of sin. We had our fling at Prohibition and today we wrestle with LSD. We have the Fourth of July, Father's Day, and Groundhog Day, never really being sure what they are all about, but certain they are part of our lives. We are simple because we are so alike (except for minority groups) in almost everything; we came from Europe, with its common heritage and conceptions. We are essentially Christian and we all know something about the Bible and what we are supposed and not supposed to do. There are even some of us who know most of the Ten Commandments.

What we don't know, however, are the enormous complexities of the rest of the world, complexities produced by ethnic and religious multiplicities, by varying political systems, geographic and climatic dissimilarities, and by incredible disparities in standards of living. As the leader in the world today, we, being possessed of a simplistic vision of life, haven't the slightest idea of what to do with our power and, worst of all, where to lead. Our attempted policies are, themselves, simple. Politically, every country would be better off if it had our Constitution, our two-party system, and great national conventions every four years. Economically, every country should want Coca-Cola, a new car every three years, and a washer-dryer combination in every laundry room. Militarily, every country must be saved from militant expansionist Communism by our military might—whether it wants it or not.

I don't believe I'm exaggerating, and at the same time I do not mean to impugn American sincerity. Indeed, it is this sincerity that causes me the most concern. We are so sincere that we have become self-righteous. And it was the French Jesuit Daniélou who once said that the worst crimes in history have been perpetrated out of a sense of self-righteousness. I don't want this country to perpetrate the worst crimes in history—which it is on the verge of doing.

The United States cannot make the world over in its own image. It cannot impress its own concepts and institutions on other nations. Most important, it cannot pursue a foreign policy of "anti-Communism," to the exclusion of all other considerations.



"If you want my mother, I suggest you call my mother's number."

If anything marks American political orientation and direction, it is its paranoia over Communism. If our policymakers had their way, we would not only contain Communism, we would destroy it. And destroy it in a most literal sense—laying waste to the land and destroying lives on the most massive scale imaginable. To give but one illustration: On April 20, 1966, while testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara said, "During 1966, 638,000 tons [of bombs] will be used in Vietnam. This amounts to 91 per cent of the total dropped in Korea over thirty-seven months, and to 48 per cent of all the bombs used against the Nazis by United States forces in World War II."

YOU cannot bomb Communism to death; you must feed it to death, clothe it to death, and heal it to death. Where there is ignorance you must bring knowledge, where there is poverty, you must bring relief, and, most important, where there is oppression you must bring justice.

We talk of foreign aid, but it goes into the pockets of dictators, domineering oligarchs, and a few landowners. Scarcely anything trickles down to the people, and even when it does, it carries a high price in monetary and political terms. The cry of the people is for land reform, and nothing is done. The cry of the people is for a future for their children, and a future is denied them. The cry of the people is for peace, and we give them war. There exists in Vietnam an entire generation that has not known one day free from war, yet our policymakers insist we are only interested in the good of the Vietnamese people.

We "seek their own good," but first we must stop militant expansionist Communism. We talk of reconstructing the Vietnamese countryside with schools, hospitals, and hydroelectric plants, but how can we do all that when all the while we are dropping napalm, phosphorus, and anti-personnel bombs on that very countryside? One of our highest government officials says we do not keep statistics on civilian casualties; we should. It would disclose the extent of our paranoia over Communism. We will destroy lives while trying to search out and destroy an idea. You do not destroy an idea by killing people; you replace it with a better one.

THE tragedy is that we *have* a better idea than Communism, but we don't act upon it. We take up the wrong weapons and use them against the wrong enemy. The enemy is not Communism; it is disease, poverty, ignorance, and oppression. Destroy these and Communism will die on the vine. No revolution has ever been imported; it grows and flourishes on indigenous suffering. If insurgency arises, it is because of internal problems. In a little appreciated speech in Montreal last spring, Secretary McNamara clarified for once and for all the origins of insurgency. He pointed out that of the 149 serious insurgencies in poor countries during the past eight years, only fifty-eight (that is, 39 per cent) involved the Communists, and even here, seven insurgencies were against Communist regimes. The point Mr. McNamara made was that domestic *economic* conditions form the basis of insurgency.

This reveals our failure to see reality for what it is. Further, it shows our misuse of power. We should replace our power to destroy with our power to create. We should care about the suffering of human beings—and we should do

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Saturday Review

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The New Mood in France

IN GENEVA, a Swiss friend suggested I spend a few days in France. "Only a few miles from here, on the French side, you will find some lovely old chateaus which have been converted into attractive hotels. I can't think of a better place for you to see for yourself what the new French mood is like. Nothing you have read in the newspapers or magazines on the subject is good enough. The French people have a resurgence of confidence and strength. They now feel they are at the center of things in Europe again."

I asked my friend if he would care to recommend a specific place where I might stay.

"It will not be easy," he said. "They don't particularly welcome Americans. It is a big change. Not so long ago everyone in France was chasing American dollars. Now they've got the soundest economy in Europe. They've worked hard for their economic stability. They relish their ability to cut loose from the American purse strings—and, in fact, from everything connected with Americans.

"Perhaps it is only natural," he continued, "that people should turn against their benefactors. The French resent having had to turn over their homes for so many years to vacationing Americans during summertime in order to get enough income to scrape through the rest of the year. They resent having had to accept your handouts for so long. Now that they don't need you, they are not particularly eager to have your company."

"In that case," I replied, "I don't have any overwhelming desire to force my way in."

"It might be worth your while for a few days," he said. "The French are going to have a great deal to say about world affairs these next few years. Not until you see them now at close range will you get a full idea of their new spirit."

Again I asked my Swiss friend if he would care to recommend a place.

"I can suggest three or four where influential Frenchmen, most of them professional people and leaders in industry and communications, go for vacations and weekends. You'll find it profitable to talk to them. But the matter of making a reservation at these places is a little complicated. When you telephone the desk clerk for a reservation, do not speak in English you'll be turned down. Speak in French. Fortunately, you've got a French name."

When I expressed disbelief, my friend told me to follow him to the next room, where he consulted a French telephone book. He gave the operator the number of a chateau hotel not far from Lake Geneva, then handed me the phone.

Speaking in English, I asked for the reservations clerk, then inquired about accommodations. I was told that the hotel was fully booked. I asked when accommodations might be available and was told that there were no openings for the balance of the season.

Fifteen minutes later, speaking in French, I talked to the same hotel clerk and was told they would be glad to provide me with a room immediately. I thanked the gentleman and said I would call back if I decided to confirm the reservation.

"You see?" said my Swiss friend. "The French have waited a long time to get out from under American influence and even domination. And now they're doing it with a vengeance. How they enjoy seeing the American dollar shrink in value and prestige in the international money market. A few years ago, when Great Britain and the United States were congratulating themselves on their booming economies, France tightened her belt and did with a little less. She was willing to rein herself in economically in order to strengthen her long-term prospects. Her policies worked. As I say, the French franc is now the most stable currency in Europe."

MY Swiss friend picked up the European edition of *The New York Times*.

"I see that de Gaulle is not very popular in the United States," he continued. "But that may have been one of the things wrong with the previous French leaders. They were popular enough in New York and Washington, but they didn't do very much for France. Think back about the situation before de Gaulle. Nothing seemed to go right. France was in constant trouble at home and abroad. Everything was confusion. One government crisis followed another. Look at it today. No leader in Europe has more support at home than de Gaulle. No leader presides over a government with more political and economic stability than de Gaulle."

My Swiss friend turned to a news article in the *Times* reporting General de Gaulle's advice to Americans to get out of Vietnam.

"How sweet it must have been to de Gaulle to be able to tell Americans to give up their military bases in France. He isn't deceiving himself about NATO. On Vietnam, it was only a dozen years ago that the Americans were moralizing about the French in Vietnam, saying the French had no right to force their will

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Utopia Ahead?

ARTICLES SUCH AS "Danger: Utopia Ahead" [*SR*, Aug. 20] always distress me. Anti-utopians like Joseph Wood Krutch base their arguments on several theories that are not entirely accurate. First, that it is unnatural for people to want to cooperate. Second, that qualities such as aggressiveness and suspicion and jealousy are too sacred to be tampered with. Third, that since a perfect social order is impossible, we'd best muddle along as we are.

(MRS.) MIRIAM HOTARD.

Houston, Tex.

THE GOLDEN RULE—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—forever stands. I cannot accept any of the interpretations in Mr. Krutch's article which misconstrue the rule. It does not say that A is to force upon others what is the optimum good for A, but that each one should be able to experience the optimum good for himself.

HELENE R. EVANS.

Albuquerque, N.M.

"Diplomatic immunity or no diplomatic immunity—do that again and I'll scream!"

Wheat and Rice

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S timely editorial, "From Surplus to Food Crisis" [*SR*, Aug. 27], contains an unjustified touch of the American "legend of inexhaustibility," I fear.

The day before reading the editorial I covered a speech by M. W. Menzies, a respected economist from Winnipeg, capital of Canada's vast prairie grain basket. His analysis of the world food situation held both more and less hope for wheat than Mr. Tobin suggested. More, because in spite of the apparent refusal of so many rice-eaters to switch to wheat, wheat has nevertheless consistently accounted for 35 per cent to 38 per cent of rising world cereal production for the past thirty years. Non-wheat cereals, such as rice and feed grains, are largely consumed in the countries where they are produced, leaving wheat the major pillar of hope. If we are to buy time to avert famine in the less-developed countries, it must be bought with wheat, Mr. Menzies asserted. But the time we can buy is ten years at most.

His view, with which I concur strongly, is that our only hope lies first in replacing the attitude which sees foreign policy as the pursuit of short-term national interest, with a true appraisal of long-term national interest in the context of a world made one in the face of imminent disaster.

BARRIE W. ZWICKER,
Education Editor,
The Globe and Mail.

Toronto, Ont.

I READ with great interest Paul Deutschman's article, "IRRI Fills Empty Rice Bowls" [*SR*, Aug. 6]. This article does as well as any I have ever seen in highlighting the crucial importance of agricultural research in developing countries, and the payoff it can have, both for the individual farmer and for increasing food supplies.

It was to encourage such research that I introduced an amendment to the Foreign Aid bill, which was adopted on the Senate floor last month. This amendment establishes a policy that in countries facing food shortages, high priority should be placed upon adaptive agricultural research to increase acre yields of the major food crops.

WALTER F. MONDALE,
U.S. Senate.

Washington, D.C.

Crouse as a Reporter

I WAS VERY HAPPY to read in your Sept. 3 issue Herbert Mayes's mention in TRADE WINDS of my old and dear friend, Russel Crouse.

"Buck," as he was known even then, was City Hall reporter in 1917, when I came upon the scene as a copy boy and, in a short time, reporter on the Cincinnati *Post*. Everybody—but everybody—had to learn to dictate a news story on the spot. Russel had the perfect telephone voice and I, as a cub reporter, with a phone cup on each ear, took hundreds of stories from him on my typewriter. He was always patient and gentle, and a helluva good reporter—a real newspaperman in every sense of the word. Could I praise him more highly?

ELMER H. DRESSMAN,
The Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

Cincinnati, O.

New York Hospitality

HORACE SUTTON'S ARTICLE, "At Home with the Danes" [*SR*, Aug. 13], was both entertaining and enlightening, and we hasten to endorse his enthusiasm for the congeniality of our Scandinavian friends. However, while it is true that the city of New York is not officially participating in the Department of Commerce Americans-at-Home Program, there are opportunities for the international visitor to meet New Yorkers.

The International Center in New York, Inc., the city's principal private organization in the field of international relations on a personal basis, has an active home hospitality program. Inasmuch as the New York metropolitan area is host to the nation's largest concentration of international students, management trainees, medical personnel, and diplomatic staff from abroad, as well as thousands of official short-term guests of the country, the Center's activities are beamed to these important visitors, whose stays may range from a weekend to two-year training program.

The Manhattan cliff-dweller and the suburbanite, if he wishes, can be as comfortably "in" to the international visitor as are the folks back home.

LAWRENCE B. MCFADDIN,
Executive Director,
The International Center in
New York, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

On Bible-Hunting

THE ITEM IN TRADE WINDS [*SR*, Aug. 27] about Bible-hunting in New York bookstores reminds me of an incident that occurred some years ago at a seminary. One of the students went to the lending desk of the library and asked to borrow a copy of the Bible. He was surprised to learn that the library had none, and he said so. The librarian said defensively that she didn't know which was worse: a seminary library without a Bible—or a seminarian without one!

Maybe it was inconceivable to the bookstore managers that any New Yorker would not have a copy of the Bible?

WILL DAVISON,
Editor, Religious Books,
Charles Scribner's Sons.

New York, N.Y.

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Billy, Willie, and Jack

BILLY WILDER has based his new comedy, *The Fortune Cookie*, written with I. A. L. Diamond, on that "familiar slice-of-life American-style pastime—swindling the insurance company." (Quotation supplied by United Artists.) The would-be swindlers in this fictional case are Walter Matthau, who plays a lawyer known to insurance companies as "Whiplash Willie," and his brother-in-law, Jack Lemmon, who, while covering a Cleveland Browns game as a television cameraman, is knocked over by an enthusiastic punt-returner. Lemmon, taken to the hospital with only a mild concussion, is persuaded by the brother-in-law to fake far more crippling injuries on the excellent chance that a quarter of a million dollars can be collected from the insurers of CBS and the Cleveland Browns. The not always funny comedy that then ensues comes from Matthau's wheeling and dealings, from a pair of private investigators, not fully convinced that Lemmon needs his wheelchair, and from Lemmon's renegade wife, who returns to him as soon as she sniffs the musky scent of money.

The peculiar fact of the film is that Jack Lemmon, presumably the star and hero, is totally unfunny, while Walter Matthau, the unregenerate operator from beginning to end, is a pleasure to watch, gives the film what hilarity it has, and, of course, runs off with the picture. We might well wonder: Was it Lemmon who failed Mr. Wilder, or Wilder who failed Lemmon by not providing him with a character that both he and the audience could believe in? I'm inclined toward the latter supposition, even though I can see Alan Arkin in the same role providing it with considerably more bite. What has happened, I'm afraid, is that Wilder has gone soft while indulging on the one hand his gift for corrosive satire, and on the other his need for a box-office success.

Wilder has had his problems, to be sure. His last film, *Kiss Me, Stupid,* a cynical study of American marriage and sexual folkways, was an abysmal failure. Peter Sellers, who was to have starred in it, had to leave the cast after a nearly fatal heart attack, and Ray Walston was hardly an adequate substitute. After some annoyance was incurred among Roman Catholics, several lines of dialogue were removed or changed—and critics and the public, in any case, remained unimpressed.

This time Wilder has seen to it that what he assumes to be popular American notions of proper behavior are maintained and strengthened. In other words, he has copped out. Lemmon regenerates himself at the last moment, just when riches are in his grasp, and manages to regenerate at the same time the Negro football star who had bowled him over at the game. Then, conscience-stricken (if you can believe it), the star ducks out of practice to look after the man he has supposedly injured, and takes to drink when he discovers what the real game is. A final blissful note has Lemmon and the football player (Ron Rich) tossing a football and leaping about at night in the empty stadium.

This mingling of gross reality and the happy kind of joy mainly purveyed these days in television commercials has lumpy results. When Matthau is on the scene all goes well. He is consistent in his sardonic behavior. But the attempt to get some racial timeliness into the story is without pith or conviction, and the sentimentality at times gets downright gooey. When Judi West, as the blonde wife hoping someday to make it big at the Plaza as a girl singer, is on hand the film again picks up steam. And she, by the way, is a delightful discovery—not only what is commonly known as a dish, but an actress who wrings all the nuances out of her role. It is only poor Jack Lemmon who is left holding a bag of wind.

THE pressures on Wilder to help maintain the American dream are probably immense. His films, made in Hollywood, cost a lot of money, and satire has traditionally been a risky proposition for the major distribution firms. Yet he is just about the last American film-maker to attempt to examine, through wit and corrosive comment, our national foibles.

Preston Sturges, too, you may remember, had to sweeten his brews, and with him gone, and Wilder playing it safe, satiric brilliance may be hard to locate in American movies for awhile. And, though Jack Lemmon may rise from his wheelchair, tell Whiplash Willie off, and leap about with a football, I strongly doubt that accident insurance rates are about to go down as a result. From *Sunset Boulevard* to *Some Like It Hot,* Wilder was imaginative, raucous, and had a way of running for touchdowns through a broken field of censors. This time around, he seems to have been tackled in advance. Nevertheless, I'd advise seeing his film, if only to watch one of America's greatest actors, Walter Matthau, at his scintillating best—with Miss West as a delectable dividend.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

"I forgive you."

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Domestic Felicity?

THE PROLIFIC John Updike has published three books in a year and a half: a miscellaneous volume entitled *Assorted Prose* (*SR*, May 15, 1965); a short novel, *Of the Farm* (*SR*, Nov. 13, 1965), and now *The Music School* (Knopf, $4.95), a collection of twenty stories, all of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*. His books turn up on the stands almost as frequently as those of John O'Hara, though fortunately they are not so fat.

Although, as I have said on earlier occasions, I should be happy if Updike did something stronger and deeper and more challenging than he has thus far written, something that rose above the general level of contemporary fiction as does Bellow's *Herzog* or Malamud's *The Fixer*, I believe, as I have also said, that we should not ungratefully depreciate the work he is doing. Here are twenty stories, each of them a technical success, each of them distinguished by rich and original imagery, two or three of them first-rate. That is not a bad showing.

More than half the stories deal with domestic crises of one sort or another—couples on the verge of divorce, quarreling couples being reconciled, unfaithful husbands, jealous wives. Updike makes much of this domestic theme, catching each subtle change in a deteriorating situation. Writing as a rule from the men's point of view, he almost always manages to do justice to the women, and the reader cannot doubt the reality of the pain that is felt on both sides. This reader, however, did not become deeply involved in any of the crises portrayed.

One of the best of the stories, certainly my favorite, is "The Christian Roommates," which does not concern a married couple, though the situation has some of the elements of a domestic crisis. Brought together by the vagaries of administrative procedure, two quite dissimilar boys, one absurdly conventional and the other absurdly unconventional, share a room in their freshman year at Harvard. Much is made of the abrasive effect of the unconventional boy on his earnest roommate, but in the end we perceive that the abrasion has worked both ways. In the background are seven or eight other freshmen, neighbors in the dormitory, briefly treated but realized sufficiently to give the reader a sense of a whole college generation. And when Updike tells, in a few adroit paragraphs, what happened to all of these boys in the next twenty years or so, he says something worth listening to about contemporary American life.

Another story, which impressed me because of its technique, is "Harv Is Plowing Now." It begins: "Our lives submit to archeology. For a period of life which seems longer ago than it was, I lived in a farmhouse that lacked electricity and central heating." After three pages of description that brilliantly recreate that period, the narrator returns to the theme of archeology, dramatically summarizing discoveries made in excavations at Ur. He maintains the archeological figure of speech throughout the remainder of the story, in which he reconstructs what he can of a love affair that once engrossed him. It is Updike's sharp sense of the complexity of the mind, of the layers upon layers of experience that somehow coexist, of the immensities of time and space that can be contracted into a moment, that made me greatly admire some of the stories in *Pigeon Feathers*. None of the stories in *The Music School* is a bold step forward, but most of them measure up to Updike's standard, which is not low.

Bruce Jay Friedman, who is two years older than Updike, has published two novels, and now we have his second collection of short stories. *Black Angels* (Simon & Schuster, $4.50). I liked his first novel, *Stern*, though I was not so extravagantly enthusiastic about it as Stanley Edgar Hyman, perhaps because, as Hyman suggested, the humor is likely to have a special appeal for Jewish readers. Parts of *A Mother's Kisses* seemed to me very funny indeed, but I felt that the joke was worn out some time before the novel ended. Yet, despite reservations, I was impressed by Friedman's originality and talent, and I was eager to read the stories in *Black Angels*.

Friedman takes more risks than Updike and has a larger percentage of failures. Many of the stories are fantasies, some startlingly successful, some not quite successful enough. In the title story a man who is in domestic and financial difficulties is rescued by a quartet of Negro handymen, miraculously efficient and incredibly cheap. The reader has no doubt that the arrangement is too good to last, but Friedman's ending is a walloping surprise. In "The Investor" a man's temperature follows the

fluctuations of a particular stock. It is a crazy idea but amusing, and again the question is whether Friedman can create an adequate climax; he does so, in the tradition of the tall story, by topping a wild idea with an even wilder one. One of the less successful fantasies is "Show Biz Connections," in which the wild idea is too far out to hold the reader's interest. In "The Mission" the idea is ingeniously developed, but the story turns out to be too much like a television gag.

In "The Interview" the fantasies exist

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cy in the mind of the main character, who, as he interviews a candidate for a job, invents for her an excitingly lurid past. In "Brazzaville Teen-ager" a young man acts out his own fantasy. "Let Me See Faces" is a monologue, somewhat in the old Dorothy Parker manner, in which a woman of doubtful virtue and uninhibited speech tells us about her dreams and her actions. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all is "A Change in Plans," in which the expected twist never comes.

In Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* George informs his younger colleague that you can't tell the difference between illusion and reality and it doesn't matter anyhow. But in practical affairs at any rate the difference does matter, and one has to make the distinction as well as one can. Many contemporary writers have discovered that fantasy is one way of apprehending as much reality as we are capable of coping with, and Friedman is one of them. He is sometimes playful, as of course he has a right to be; but in the best of the stories he is grappling with human reality.

Friedman has much to learn about problems of his craft that Updike seems to have mastered soon after he got out of diapers, but he is a lively and interesting writer with an unusual kind of imagination. Updike's stories give great pleasure because of their technical perfection, but they don't offer many surprises. This is the last thing one could say about the stories in *Black Angels.*

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1207

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1207 will be found in the next issue.

MFYDG . . . FH YZZKXYLFZ VA-

ZYAM YH DGA KLLSOOAHLA KM

DGA YUROKVFVZA.

—G. Z. UAHLEAH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1206

A human being: an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing.

—Christopher Morley.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Write In

Mr. Harold Lavine's interesting review of *The Right to Bear Arms,* by Carl Bakal [*SR,* Aug. 27], concludes on a rather hopeless note that probably nothing will happen in the future toward legislating the sale of guns! . . .

Although the wheels of justice grind slowly (and often disappointingly so), American history repeatedly has shown that if enough public pressure is brought by an informed, aroused citizenry something can be done to erase blights upon our society. Restricting the sale of guns in an effort to reduce the shameful carnage wrought by so many disturbed murderers upon their myriad, innocent victims should be the purpose of a mass write-in appeal by voters to their elected representatives in Congress. . . .

Seymour Tutelman.

Woodside, N.Y.

Who Turned the Executive Key?

James MacGregor Burns in his review of Pierre Salinger's *With Kennedy* [*SR,* Sept. 3] states that the problem of news management in a free society is insoluble. Since news can be and obviously is managed by TV and radio producers, and by newspaper and magazine editors and publishers, his statement needs more support than he has chosen to give it.

The daily deluge of propaganda, falsehood, and deceit on the Vietnam situation, for example, seems to indicate that most of the moguls of communication are in cahoots with the Executive branch of the government for reasons, not insoluble, but merely expedient. This can be far more dangerous to our liberties than anything else on the present scene.

Burns should have given us some explanation of how the President and the press "are locked together in publicizing the Executive branch of the government," and who turned the key.

Charles E. Hill.

Waynesboro, Va.

Agrarian Symposia

M. Thomas Inge in his letter [*SR,* July 16] deliberately misleads in accusing me and Gay Wilson Allen of inaccurate scholarship when we associate Cleanth Brooks, Jr., with the Southern Agrarians.

Neither I in my book *Tillers of a Myth* nor Professor Allen in his review of it [*SR,* June 11] claim that Brooks contributed to *I'll Take My Stand,* the first Agrarian symposium. But he did contribute to the second, *Who Owns America?* (1936), co-edited by Allen Tate. Thus Brooks was an Agrarian, though a relatively minor one.

Inge has not read *Tillers of a Myth;* otherwise he would know that I praise Brooks, as on page 167: "Brooks, of course, is better known as a New Critic than as an Agrarian; and as such a critic he is most renowned for his often brilliant textual analysis of poetry." . . .

Alexander Karanikas.

Chicago, Ill.

No Problem of Evil

Why does Rudolph C. Muska find it necessary to reduce *his* analysis of John Hick's message in *Evil and the God of Love* [*SR,* Aug. 13] to the sparring of a latter-day Spinoza with Job? The very problem he says Hick fails to come clean on is spelled out in the contrast which screams like a siren in the night throughout the book: man's proposition and God's disposition. Or, divine economy vs. human anatomy. Hick's point, demonstrated even in the coordination of his title, is that the "problem" of evil is a problem created by man, insofar as men choose to call some events "good" and others "evil." Hick does not desire "to escape" any ambiguity here. The "problem" of evil begins with men like Muska, who fail to take God's creation and its contingencies of suffering, perversity, and death seriously.

Gilbert J. Horn.

Norristown, Pa.

Many thanks to Rudolph C. Muska for presenting so clear an account of the "problem of evil" in his review of *Evil and the God of Love.*

I do have one objection to it, however. Professor Muska states in his third paragraph that "the Problem of Evil haunts most types of religion." This is not true. The problem of evil is a troublesome paradox only to those who insist that the universe has a Creator both good and omnipotent. Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism do not insist on a benevolent—or an evil—universe. Even the Old Testament says, "I am Jehovah, and there is none else. I form the light, and I create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I am Jehovah, who doeth all these things" (Isaiah 45:6-7). The Book of Job of course carries the same message. But some Jews and most Christians believe that God is immaculately good—an idea which is logically inconsistent.

It might be said, of course, that the needs of the soul require a "good" Supreme Being. But there is no sign that the Hindu pantheon, for instance, is unsatisfying to its worshippers.

This letter has descended (or ascended) to the level of a diatribe against Christianity; but I hope my point is clear. Professor Muska's assumption that the problem of evil plagues most religions is untrue. It is a problem created not by the nature of the universe, nor by the nature of human religious needs, but by the acceptance of the arbitrary and unrealistic doctrine of a God who is both good and omnipotent.

Larry Yates.

McLean, Va.

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The Tough Guy and the Jet Set

Humphrey Bogart made seventy-five films during a career that ended with his death on January 14, 1957, at the age of fifty-seven. If he was famous in his lifetime, he is legendary today. Film festivals of his best pictures pack them in at art houses across the country. There have been—to my knowledge—at least two paperback biographies of him, plus a picture book on his film work. You can buy wall-size posters of the actor in suitable tough-guy pose. Whether this posthumous appreciation represents true appreciation or is another example of camp culture is difficult to determine—probably it's both—but the late Humphrey Bogart is very much a part of today's movie scene.

Bogart's widow and the mother of his two children, Lauren Bacall—today Mrs. Jason Robards and the star of the Broadway hit *Cactus Flower*—has stayed away from the fuss and festivals of the Bogart cult. That is why her introduction to the biography *Bogie*, by Joe Hyams (New American Library, $4.95), is of interest.

Humphrey Bogart had a reputation for honesty; what he said, he meant. I'd say the same for Miss Bacall. She's about as phony as Fort Knox, and much more exciting. She pulled off the huge red-framed, circular sunglasses, fished out the fake one-piece cigarette and holder she is using in an effort to cut down her smoking, and said hello in the husky voice that sounds like a wave scraping along a pebble beach. I melted.

"I'm not averse to talking about this book, but I'm not doing extensive interviews. Review the book on the level it is. As for me, my marriage is out; I will not discuss anything personal. And don't worry. I'll let you know when you get out of line."

She looked at a copy of *Bogie* on the table between us. For a few minutes she was lost in the picture section, her eyes seeing something back in time and fondly remembered. Then she began to talk, and somewhere across the city her publisher was turning gray. "I've always thought there should be a definitive book written. I don't think this one is it. Joe Hyams didn't know Bogie long enough—not as long as ten years, I don't think—but that's not his fault. I wish Joe had been more personal. I wish he had told more of the effect that Bogie had on him, the man, the *writer*. Look, I'm not a good judge. My reaction is too personal.

"I became connected with this book because Joe wanted to write it and to give it care. Not like those two paperback bits of garbage brought out by those trying-to-make-a-buck boys.

"Joe cared, and Bogie affected his life. There were other writers who knew Bogie better, but they weren't coming up with anything, so I sanctioned Joe's book. Joe Hyams is a decent man, fair and respectful. If he wanted to spend a year or two of his life on this book I was for him. Joe was there when Bogie was ill, and never a word leaked out of him to the press. When Bogie died, I called Joe and he took care of the whole press thing for me.

"Joe showed me the galleys of the book, and he spent hours with me on what I felt was wrong and on what I wanted corrected. I was wracking my brain for facts, what was right, what was wrong. But those publishers—they wanted me to spend my time climbing ladders looking for scrapbooks. I had to tell them, 'For Chrissake, I'm rehearsing a play.' I wish they had asked me about the picture on the back of the book [of Bogart in a pith helmet, with Miss Bacall and their two children]. It's rotten.

"I wrote the introduction for my children—for Bogie's children. Steve is seventeen and Leslie is close to fourteen. I knew their father better than anyone else did. I wanted to give them an insight to their father. Children don't want to sit and listen to their mother. But when they see that other people are interested in their father, that means more than being hit over the head by their mother.

Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart—"a last-century boy."

"Anything that shows what kind of man Bogie was, that keeps him vital—that's the thing. Bogie was truly a man of greatness. He was *that* pure. He could be brutally honest, but he was never cruel. He could never hurt anybody. He was a last-century boy.

"The introduction was the hardest thing I ever had to do. I didn't want to be too emotional; I didn't want to distort. I didn't want to go at all into his last year, and I didn't want to go on too extensively. After all, it's only an introduction. I wrote, rewrote, tore the stuff up. There was no end to what I could have said. Bogie took up almost thirteen years of my life. How do you pinpoint anything?

"I've always been a frustrated writer. I keep thinking I'll do a book someday, but thinking and doing are two different things.

"Here I am married to Jason Robards, a very talented actor, and there's this enormous interest in Bogie all around us. It must be tough on Jason, yet I can't ignore or lessen this thing that has grown up around Bogie. One has children to give something to. They are entitled to know about their father. For a man to be kept alive by so many people, he must be unique. I would never apologize for *that*. I'm certain it's very tough on Jason's ego, and I hope he understands.

"I first met Bogie when I was eighteen. My God, I can't be expected to ignore those years. Bogie had so much to do with the kind of person I am today; Jason has to recognize *that* as a plus. I'm afraid the Bogie interest is always going to be there. I would say the staying power of that man is extraordinary."

If you are reading this somewhere in the United States, chances are, baby, that you are *out* with the jet set. But happy endings are ahead for you would-be *ins*. I am about to tell you how to make the scene internationally. (For the record, I am writing this from somewhere in the United States, and I know I am *out*.)

My informant is Lanfranco Rasponi, author of *The International Nomads* (Putnam, $6.95), a book about "Today's Jet Age Society: Who It Is and How, Why, and Where It Functions." The author is a gray-flecked, rugged, fifty-one-year-old, and a count to boot, though he doesn't use the title professionally. He was born in Florence, Italy, son of Count Rasponi and Caroline Montague of Chattanooga, Tennessee. "In short, I am half Byzantine and half hillbilly.

"About the International Nomads, as

(*Continued on page* 37)

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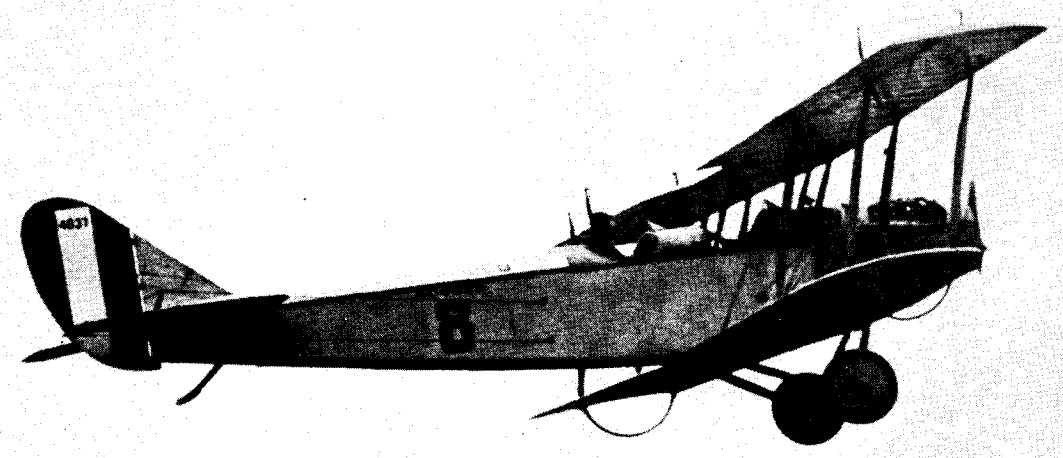
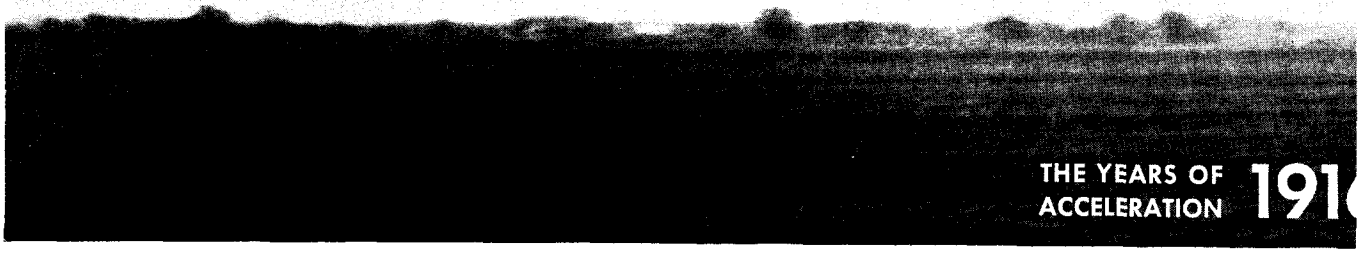
Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution





This daredevil helped to launch the years of acceleratio

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ow grandmothers knit sweaters at 600 miles per hour.

The year Sinclair was born, a slow bird could beat an airplane, cars got up to miles between flat tires, men worked hours a week and had one good Sunday t. In human progress, the first million ars had been the hardest. But those *next* years...wham! America's productivity ploded into plenitude.

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Sinclair

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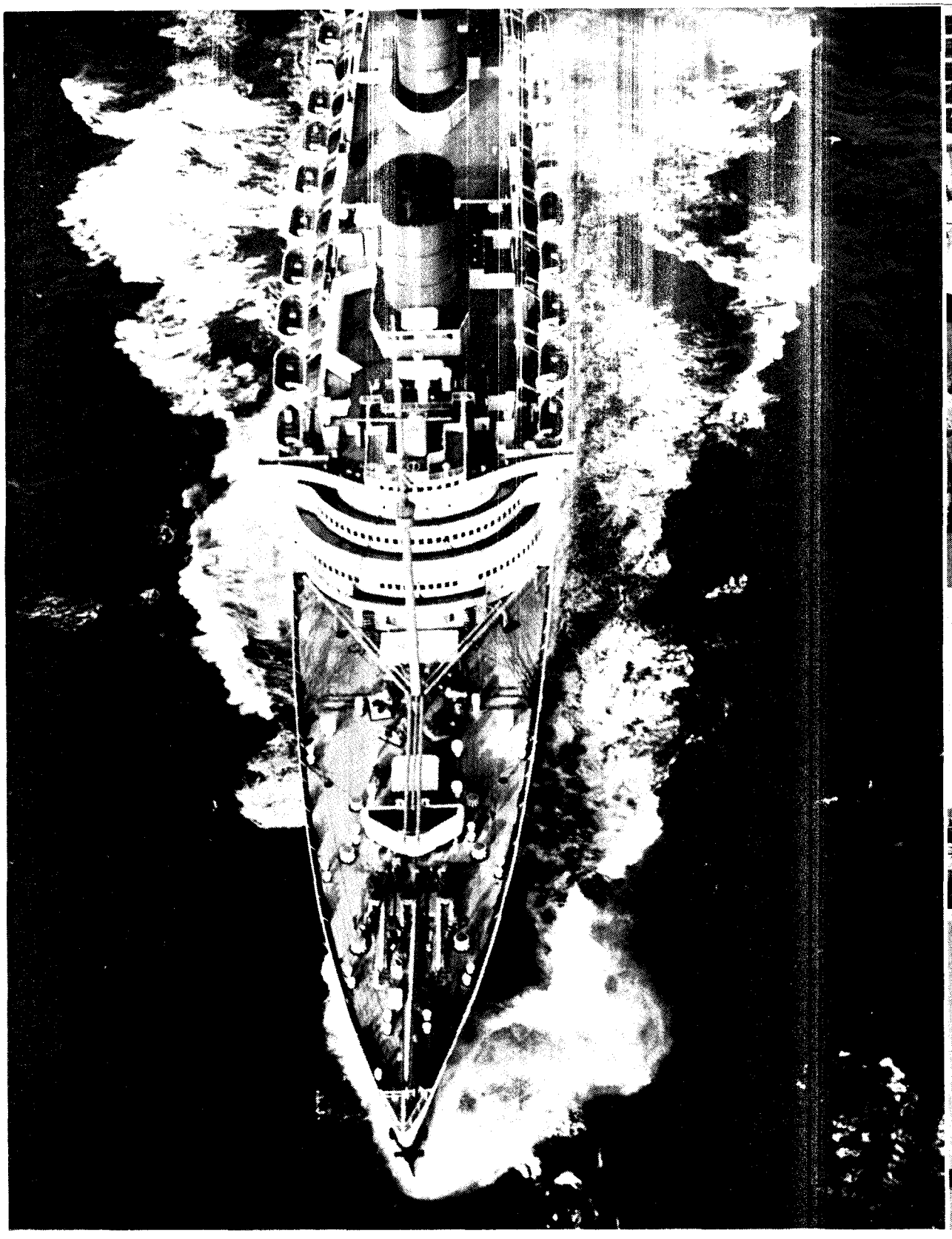

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Continued from page 33

I call them, I am an observer of the scene—I don't consider myself a member. Before I traveled with them for a year to get a complete picture for this book, I ran a public relations firm and an art gallery.

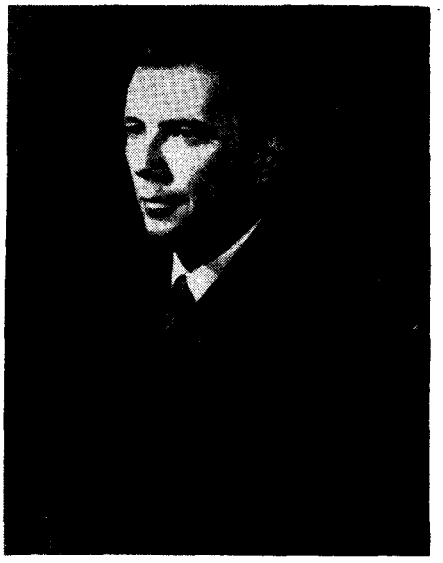
"The International Nomads comprise a much bigger group than you would think. To become a part of them, I would say, depends on your willingness to stay in orbit—and your vitality. The members abuse sleep, and it is fantastic how they abuse their organism. Of course, you also need a certain amount of know-how and money."

Enough introductory remarks (Well, one more—Mr./Count Rasponi's request: "Don't make me sound too frivolous. I'm not."), and now on to how you can become an International Nomad. Assuming you've packed your toothbrush and two tons of travelers checks, here, according to Lanfranco Rasponi, is where you're supposed to be and what you're supposed to do throughout the year (the children can be packed off to the orphanage of your choice):

"In January, you should plan to spend at least two weeks in St. Moritz, perhaps longer if you ski. Perhaps another two weeks in Gstaad or maybe ten days in Klosters. In any case, Switzerland is the place. February is the Caribbean. One week in Jamaica—Round Hill, of course. One week at Lyford Cay, Nassau, or perhaps a week in the Barbados. In March, everyone flies to Acapulco, though you'll want a weekend in Palm Springs. Depending on when Easter falls, you want to be in Seville the week after for Feria. April is Marbella to recover from the months before. Marbella is on the Costa del Sol; it's *the* coming *in* place. May and June, maybe Rome for ten days. Then there's Madrid; it's pretty gay in May. And Paris and London, of course. You'll go back and forth.

"July and August are tricky. You have to be invited on a yacht but not just any yacht. You'll want one that will touch at Sardinia and the Greek isles. Then Marbella again; that's a must. We should mention Capri, Ischia, and Elba. You can put in for two or three days and then move on. And there's Salzburg; a lot of snobs go there when Von Karajan is conducting.

"In summer, if you shoot, there are safaris in Africa. But if you are trying to get *in*, an African safari is nowhere because no one will see you there. The chic, of course, don't give a damn who does or does not see them. They are always in. In the United States, Newport and Southampton in summer are still pretty good because there are no hotels to speak of there. At the end of August, you must move to Biarritz. It's very gay the first ten days of September. If you are very *in* with a Spanish group, you must go to Pamplona for the running of the bulls.



Lanfranco Rasponi—not frivolous.

"This year, on the 16th of September, everyone will be in New York for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. Then they will fly right out again. Your fall months depend on whether or not you shoot. If you shoot, your standing depends on which shoot you attend. If Niarchos invites you to Spezzapoula, a little island in Greece, you die of pleasure. He imports the quail, the deer, everything. New York in November is in, though the tendency is to be here less and less. And not many people go home for Christmas. They have too many homes. If you happen to be in New York for New Year's Eve, it is embarrassing not to be at Mrs. Gilbert Miller's party. Monte Carlo for New Year's Eve is usually pretty good, but we shall see. It was wonderful when Callas and Onassis were there.

"And here we are back at January again."

And here I am, mentally footsore from a year I hope never to see in my life. May Emily Dickinson forgive the following abortive collaboration:

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you—Nobody—Too?
Then there's a pair of us?
How very square of us
To be where we want to be,
Not where we should.
Oh, it's awfully bad,
But it feels so good
To be home for Christmas,
Not in Monte or Roma.
(Ah, there's plenty of bull
That's not in Pamplona.)

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

FOR ART'S SAKE

Albert W. Dowling of Baltimore suggests art as a change of pace, and challenges you to fill in the surnames by which these famous painters are known. See page 44 for the museum directory.

1. Jean Baptiste Camille _____
2. Jean Baptiste Siméon _____
3. Jean Louis André Théodore _____
4. Jean Honoré _____
5. Jean Auguste Dominique _____
6. Pierre Auguste _____
7. John James _____
8. Joseph Mallord William _____
9. Michelangelo Amerighi da _____
10. Amedeo _____
11. Henri Marie Raymond de _____
12. Eugène Henri Paul _____
13. Ferdinand Victor Eugène _____
14. Hilaire Germain Edgar _____
15. Diego Rodríguez de Silva y _____
16. Francisco José de _____ y Lucientes

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A Woman Scorned

A Mortal Flower, *by Han Suyin (Putnam. 413 pp. $6.95), continuing the novelist's serial autobiography, tells what it was like to be a Eurasian in pre-Mao Peking. Emily Hahn has written numerous books on China, where she lived for nine years.*

By EMILY HAHN

THE LATE Sir George Sansom once told how, when he was attached to the British Embassy in Tokyo, he went to welcome the noted anthropologist Charles Seligman, whose ship was arriving at Yokohama. "I pushed through the crowd," he recalled, "and found him standing on deck. At sight of me he cried, 'Ah, Sansom, just the man I wanted to see: tell me, how can I find some half-castes?' And there he stood, surrounded by a number of them."

In the Chinese ports as well, Eurasians used to be part of the local scene, a group the size of which has never been appreciated by Westerners. Few outsiders troubled to notice how these people clung to their own hierarchy and tradition. To the world they showed a united front, but inevitably there were differences of opinion among them. Anglo-Chinese, Franco-Chinese, and German-Chinese considered themselves better than Portuguese-Chinese, or Maccanese, and the Maccanese heartily returned the compliment, all having inherited European prejudices. In addition there was stratification based on length of tenure, a child of Eurasians considering himself socially superior to the first-generation offspring of interracial marriage. It does not behoove us to laugh at these snobberies, which though foolish are hauntingly similar to some notions of our own; but it is no wonder if members of such a society, tightly enclosed by circumstance in a world where they are never sure they belong, should carry chips on their shoulders. In *A Mortal Flower*, the second volume in her as yet incomplete autobiographical series, Han Suyin tells a good deal—more, perhaps, than she intends to—of what it was like to be the daughter of a Chinese father and a Belgian mother in Peking before Mao.

But this account is less than half the book, and, placed side by side with much Mao-slanted history, is not enough to save the whole from being a heavy, indigestible mass of unblended components. Over and over, Han Suyin takes a slice of childhood memory and slaps it between two great hunks of political sermon before serving it up. One could, I suppose, go through the volume picking out the filling and ignoring the dough, but the reward would be scanty. This is disappointing, because Han Suyin's is a brilliant mind. I have followed her work ever since the appearance of her second book, *A Many-Splendored Thing,* which led me to reread her first, *Destination Chungking*. When the popularity of *Many-Splendored* inevitably brought down ill-natured criticism on her head, I fought in her defense—not that she needed my help, but I admired her. In the best of Han Suyin's writing there has always been something extremely personal: she comes across, so the question boils down to a simple one of taste—if she's the sort of character you like, you like her books.

Thousands of women adored *Many-Splendored,* and thousands more, who don't read novels or much of anything else, flocked to see the picture and wept over it, feeling themselves deeply involved in Han Suyin's tragic love affair. As why shouldn't they? It *was* tragic, and she wrote of it well. That is why I am sorry that her autobiography is such hard going, and that she seems to have lost her sense of perspective, even within the smattering of her own history that is dispersed among ample quantities of Mao China's. The child Rosalie, as many-named Han Suyin here calls herself, leads a life of appalling spiritual discomfort. Was it really like that, really so spiteful, so full of snubs and petty hatreds? At any rate that is how she recalls it, which is the important thing. Her mother loved another child better than Rosalie. Her father loved her mother better than Rosalie. And soon she found the world outside very hostile, like the woman on the beach at Peitaiho who called her nasty names because Rosalie had thrown the woman's clothes on the sand, having found them in her family's already pre-empted bathing hut. Han Suyin remembers these things; she adds them up.

Han Suyin—"rage at the rapist."

Rosalie was determined to be a doctor. When the time came she went for the necessary financial backing to Joseph Hers, a Belgian overlord of the railway company that employed her father. Hers did help her, getting a grant from the Boxer Indemnity Fund with which she would be able to study in Belgium. Admittedly he meant well: he thought he loved China, but Rosalie still resents that emotion, "a fierce, dominating, anxious, all-conquering possessiveness, characteristic of the warped, twisted, and altogether vicious relationship miscalled 'love' between the dominating and the suppressed, the powerful and the weak, the spoiler and the cheated." The passage is a good example of what is wrong with even the personal bits of *A Mortal Flower*. The writer makes a valid point, then spoils it with melodramatic overstatement: "Like many other foreigners he expressed this 'love' in sexual imagery; to all of them, China was the *woman*, the all-enveloping, soft, weak woman, who actually welcomed rape, welcomed being invaded."

Grinding her teeth with rage at the rapist, Rosalie accepts the grant and goes to Europe. After three years she passes her final examinations with honors. This volume takes leave of her aboard ship on her way back to China, where she has suddenly felt that she belongs. But in spite of this urge, she is still unaware of just where her salvation lies. It is 1938, and Mao bides his time.

Whether or not you can accept her politics, it was a good idea of hers to track a winding pilgrimage through the past until she reaches the fulfillment of modern China. But it hasn't come off. There is no balance. Of Han Suyin's own life she writes, of course, with first-hand knowledge; but when it comes to the rise of Mao Tse-tung she can only use hand-outs and propaganda. Her passion and resentment, no matter how scorching, cannot give life to those old bones, and the trials she went through, the snubs and gossip and schoolgirl malice, seem mere pinpricks, regardless of how much they have obviously hurt her; they are disproportionate to what she is trying to measure up to. One is left with the rueful conviction that a woman who cherishes such grievances will not find things all that much better in Mao's China. Or anywhere else.

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Behind the Screen Scenes

***A Girl Like I,** by Anita Loos (Viking. 275 pp. $5.95), reminisces about the author's early years with a scapegrace father, in the Hollywood of the silent era, and among the gilt-edged denizens of New York between the wars. Arthur Knight is a film critic for Saturday Review.*

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

IN AN era when every teen-ager who has sold a million records or introduced a new dance craze rushes into print with his ghosted autobiography, it is downright refreshing to read the reminiscences of a lady who not only has lived long enough to have something worth recalling, but has the literary ability to confide her thoughts to paper unassisted.

Anita Loos, a child prodigy, has been writing for fun and profit since she was thirteen, sold her first movie script at sixteen, and created the perdurable *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* which remains her *chef d'oeuvre,* when barely thirty. Inevitably, her career brought her into contact with such literary lions as Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, and Vachel Lindsay, as well as movie greats like Griffith, Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford; and it is about these that she spins her curiously truncated autobiography. Her book does not really end; it seems, rather, to peter out soon after the publication of *Blondes,* leaving almost forty years unaccounted for.

The years that are accounted for, however, include colorful recollections of growing up in California around the turn of the century with a roving father whose taste for new ventures was apparently exceeded only by his appetite for new ladies. One of these ventures, a shabby burlesque house in downtown Los Angeles, provided Miss Loos with her first glimpse of moving pictures (paradoxically, it was *The Life of Christ,* presented on the same bill with a baggy-pants comic and a line of strippers); and so enamored was she that before long she was herself supplying scenarios in vast quantities to the movie companies, becoming a special favorite of D. W. Griffith. For him she wrote the titles for his masterpiece, *Intolerance;* and about him she writes with a warmth, affection, and genuine respect found rarely elsewhere in the book.

Her sprightly scripts, however, were not suited to Griffith's solemn notions of film art. Most of them remained in his files until discovered there by her husband-to-be, director John Emerson, who was casting about for material that could utilize the buoyant, bumptious charm of young Douglas Fairbanks. Together, Emerson and Loos concocted most of Fairbanks's early hits, becoming perhaps the first eminent writer-director team in movie history; the couple was certainly far more successful as a writer-director team, Miss Loos implies, than as husband and wife.

A move to New York enabled her to meet the Algonquin's famed Round Table, whose more illustrious members are duly noted (she includes a devastating deflation of the rubicund Alexander Woollcott as poseur and pansy). A post-World War I swing through Europe introduced her to Gertrude Stein and her select circle. About all of them Miss Loos offers amusing anecdotes and shrewd observations.

The only pity is that she has less than total recall. Minor inaccuracies stud the manuscript—Biograph Studio instead of Mutual, Gershwin's *Embraceable You* instead of *Love Walked In,* Eileen or Arlene instead of Aileen Pringle, not to mention D. W. Griffith's "discovery" of Fairbanks. Since one purpose of this kind of "I was there" writing is to provide those less fortunate with a useful historical tool, it is particularly regrettable that Miss Loos did not check her recollections against more reliable sources.

—*Doug Davis.*

Anita Loos—"less than total recall."

Learning to Swim

By David Wagoner

LEARNING to swim meant watching from the shore
Good, grown-up swimmers laughing and diving
At the end of the broken pier, over my head.
They lay in the sun or waved at floating girls
Or dived into the water and came up shining
Out of high spirits like a school of fish.
I shrank from the water like my bathing suit
But went in anyway, wading as far
As my chin, rising on tiptoes at the last
But sinking back and turning.
There was no way out: nothing but jagged pilings.

One day, my feet came up by themselves. I crawled
Through the grey cross-waves, mouth shut water-tight,
Believing I would die from swimming badly
While the dry lifeguards, smiling up the beach,
Walked upside-down on the world with their bare hands.

As the watery raw air sank down my throat,
I saw the ladder, reached for it, held on,
And took the rungs as tightly as handshakes
But found myself alone on the platform,
Watching good swimmers start away from there,
All stroking idly through the afternoon
In the frank sunlight, calm on the surface,
To the impossibly distant rock whose light
Marked the horizon like the evening star.

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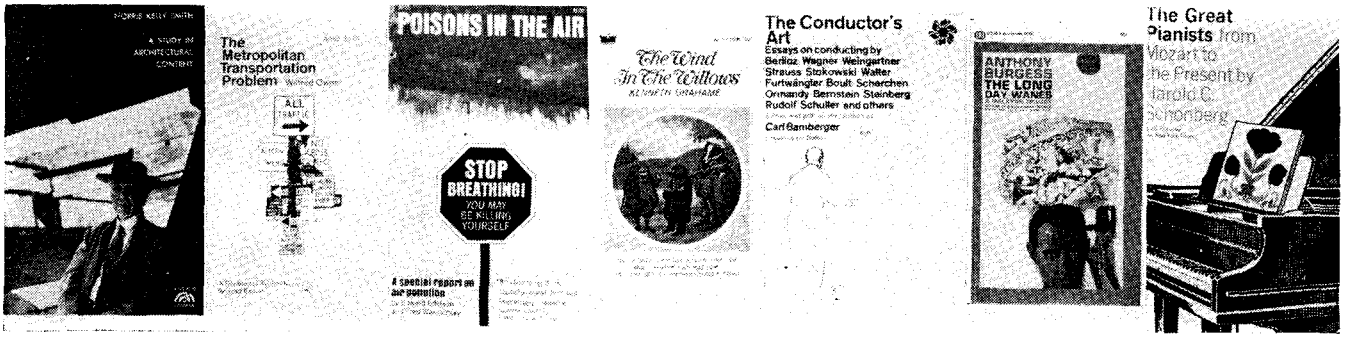
The Metropolitan Transportation Problem
POISONS IN THE AIR
STOP BREATHING!
The Wind In The Willows
The Conductor's Art
Essays on conducting by Berlioz Wagner Weingartner Strauss Stokowski Walter Furtwängler Boult Scherchen Ormandy Bernstein Steinberg Rudolf Schulter and others
Carl Bamberger
ANTHONY BURGESS THE LONG DAY WANES
The Great Pianists from Mozart to the Present by Harold C. Schonberg

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

All of Annis Duff's life has in one way or another involved children, as librarian, head of the children's section in a department store bookshop, editor of Viking Junior Books, and author of *Bequest of Wings* (Compass, $1.45), a charming, literate account of her own family's pleasure in reading together. Published when her children were small enough to be read to, *Bequest* has had a gentle underground following for more than twenty years. "I'd do it pretty much the same way again," she said in her office at Viking recently. "The good books don't wear out. A first-rate children's book has to have the same qualities that make an adult book successful. It has to be a 'real' book, about something that the author cares for and respects and that calls forth a quality of the imagination." Now a grandmother, Mrs. Duff still has time to enjoy books with her grandchildren. "One of them said to me, 'You see it on TV and it's over soon, but with a book you can read it over and over again.'"

Some of the favorites of the Duff children and grandchildren have just been published in Avon's new Camelot series, classics like Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* and Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories* (60¢ each) . . . Penguin has always had a first-class juvenile series, Puffin Books, and one of its best titles to come our way is an original, *Ponder and William*, by Barbara Softly (95¢); it's British, but the mischief is international. . . . Dell, which already publishes the Mayflower Books for youngsters in the 10-14 age group, now hopes to snare younger readers with its new Yearling Books. Authors will include such stars of the juvenile field as Lois Lenski and Jean Lee Latham, as well as Pearl Buck and Jean Stafford . . . The happiest looking books around are Harlin Quist/Crown and the brightest of these are *The Always Book*, *The Because Book*, and *The City Book* ($1.95 each), workbook size for cutting, pasting, puzzling—for fun, pure and simple. . . .

With the increased emphasis upon specialized education, today's parents are often at a loss as to what's going on at school. Macmillan's new Guidebooks for Parents series hopes to tell them. "Parents today want to be involved in their children's education, but they are confused," says Lloyd Chilton, Macmillan's education editor. "More parents than ever before are college-educated themselves. They know about the pressures of getting into college, and they care about what's going on, but they don't want to be pests at school." Here are the ABCs of the new math, techniques of teaching reading, writing, and languages, and the low-down on that bugaboo called Testing. The guidebooks are $1.95 each.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

One of the most mutable literary ventures of the year is Bill Naughton's *Alfie* (Ballantine, 60¢). It began life as a successful play in London, metamorphosed with ease into a movie (Cannes Film Festival Award), and has now become a novel. Cheap novelistic transformations of popular Hollywood movies are common enough, and usually unreadable. But *Alfie* makes a brilliant book, revealing all the intricacies of the hero's inventive mind and original sexual philosophy. The irresponsible Alfie, driven by a passion to seduce women (or "birds," as he calls them), at last learns something more about himself and human involvement.

If Naughton belongs to the realistic "red brick" school of British fiction, Anthony Burgess is a product of the tradition of subtle high satire exemplified by Evelyn Waugh. *The Long Day Wanes* (Ballantine, 95¢), a trilogy in one volume, focuses on postwar Malaya during the declining years of British rule, when native leaders were preparing to govern their own land. Another of Britain's intellectual satirists is Iris Murdoch, whose *The Bell* (Avon, 75¢) coolly unfolds an ironic tale about an ancient curse.

Doris Lessing, who now lives in England, spent the first twenty-five years of her life in Southern Rhodesia. "Writers brought up in Africa have many advantages—being at the center of a modern battlefield . . . But in the long run it can also be a handicap," she writes in her preface to *African Stories* (Ballantine, 95¢). "To wake up every morning with one's eyes on fresh evidence of inhumanity; to be reminded twenty times a day of injustice, and always the same brand of it, can be limiting." Mrs. Lessing's own stories are reflective of conflicting cultures and conscience. Alan Paton's *Tales from a Troubled Land* (Scribners, $1.25), also concerned with South Africa, portrays with pain and understanding a continent in racial turmoil.

Short stories noted: *Children and Others*, by James Gould Cozzens (Crest, 75¢), deals with characters coping with old-fashioned dilemmas involving honor, courage, and virtue. *The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, edited by Malcolm Cowley (Scribners, $2.95), reminds us in "The Rich Boy," "Babylon Revisited," "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz" just how dazzling Fitzgerald could sometimes be. And finally, for readers who admire brevity, *Famous Short Short Stories* (Signet, 60¢) is taken from the pages of *Liberty* magazine, with such old pros as Philip Wylie, Albert Payson Terhune, and Budd Schulberg trimming the "short" to a précis (average reading time: 1 minute, 28 seconds).

The Critical Eye

The best of critics are appreciators, men like Philip Rahv and F. W. Dupee, who in their critical essays generate an affection for the written word. In *The Myth and the Powerhouse* (Noonday, $1.95) Rahv shows his broad range, moving from a vigorous defense of Henry James (against Maxwell Geismar's vitriolic attack) to a sympathetic exploration of Norman Mailer's unique brand of eccentricity. In *The King of the Cats* (Noonday, $1.95) F. W. Dupee considers the individual genius of James Agee, the misguided memoirs of the

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Duke of Windsor, and the sheer comedy of Nabokov's *Lolita*.

Most humor in American fiction today is "black," which according to Wolfgang Kayser's *The Grotesque in Art and Literature* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45) has literary antecedents all the way back to the post-Renaissance. Macabre elements, in painting and sculpture as well as literature, says Kayser, are evidence of periods of artistic estrangement, of alienation from the world in which the customary order has been challenged.

In *Radical Innocence* (Harper Colophon, $1.95) Ihab Hassan searches for those qualities that are uniquely "American" in the contemporary novel, and finds an essential naïveté, which is shared by as disparate writers as Truman Capote and Saul Bellow, Carson McCullers and J. D. Salinger.

One of the new books in Prentice-Hall's poetry series is *William Carlos Williams,* edited by J. Hillis Miller (Spectrum, $1.95), a collection of essays by Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and Ezra Pound, among others, which serve as a top-level conference on the heart of Williams's verse. John Pick's *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (Oxford, $1.25) sees the great nineteenth-century "modern" as a unified being whose roles as priest and poet were fundamentally part of the same act of creativity.

City Lights

Everybody, including the Senate's Subcommittee on Urban Affairs, knows that our cities are in trouble. *Poisons in the Air,* a special report by Edward Edelson and Fred Warshofsky (Pocket Books, $1), lays the facts on the line—and hard—about the daily doses of contamination we are inhaling. From such wry warning as "Stop Breathing—You May Be Killing Yourself" to a survey of who the polluters are, what is being done to stop them, and what more must be done, here's a cool look at a red-hot civic ailment.

Wilfred Owen's *The Metropolitan Transportation Problem* (Anchor, $1.45), originally prepared by the Brookings Institution, scores outmoded methods of moving people in and around urban centers and clogged roadways (80 per cent of Americans are car-owners), that result in stranded commuters, and shrieking taxpayers.

Frank Lloyd Wright would have had it different; he didn't believe in the concentrated skyscraper culture that emerged with growing urban development. In his book *Frank Lloyd Wright* (Spectrum, $2.45) Norris Kelly Smith reassesses Wright's career, emphasizing that the great architectural pioneer was basically a conservative with a poetic, even romantic conception of the way people should be housed.

York Willbern's *The Withering Away of the City* (Indiana University Press, $1.65) makes particular reference to the shift in governmental functions as, with the rapid growth of outlying suburban areas, the city and its townships must contend with new demands for civic authority.

The way cities look today owes a great deal, for good or ill, to architects like Philip Johnson and his imitators. In 1932 Johnson, whose best-known buildings include the Museum of Modern Art Annex and Sculpture Garden in New York as well as the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, wrote with art historian Henry-Russell Hitchcock *The International Style* (Norton, $2.95). It reviewed the previous decade, in which innovators like Le Corbusier, Gropius, and Mies van der Rohe first laid down the esthetics of architecture which were to influence the cities of the future.

Music

"Mozart is the most inaccessible of all the great masters," wrote Artur Schnabel; combining biography and criticism, the distinguished British musicologist W. J. Turner examines all the facets of this hypothesis in *Mozart: The Man and His Works* (Barnes & Noble, $3.95). He quotes heavily from the Mozart correspondence, including such choice fragments as the following, written when the composer was fourteen: "My dear Mama. I cannot write much as my finger hurts through writing so many Recitatives: I beg you to pray for me that my opera goes well and that we can once more be happy together."

In *The Great Pianists from Mozart to the Present* (Essandess, $2.45) *New York Times* music critic Harold C. Schonberg compares the exuberance of the lusty days when women tossed their jewels at Lizst, and ogled the dandified Chopin, with today's sedate homage to Rubinstein and Horowitz.

There are still those who wonder why conductors enjoy so much prestige for simply waving a little stick. *The Conductor's Art* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45) answers some of their questions, with essays by, among other well-known baton-wielders, Leonard Bernstein, Bruno Walter, and William Steinberg. Frederick Dorian's *The History of Music in Performance* (Norton, $1.95) is less a straightforward history than a collection of significant philosophical inquiries into the art of interpretation and the effect performing artists may have on a composer's intention through their own response to his music.

For those who don't want to limit their enjoyment of music to listening, *The Art of String Quartet Playing,* by M. D. Herter Norton (Norton, $1.75), offers forthright advice on the practice of amateur chamber music.

Now that the Metropolitan is settled in its glossy new headquarters, we recommend Edward J. Dent's excellent introduction for opera-goers and Saturday afternoon radio addicts, *Opera* (Pelican, $1.25). Succinct without condescension, it neatly summarizes the evolution of music drama.

If movies are not better than ever, there has been nonetheless an awakened recognition of the esthetics of film making. In *Cinema as Art* (Pelican, $1.45) Ralph Stephenson and J. R. Debrix illustrate with examples from the great motion pictures of the past the ways in which film techniques can capture time, space, and the essence of reality.

From *Dr. Cyclops*—Human beings can be represented as giants or midgets.

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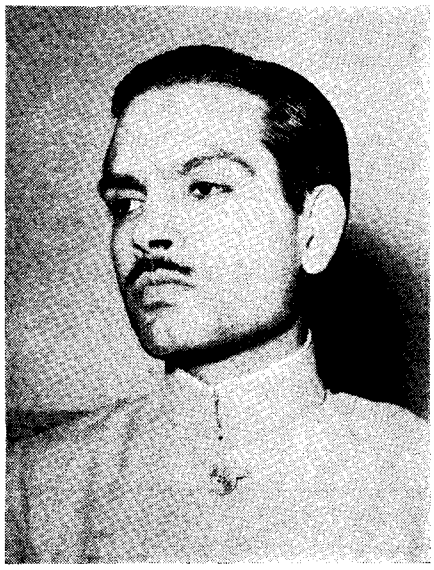
From Sivas to Civil Servants

Tales From Modern India, *edited by K. Natwar-Singh (Macmillan. 274 pp. $6.95), collects twenty examples of the short story as it has been practiced in India during the present century. Robert L. Stilwell teaches English and comparative literature at the University of Michigan.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

WE IN the Mysterious West are likely to know little or nothing about the literary art of twentieth-century India. The classical age of Hindu scripture is represented in our drugstores and supermarkets, where racks display paperback approximations of the *Bhagavad Gita* and selected Upanishads. Hardcover volumes culled from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, those accretively developed cycles of ancient Indian myth and fable, have been published in the United States and England. And it is a rare college survey class in "World Drama" that does not grapple, sooner or later, with the *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa, in an indifferent translation from the Sanskrit. When we turn to the modern period, however, we may seem dazzlingly erudite if we can cite more than three or four Indian writers beyond Rabindranath Tagore, who received the Nobel Prize in 1913 and who exerted a moving impression on Yeats and other Occidental poets.

Such names as Ved Mehta and Santha Rama Rau are widely familiar, to be sure; and within recent years two metaphysical novels by Raja Rao—*The Serpent and the Rope* and *The Cat and Shakespeare*—have attracted considerable attention. But the very gifted Mr. Mehta is in many respects so thoroughly "Anglicized" as to be indistinguishable from the other reporters who contribute high-level journalism to *The New Yorker*; Miss Rama Rau has lived in Wellesley and New York City for so long that she now sounds like a gentled Mary McCarthy, and one gets the impression that Raja Rao's fictions are admired mainly for their similarities to the form and substance of contemporary European novels (he writes principally in English and has spent decades of residence and study in France). It remains true, broadly speaking, that the great quantity of Indian literature produced since 1900 is largely unknown and unappreciated outside—and to some extent within—the subcontinent.



K. Natwar-Singh—"really introduces."

The collection at hand has been designed as a compact introduction to that literature, or at least to that part of it which embraces the modern Indian short story. It gathers twenty brief works of fiction by thirteen Indian literary figures of the present century, ranging in time from Tagore ("The Cabuliwallah" and "The Hungry Stones," both written in Bengali during the 1890s) to a 1958 story ("Who Cares?") written in English by Miss Rama Rau. A wide variety of styles is represented. So are most of the major literary languages of contemporary India. Less adequately represented, for reasons not easily discoverable, are the last two generations in Indian letters. Aside from Miss Rama Rau, the youngest writers included are Khushwant Singh and Palagummi Padmaraju, both born in 1915. Nevertheless, the selection is diverse and ample enough to furnish a basis for first acquaintances and tentative generalizations. And K. Natwar-Singh, with an editor's introduction that really introduces, provides useful information about the immeasurably rich history of Indian literature, the problems and possibilities generated by a pluralism of languages, and the tensions introduced by Western literary and ideological currents.

Many English-speaking readers, particularly those accustomed to the Jamesean tradition of the subtly wrought and plastically "rendered" short story, will probably experience difficulty in appreciating the artistry of these twenty tales. Look, for instance, at the opening of "Ardhanari," by C. Rajagopalachari:

> Ardhanari was a Harijan boy from the village of Kokkalai in Salem district. He went to Delhi with Sri Malkani, Secretary of the Society for the Service of the Untouchables. When Sri Malkani was in South India, he was very pleased with this boy, whom he met at Salem, and immediately decided to take him to Delhi with him. There he put him in a school and looked after him. He spoke to a well-known firm of traders in Delhi and got him a job in their office at Rs. 60/- a month. As Ardhanari was honest, diligent, and had personality, he got on well. He was getting Rs. 150/- a month before he was twenty-four; and, when, sometime later, a place in a big mill belonging to the same firm fell vacant in Bangalore, they sent Ardhanari there on a salary of Rs.200/- a month.

Although the comparative flatness and thin-bloodedness of this passage are rather exceptional, such characteristics mark scores of pages throughout the volume. Equally troublesome, at first, are the fondling of thrice-familiar themes (as in Krishan Chandar's "The Soldier," in which a crippled veteran returns to his village and slowly comes to understand that during his absence everything has changed); the repetitions and structural shapelessness (particularly noticeable throughout Chandar's "Kalu Bhangi," a rambling reminiscence about an old janitor); the simplistic psychology (without a trace of irony, Rajagopalachari informs his readers that "Girls, especially those who have lost their mothers, are very sensitive."), and the resort to O. Henry endings (as in "An Astrologer's Day," by R. K. Narayan, in which one learns that the bazaar soothsayer has been able to describe his client's past life because they had been at each others' throats years before).

THE most forceful answer to such objections, of course, is the truistic one that these are not stories in the Jamesean manner and should not be measured against its canons. The mode of these tales, and the long tradition to which they belong, are those of ancient Indian storytelling, modified only lightly—and not always happily—by recent literary influences. Their "barren" directness, their emphasis on linear plots and timeless themes, relate them to Old Testament narrative, New Testament parable, and medieval *fabliaux*, rather than to the British and American short story of the past sixty years or so (Indian friends tell me that they occasionally find the latter "fat" and overwritten).

Admittedly, to make these points

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does not dissolve the practical problems confronting a non-Indian reader who attempts to savor these tales. Their qualities are fast receding from the Western literary consciousness and perhaps can never be entirely recovered; it has become too easy to mistake plainness for flimsiness. But few readers, of whatever critical persuasion, will forget the dog in Narayan's "The Blind Dog" or the simple goodness of Zaman Khan in Chandar's "The Soldier"; and they may even remember the Ardhanari story that begins so "unpromisingly" with the excerpt quoted above.

Nine of these tales appeared originally in English, and the remaining eleven have been translated from Bengali, Hindi, Malayalam, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, and Urdu. I am quite willing to postulate the general accuracy of the various translators (they are sometimes identified and sometimes not). Moreover, I readily concede that fiction, almost as much as poetry, must suffer when percolated from one language into another. At the same time, however, it seems to me that the present versions have exceeded the most liberal allowance of spelling mistakes, confused diction, wrong tenses, muddled punctuation, fractured syntax, and off-key idioms.

Struggle for Identity

The Boss, *by Goffredo Parise, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Knopf. 246 pp. $4.95), morosely records the "thingification" of man by industry. Warrington Winters teaches a course in the contemporary American and European novel at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

BORN under Mussolini, scarred in the slums of Vicenza during the war, the young Goffredo Parise made his fame with five books written during the Fifties. For six years thereafter he flourished in Milan as journalist, moviemaker, and editor. Now he is back in the fiction world with *The Boss.*

This is the third time that Parise has come to us in English. *The Dead Boy and the Comets* (inspired surrealism) and *Don Gastone and the Ladies* (what you might call uninspired surnaturalism) show the tragic search of the boy for a father. *The Boss* (symbolic expressionism verging on pop) raises the same theme to an international level: we observe, in short, the assimilation of the son by the paternalistic corporation.

Being nameless, the protagonist is Everyman—Dick Whittington, Candide, Winston Smith. Leaving his family and fiancée in his hometown (Vicenza?), he comes to the big city (Milan?) to seek his fortune. In a vast commercial enterprise, he is soon the beloved property of his boss, Dottor Max. Indeed so close is he to Max that his office is Max's converted bathroom. Well, this is all to the good, we should say. But when the boss actually pushes him to marry a Mongoloid imbecile, our hero rebels. Heeding his existentialistic father ("React! React!"), he desperately strives one last time to preserve his identity. He even contemplates murdering Max, or—more shocking still—searching for another job. But it's all too late: "No father, no mother," says Max, "can help you. The solution will come of itself." And so in the end—in this computerized age of the "thingification" of people—Mr. Everyman makes his peace with the boss, marries the Mongoloid, settles for "a wife, a house, a refrigerator, a washing machine: everything necessary to live in society." One thing he will not need is justice: "It isn't a question of just or unjust," he tells his father. "Those are problems nobody raises any more." Nor will he need to be a man. "As long as you're a man," says Dottor Max, "in the sense of having a human personality, there will never be room for you in a firm." He and his wife are now "the prototype of the ideal family which Dottor Max means to create in the future, the masterpiece of absolute property."

Now where did we hear all this before? It was exactly eighteen years ago, in Orwell's *1984.* The last lines were:

> O cruel, needless misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

Parise here (with the deft assistance of William Weaver) is fluent, orderly, bitter. But if he must say again what Orwell said way back in 1948—and indeed he must, and so must we all—he ought to shout it, not faintly from inside the whale itself, but rather over the roof-tops of the world.

Negro Folksong

Jubilee, *by Margaret Walker (Houghton Mifflin. 497 pp. $5.95), views the plantation South, Civil War, and Reconstruction through the eyes of Negro slaves. Abraham Chapman has compiled a bibliography of literature by and about Negro Americans, to be published later this fall.*

By ABRAHAM CHAPMAN

IN ITS evocation of the folk experience and folk attitudes of Southern Negroes on the plantations when slavery seemed to be a permanent institution, during the Civil War and the Reconstruction years, this Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award novel adds something distinctively different to the Civil War novel. Each of the fifty-eight chapters opens with lines from a spiritual or popular song of the day, and each chapter has its own title—devices which establish a broader framework and wider point of view than that of the novel's concealed, unidentified narrator. Some of the chapter headings suggest folk ways of thinking or folk wisdom: "Death is a mystery that only the squinch owl knows"; "This pot is boiling over and the fat is in the fire"; "Mister Lincoln is our Moses." Other headings suggest folk experiences: That for a chapter relating the efforts of a slave to escape to freedom is entitled "Put on men's clothes and a man's old cap"; others are headed "Seventy-five lashes on her naked back" and "They made us sing 'Dixie.'"

To appreciate the extent of innovation *Jubilee* brings to a thoroughly quarried, frequently hackneyed genre of writing, it is only necessary to recall that the Civil War novel has been the source of some of the crudest stereotypes of Negro characters in American fiction. As Robert A. Lively pointed out in *Fiction Fights the Civil War*: "the Negro is rarely a central figure in Civil War novels—he only hovers near the white heroes and heroines, to whom space and interest is given." Margaret Walker has reversed the picture completely. With a fidelity to fact and detail, she presents the little-known everyday life of the slaves, their modes of behavior, patterns and rhythms of speech, emotions, frustrations, and aspirations. Never done on such a scale before, this is the strength of her novel. As it unfolds one sees plantation life as it was seen by Negro slaves, feels the texture of American history as it was felt by Negro slaves: the Civil War with the hopes it aroused, its sordid and grim realities; the participation of the Negroes in the fight against slavery; the ugly and frus-

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trating rise of the Ku Klux Klan; the postwar waves of terror in the South to keep the Negro down and prevent emancipation from becoming a reality.

The author is so intent on presenting her historical data as accurately as possible, on correcting the distortions which have crept into so many Civil War novels, that at times she fails to transform her raw material into accomplished literary form. There are passages of very pedestrian prose. Fortunately, the colorful and musical speech of the Negro characters in the novel transcends the stilted prose of the narrator. The slave preacher, Brother Ezekiel, on his knees beside the bed of a dying slave in the slave cabin, prays: "Way down here in this here rain-washed world, kneelin here by this bed of affliction pain, your humble servant is a-knockin, and askin for your lovin mercy, and your tender love. This here sister is tired a-sufferin, Lord, and she wants to come on home."

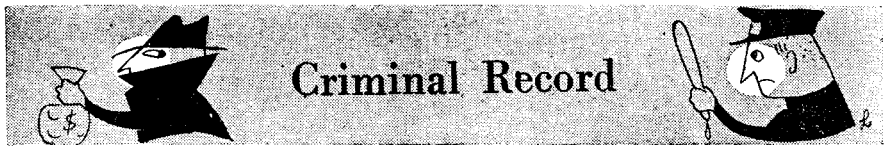
There is Mammy Sukey, thinking out loud as she brings the daughter of the plantation master to the big house to start serving as the slave of her white sister, under the jealous rule of the mistress of the plantation: "Ain't make a speck of difference nohow. Politeness and cleanness and sweet ways ain't make no difference nohow. She [the mistress] gone stomp her and tromp her and beat her and mighty nigh kill her anyhow."

And there is Vyry, the heroine of the novel, who distills out of her life as a slave, and the trials of the Civil War, and the frustrated hopes of the Reconstruction years, a hard realism, a fierce spiritual force and hope: "We both needs each other. White folks need what black folks got just as much as black folks need what white folks is got, and we's all got to stay here mongst each other and git along, that's what."

ALMOST a quarter of a century has passed since, with the publication of her volume of verse, *For My People*, in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, Margaret Walker established her reputation as one of the important modern Negro poets. In this, her first novel, she has with seeming deliberation held in abeyance the indirection and compact suggestiveness of the poet in order to concentrate on presenting to the fiction of the Civil War an authentic Negro point of view.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Corot. 2. Chardin. 3. Géricault. 4. Fragonard. 5. Ingres. 6. Renoir. 7. Audubon. 8. Turner. 9. Caravaggio. 10. Modigliani. 11. Toulouse-Lautrec. 12. Gauguin. 13. Delacroix. 14. Degas. 15. Velásquez. 16. Goya.



The Trial of Steven Truscott. *By Isabel de Bourdais. Lippincott.* $4.95. Seven years ago a fourteen-year-old Ontario boy was sentenced to be hanged for the rape and murder of a twelve-year-old girl schoolmate; the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. A Toronto journalist examines the case in graphic and dramatic detail and finds justice wanting.

The Trail of the Poppy: Behind the Mask of the Mafia. *By Charles Siragusa as told to Robert Wiedrich. Prentice-Hall.* $4.95. Ex-Federal Bureau of Narcotics trouble-shooter (now executive director of Illinois State Crime Commission) presents high points of his twenty-two-year tour of duty as a drug-chaser in twenty-nine countries, USA very much included. Exciting, informative, authoritative.

At Bertram's Hotel. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Miss Jane Marple, peeper by inclination, runs into prime crime wave while holidaying in posh London caravansary. One of author's very best productions, with splendid pace, bright lines.

Death of a Doxy. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.75. Archie Goodwin makes shocking discovery that puts one of Nero Wolfe's hired hands behind bars as a material witness; sugar daddy strives to preserve good name (if any). As for the big guy, he's still batting .400.

The Asking Price. *By Henry Cecil. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Seventeen-year-old English miss jolts fifty-two-year-old bachelor by proposing marriage; evasive tactics fail (or don't they?). Wit and wiles abound in this tragicomedy.

The Cold War Swap. *By Ross Thomas. Morrow.* $3.95. Spies, doublespies, triplespies dot these sanguinary pages (we make it seventeen dead); Berlin wall breached; Rhine journey tops Siegfried's. A real snorter, superbly told.

Killer Dolphin. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $4.95. Violent death in London theater tizzies cast of hit play based on Shakespeare's life; Supt. Allenby, himself a Grade A Bardolater, takes over. You'll need a scorecard, and (hooray!) there *is* one.

The Christmas Egg. *By Mary Kelly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Death of senile Russian princess in London slum sets Inspector Nightingale and Sgt. Beddoes on trail of missing jewels. Sounds corny but isn't.

The Shamir of Dachau. *By Christopher Davis. New American Library.* $4.50. Echoes of concentration camp days are heard in this moving, nicely detailed story of contemporary life in Frankfurt-am-Main; war criminal is sought, animal hospital visited. Has power and depth.

Blind Spot. *By Joseph Harrington. Lippincott.* $3.95. Lt. F. X. Kerrigan of Manhattan D.A.'s office scores again with another sound doorbell-ringing job that aims to free a woman doing twenty years to life.

Out of the Depths. *By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Father Bredder, peeper-priest, and his friend Lt. Minardi of L.A. look below the surface to snag triple killers. Will delight scuba fans.

Moscow Coach. *By Philip McCutchan. John Day.* $4.50. Cmdr. Esmonde Shaw, British Intelligence superace, enters Russia with touring bus party on desperate mission; meets U.S. lady op. who says "guess" eighteen times. Hair-breadth scapes abound.

Going, Going, Gone. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $3.95. Asey Mayo, self-made Cape Cod peeper, calls the shots when corpse turns up at rural auction. This is eleventh unit in reissue of series that made grandpa forget the Depression.

The Playboy Book of Crime and Suspense. *Selected by the editors of Playboy. Trident.* $5.95. Star billing here goes to Ian Fleming, whose novelette "The Hildebrand Rarity" was his first contribution to *Playboy* (1960); twenty-five other name authors contributed the twenty-eight remaining stories. Choice collection.

Best Detective Stories of the Year. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $4.50. This twenty-first annual compilation maintains the high standard set by its predecessors; seventeen previously serialized units make up the contents.

Ellery Queen's Crime Carousel. *Edited by Ellery Queen. New American Library.* $5.50. Twenty-one stories from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, varying from 1,000 to 20,000 words, comprise the twenty-first issue of this hardy perennial. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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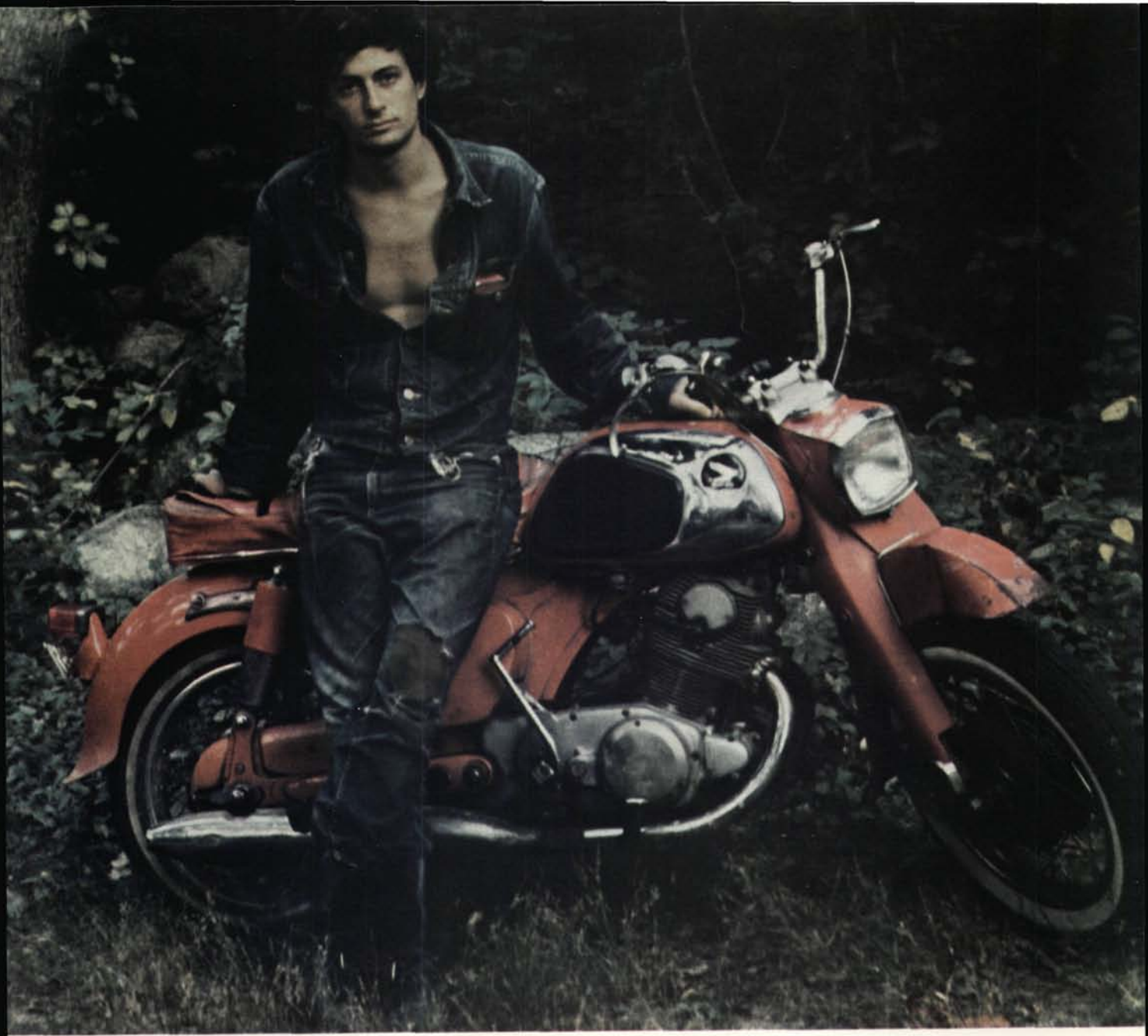

ed Newman, 1965

A SHOW OF COLOR

By MARGARET R. WEISS

WHEN an artist decides to give up painting, the folded easel is usually banished to some dark closet corner where inaccessibility alone assures its oblivion. In the case of painter-turned-photographer Marie Cosindas, however, there has never been any period of easel-in-exile. Camera and film displaced brush and canvas in her Boston studio more than five years ago, but the easel stayed on as a working part of her photographic equipment — "a wonderfully convenient gadget on which to drape background fabrics and set up small still-lifes for the camera."

Factually, this speaks well for the photographer's Greek-Yankee ingenuity; figuratively, it may be even more telling. For it symbolizes the artistic disciplines of her former vocation that are still un-

(Continued)

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Ellen, 1965

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Bruce, 1965

deniably present in her recent images on Polaroid color film.

Earlier in the season, this latest aspect of her lenswork captivated press and public alike at its New York premiere in The Museum of Modern Art. Next November there will be further recognition for her achievements in the new medium. She will have the distinction of being the first living photographer to have a one-man show in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in many years.

At the New York exhibit, audience response ran high. Viewers stopped, looked, and commented: "sensual," "sinister," "sensitive," "beautiful," "a jewel of a show," "a sheer delight." One voice wavered delicately between exclamation and question in its verdict that "they're really not photographs." But of all reactions the one that came most quickly and consistently was the surprised whisper, "How did she do it?"

With professional precision and patience, the photographer answered the battery of technical questions put to her by a preview audience of editors, critics, and colleagues. Color compensating filters? In some cases she used them in order to obtain warmer flesh tones. Exposure time? One portrait may run to 8 seconds with 80 or 90 seconds development time, while another may have only $\frac{1}{25}$-second exposure and just 60 seconds for development; the longer development results in deeper tones and decreased color contrast. Recommendations? She prefers not to make any, because every image-maker has to work out his own method of achieving the particular results he wants – and for this there is no better expedient than simple trial-and-error.

SOME weeks later, Marie Cosindas came to visit us. As conversation filled the frame of afternoon, her personal trial-and-error odyssey revealed the self-powered drive of the artist within this soft-voiced, self-effacing woman.

"There were the years at the Boston School of Design, followed by those spent studying painting and graphics at the Boston Museum School. Then the workaday world – designing textiles, children's slippers and shoes, doing renderings for interior decorators, working as a color coordinator for a company that turned out museum reproductions in stone. I had rented small studio space in the building where my friend Carl Siembab had his gallery. There I met many of the photographers who were part of Carl's circle – among them, Paul Caponigro, Walter Chappell, and Minor White, all of whom were subsequently in workshop courses to teach me practically everything I know about photography."

It was in 1961 at another workshop – this one under the mentorship of Ansel Adams in California – that what had been only a vague feeling crystallized into fact. For her the camera was a more facile means of expressing ideas; putting images on film gave her a greater sense of freedom and fluency than painting them on canvas. "But even when I'm not shooting in color, my approach is still that of the painter. I remember at the time I was studying with Adams I used a Linhof view camera loaded with Polaroid black-and-white film. He would

(Continued)

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Floral 3, 1965

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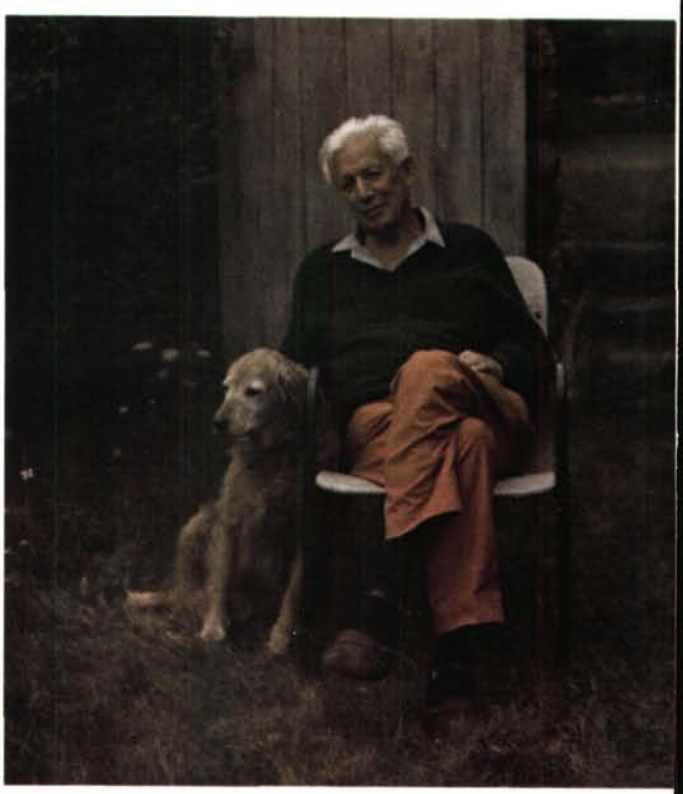
Floral 6, 1965

Greta, 1965



Max Eastman, 1965

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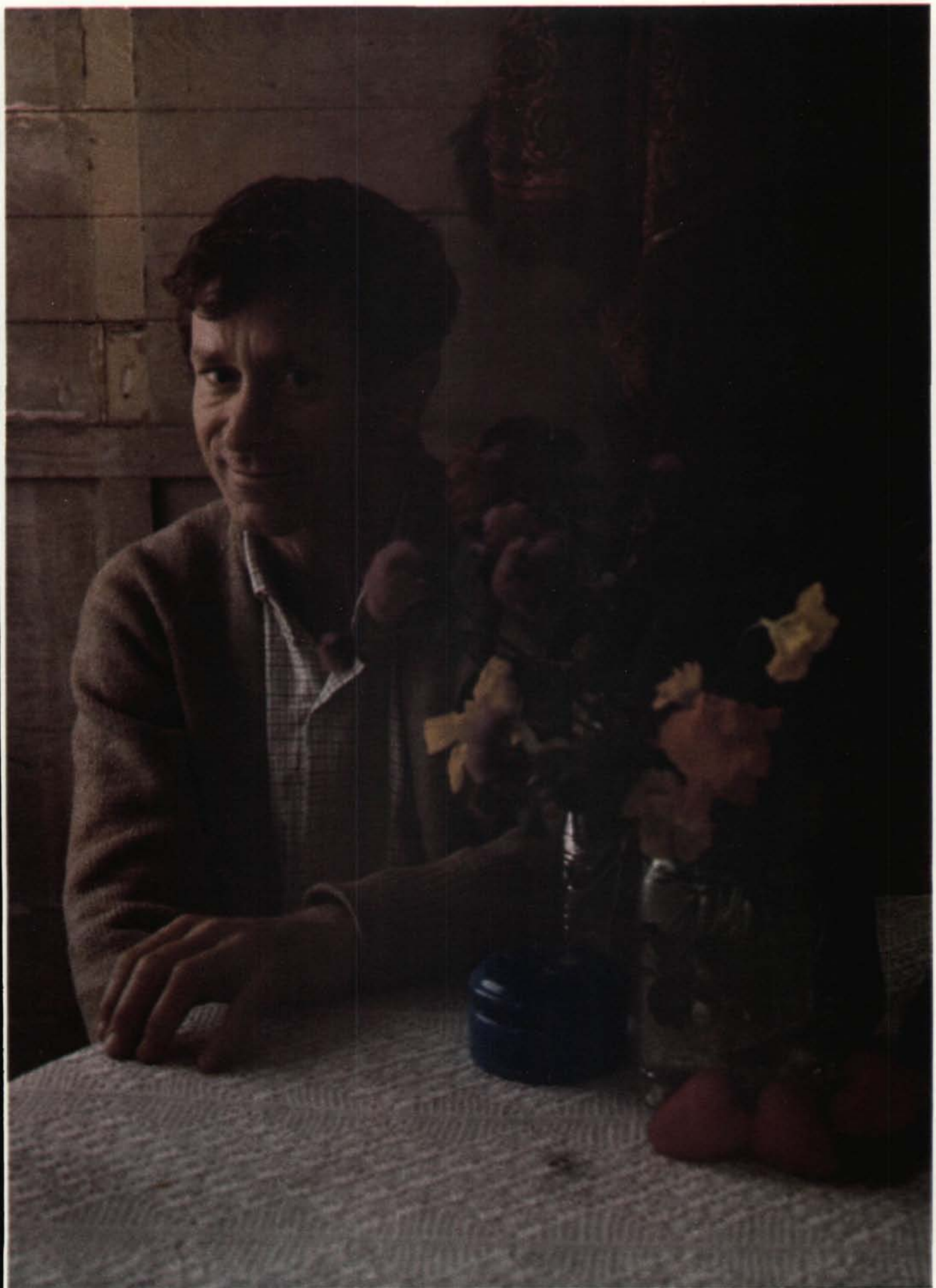

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Henry Faulkner, 1966

Paula, 1966

point out the narrow tonal scale in my pictures and say, 'You shoot in black-and-white, but you think in terms of color!' "

Low-key colors and low-level light are what seem most natural to her eye. Photographically, these are exacting conditions – which may have lengthened the trial-and-error period. "I had to learn what these color materials will do and how they could work for me. I'm really not interested in what goes on inside the camera chemically or technically. That's for the scientist. I'm concerned only with the picture idea and how closely I approximate it in the final image. My job is to make a beautiful picture."

To that end, a whole week of prop-hunting may precede the 60-odd seconds required to expose and develop the picture. A still-life composition may send her scouting antique shops for a special piece of Tiffany glass or some other decorative accessory; at the neighborhood fruit and flower markets she is known as "a very particular customer."

From choice of picture elements and composition to the grace note of individually coordinated mats and mounts, her prints reveal the unmistakable Cosindas hallmark: painstaking attention to detail and a careful editorial eye. Each photograph exhibited represents "the one of five or six variations that came closest to the previsualized image." All the others are destroyed, as a painter's preliminary sketches might be; the single remaining print is analogous to the painter's finished canvas.

Willingly experimental yet wisely selective, Marie Cosindas affirms the critic's dictum that "creation consists as much in rejecting the wrong solutions as picking the right ones." Her show of color only proves once more that it takes a sensitive artist to make the most of sensitized materials. We see no reason to amend our earlier estimate: Marie Cosindas *is* the poet-laureate of Polacolor film.

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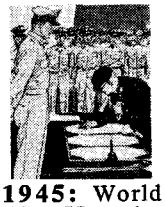

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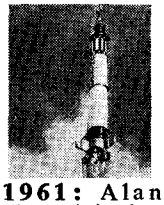

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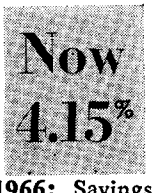

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Editorial

Continued from page 28

on the Vietnamese people, and demanding that the French bow to the demands of world conscience and get out. Now the Americans know how it feels to be on the receiving end of sermons.

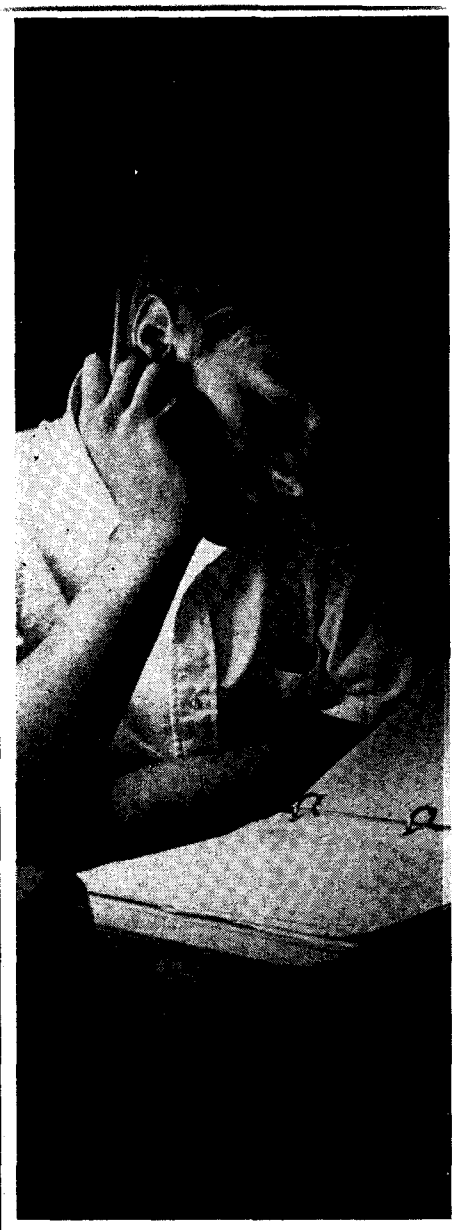
"The news the French get today from Vietnam is somewhat sharper than the news about Vietnam published in the United States. In the United States, you have a picture of Americans fighting at the behest of the South Vietnamese government. The view the French get is far more sophisticated. They know the United States put in its own government when it arrived in Saigon. The French know how many times the Vietnamese government was overthrown or changed to suit the United States, even though the United States was claiming all the time that it went into Vietnam to uphold the right of self-determination. The French believe that one of the big reasons the United States is hanging on in Vietnam is your national pride. You think it will be disastrous to back down. Well, this is what the French once believed, but they have since learned otherwise. They have learned that their greatest strength comes from their ability to prove they know how to operate their own government and make it work."

I did manage to spend a few days in France and had ample opportunity to talk to some Frenchmen. I found them friendly, approachable, communicative. While they had no hostility against individual Americans, they were highly critical of the United States, especially of our foreign policy. My Swiss friend's report, on the whole, was accurate. There was a sense, in the French, of strength, centrality, and dignity rediscovered and refurbished. They acted like people who finally owned their own home again after years of anguished struggle to meet the payments on the mortgage. Uncle Sam was the landlord—benevolent but too young and unpolished to deserve so much authority and power.

Even without respect to the new relationship of France to the United States, it is possible that the United States has come to the end of an era. After the Second World War, America was the strongest single force on the Continent. Not even Napoleon was able to exert greater influence on European affairs than we did—backed by our far-reaching programs of aid and reconstruction.

But all that is over now. If we want to be influential today, we have to do it with ideas that stir people and make them think the United States is an exciting place where good things happen.

—N.C.



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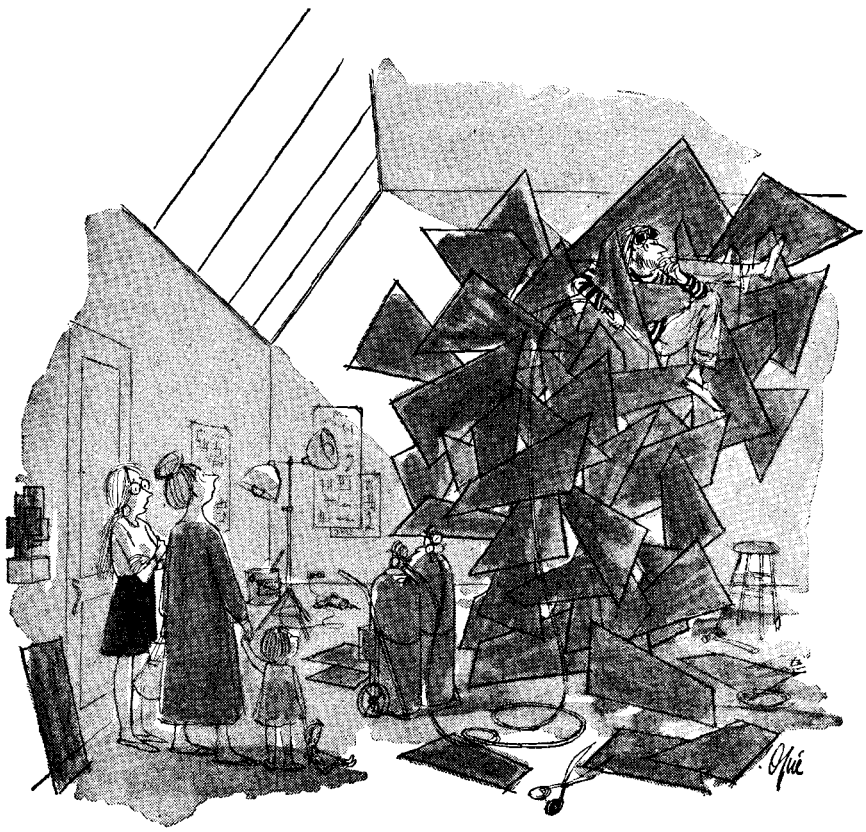
Life . . . Family Plan

THEATER 1967 has inaugurated both the new season and its "Festival of American Plays" most appropriately with a revival of three short plays written *circa* 1931 by Thornton Wilder. For of all our living playwrights, Wilder is the one who has pounced most agilely from decade to decade, and whose work seems least dated.

Of the three playlets currently on view at the Cherry Lane Theater, *The Long Christmas Dinner* is the most impressive. Indeed, it remarkably foreshadows Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days* as it constructs for us a devastating tintype of a "happy" American family cautiously tasting the pain and blessings of living. By kaleidoscoping three generations of existence into a perpetual Christmas dinner, it turns each jovial slicing of the inexhaustible turkey into an unkind cut. Each proffered "sliver of white meat" simultaneously symbolizes the height of terrestrial contentment and the limited degree of ecstasy American families choose to experience.

Yet, unlike the absurdists, Wilder does not attack this way of life. Rather he looks with wonder and awe at the willingness of a family's members to fulfil obligations, to forgive one another over and over again, to love, to mourn, and to die quietly. All these things he reports with simplicity, with humor, and with precision. And director Michael Kahn has staged the revival freshly, with the assistance of Ed Wittstein's poetic setting, a simple black gauze enclosure which permits the characters to appear and disappear gradually rather than abruptly.

Because the performers must fit all three plays, they are not all ideally cast. But they compensate for this by their skill and teamwork. John Beal gives us the cultivated obtuseness of the head of household. Paula Trueman catches the humor and the pathos of the elderly mother who takes disproportionate pride in the trivial details of her ancestry. Leora Dana demonstrates the patience a wife must exercise both with her mother-in-law and with her son's wife, who later on shunts her from the head of the table to the side seat once occupied by the woman whose role she now assumes.



"He welded himself into it this morning, and now he's decided that it is all quite symbolic of the dilemma of mid-twentieth-century man."

Marian Hailey is breathlessly impulsive as the young wife. James Noble and Michael Lipton make staunch family figures. And perhaps best of all is the irony brought to the play by Bette Henritze, as the remote second cousin once removed, who comes to take over the old house that the rest of the family gradually deserts. Like the last act of *Our Town,* this leaves us with a warning to enjoy our lives more fully.

Yet Wilder also seems to find virtue in our self-limiting acceptance of the family institution. The latter attitude has frequently been misinterpreted as sentimentalism. But those who have had the privilege of seeing the playwright perform the role of the stage manager in *Our Town* are aware that among modern playwrights Wilder is unique in his unflagging curiosity and the width of culture he surveys and brings into universal focus.

The second play on this bill, *Queens of France,* is a nicely constructed dramatic exercise, in which we are shown three stages of the human capacity for vanity and delusion. First, we watch a raffish New Orleans lawyer tempt a woman with the surprising information that she is a descendant of the lost heir to the French throne. Then, with a second "descendant" we see how the planted notion can become pervasive enough for her to take on airs, despise her commoner husband, and pay the lawyer money to underwrite an investigation of her claim to regality. Finally, we see a third "Queen" as the lawyer informs her that unless she can find a lost document, her claim cannot be substantiated. As played by Bette Henritze, this third woman reveals both the terror of "deposition" and the enrichment a patently false notion has brought to her otherwise humdrum existence.

The concluding play, *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden,* emerges as an amusing and touching period piece. Again Wilder presents us with simultaneous satire and affection for the intra-family banalities, and particularly those of the very proper mother, played with conviction by Paula Trueman. However, the understated inner frustration of the father, nicely expressed in John Beal's performance, balances the confection. Furthermore, the technique of a stage manager who narrates and sets the stage, not with illusionistic painted scenery, but with a few plain chairs, demonstrates how seven years before *Our Town* Wilder was already challenging our theatrical conventions.

Do these plays now seem less cheerful than they did originally? Very probably. For we are living in a more despairing world. That so much of their content can be made effective to audiences with our concerns is proof of their remarkable universality. —HENRY HEWES.

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From Nature to Art

LAST SUMMER I lived on a small Cape Cod marsh. From my sundeck I looked out on a glistening carpet of wild cranberries and a hillside of pines, among them a dead one leaning perilously. It was the dead tree that seemed most alive to me, its naked, knotted branches insistent against the sky. The more I observed it, the more I found myself thinking of the romantic, early-nineteenth-century German painter, Caspar David Friedrich. His trees, often denuded of leaves and silhouetted against a winter landscape, were infused with the same linear energy. I have no doubt I saw the dead pine more intensely because I saw it through the eyes of Caspar David Friedrich.

It has long been a truism that art grows from nature, but it is equally true that art transforms nature, at least for the viewer. To be sure, our vision of natural objects is heightened only by those painters who uncover hidden secrets or reassess familiar traits. Take Van Gogh. When this artist humanized and yet demonized his cypress trees, he guaranteed that never again would they act merely as static punctuations in a landscape. Or take Turner. Since he, Whistler, Monet, and a host of other painters experimented with atmospheric effects, fogs have become shrouded in poetic mystery. For the real fogs that inconvenience us, we now substitute eloquent paraphrases—or could it be that the painted versions have become our real ones?

Not that Man improves on nature; it is rather that he helps edit our visual and psychological reactions so that we accept more fully what he chooses to emphasize. And that may explain why nature's confirmed imitators rarely add to our understanding. We have already experienced first-hand everything they have to say before they say it.

Going a step farther, if art deepens our delight in nature, it can also diminish it. Who doubts the impact of a dazzling sunset; yet since this phenomenon became a favorite theme for hack painters, it has been so oversentimentalized as to seem little more than a trite stereotype. Even in travelogues the symbol is identified with banal finales. Today it requires considerable effort to observe a luminous setting sun purely in terms of itself. We tend to complain, "It looks too much like a picture-postcard," or should we add, "It looks too much like a painting."

From my little sun deck I also began to wonder why the simple act of gazing down diagonally on a straggly marsh became such a pleasant experience. I questioned whether it was the surrounding enclosure of pines that made the open marsh more welcome, and whether the vagaries of light playing on birds, sand, cranberries, and water increased my interest. These days we are constantly told that paintings filled with light and space are particularly rewarding. Are we to believe, then, that the sheer existence of these intangible elements lends added excitement to works of art?

There is no argument that at times space can suggest a special kind of freedom. But, curiously, it can also be terrifying if it is too vast for human control. In daily life we unconsciously search for varied spatial experiences, for the freedom of unhampered dimensions, for the protection of circumscribed limits, and for all the intervals in between. The same variety we seek in life we pursue in art, but in art it is never real space, it is painted space that confronts us.

When the Germans demanded more *Lebensraum* they were asking for extended physical boundaries and for extended power. Space can at once represent the most subtle aspects of personal freedom and the most vulgar symbols of group authority. A glance at Hollywood films from the Thirties reveals how closely space was related to affluence. The proverbial American millionaire was always pictured in a grotesquely outsized mansion where pretentious scale became more a liability than a liberation. In art, too, space reassures us only when related to human understanding. Paintings of outer space are either incoherent or overly-visionary.

Artists manipulate space to emphasize movement, which, after all, is just another manifestation of freedom. Unshackled motion is as kinesthetically agreeable as it is psychologically sustaining. To circulate freely from one area to another encourages improvisation both in life and in art, but in art one does not move, one merely senses motion.

Even more than space, light evokes motion and actually is motion. Sometimes staccato, sometimes languid, sometimes speeding faster than eyes can grasp, light itself moves and makes everything it touches seem to move. The artist who grapples with luminosity is up against an idea as evasive as space. Distance is something we can cope with (it has limits), but space and light are abstract conceptions that we feel more than we see. They are life-giving elements, especially light which Man repeatedly connects with physical well-being. And yet too much light can be devastating. I remember June nights near the Arctic Circle when the sun became a relentless burden, when darkness would have come as a welcome release. For it is never bright light alone that invigorates

"We don't belong in Southeast Asia, and we don't belong in Europe, we don't belong in Latin America, and I'm still not sure we belong in the Northwest Territory."

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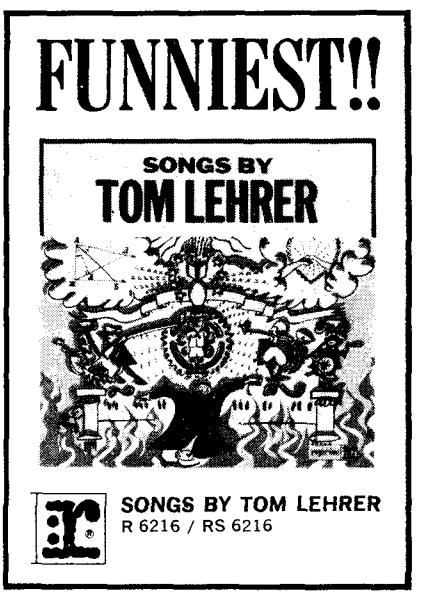
us but changing cycles of light. In art, not surprisingly, we crave parallel atmospheric variety, responding as acutely to somber retreating light as to its blazing counterpart. Though painted light gives off no heat, it can arouse sensations of warmth precisely as cold shadows can do the opposite.

Paintings that try to repeat real space and atmosphere are doomed to failure, for these are indefinable areas. And, clearly, it is not the artist's job to untangle nature's structure; it is the scientist's. Using methods adapted to his specific medium, the artist constructs his own view of nature, though only after intimate association with his motif. This personal process of reconstruction accounts for multiple interpretations of the same theme, and also explains the painter's willingness to take liberties with nature. As we look back, the artists who seem best to have conquered space and light tended to combine poetry and science, relying on the former to escape reality, on the latter to analyze it.

To unravel the paradoxical image that zig zags from nature to art requires more than passive observation on the viewer's part. It requires concentrated involvement, prophetic intuition, and, above all, a probing memory.

—KATHARINE KUH.



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CLASSICS REVISITED—XXXVII

"The Tempest"

By KENNETH REXROTH

"THOSE WHO WONDER shall reign and those who reign shall wonder." This is one of the few profound statements attributed to Jesus in the Gnostic Apocryphal Gospels. It conceals the secret of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The occultists who have found in *The Tempest* the ritual of a mystery religion or the dramatized rites of an esoteric Freemason Lodge are not wrong. In all dramatic literature the work that most resembles it is *The Magic Flute*, which is in fact a thinly disguised dramatic ritual of occult Freemasonry. This does not mean that Shakespeare was an occultist, or that Bacon and a committee of hidden masters wrote the play.

Anthropological, mythic, ritual interpreters of Shakespeare have proved most illuminating to our generation, so concerned with the symbolic adumbrations of Jungian or Freudian psychoanalysis in literature. But though the other plays may be made more meaningful by mythic interpretation, *The Tempest* is itself a myth, a source of power. In *Macbeth*, a malevolent Underworld lurks behind substance seeking form. In *The Tempest* the Otherworld seems imminent and benign, as amoral as Paradise beyond the fiery sword and the tree of good and evil. The innocence of Nature judges good and evil as the wills of men are brought to bear upon it. In the end Nature is indifferent. But we have been made to realize that this world, our own, is actually the Otherworld.

Man plays out a simulacrum of history in the realm of the amoral angels who exercised free will once only, and then were eternally quiet. Human action is projected against impassive natural processes, is magnified and judged and reduced again to the small and inconsequential. *The Tempest* is a play of judgment, the judging of history and its partisans by the end of history. Again from the same Apocryphal Gospel, "those who are near to me are near to the fire; those who are far from me are far from the judgment." It is as though the island were a test tube in which men slowly become animal, vegetable, mineral, and emerge again into the world—men again but altered in secret substance.

The Tempest takes place in a storm of water, in a hidden place. Men go under the storm and are born again as in a Gnostic baptism. The storm is a revenge for evil raised by the personification of energy, Ariel, under compulsion. The music by which the transformation is wrought is a freewill donation of the same spirit.

The mysticism of *The Tempest* is hard for us to understand because it is the forgotten mysticism of the Age of Reason, the taming of magic to the rule of reason. Harvey, Galileo, Copernicus do not seem occult to us, but so they did to their contemporaries, hierophants of the mysteries of Natural Law, revealers of the secrets of a New Order of the Ages.

Macbeth is full of equivocations, but *The Tempest* is entirely composed of elements that are themselves equivocal. Ambivalent, its imagery has been felt and interpreted in opposing ways, by critics of different temperament, just as the interests of the characters lead them to evaluate the same circumstances as maleficent or benign. To me the play has always seemed bathed in the jeweled mist of the warm, surf-rocked Bermoothes, the countryside of Stratford with the long water-meadow rimmed and glowing in moonlit dew or frost, where every beast and plant and man has become unearthly. Others have felt the setting to be exactly the opposite, a world of dry trouble and commotion, the still vexed Bermoothes. For the bad characters, the island is far from being fairyland. It is a mad coral troubled by goblins and invisible tormentors. For Miranda and Ferdinand it is paradise, a garden beyond time. For Miranda, even history, as it suddenly appears in the persons of covetous and scheming rascals, is a brave new world. The setting is one of perfect exile, real alienation. All the characters except Prospero are cut loose from life with no likelihood of ever returning. This is human morality as it judges itself in the abstraction of the cloister.

LIKE *The Magic Flute*, *The Tempest* is a rite—it embodies exactly the same range and quality of symbolic psychic patterns and behavior as do the mystery rites of religion, but it is not an exposition of somebody else's, it is its own mystery religion, self-contained within its dramatic form. It is this self-sufficiency which gives it its enormous power. As Mark Van Doren once said, "Any set of symbols moved close to this play lights up as an electric field." It should not be

(*Continued on page* 90)

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The $500 Misunderstanding

(Horace Sutton is on vacation. His column will be resumed next week.)

IN RUSSIA, don't try the smallest thing out of line, warned our friend the fur buyer (he isn't), who had been to the Soviet Union many times, so that we suspected him of being a Communist agent, or an American agent, or double. We should be particularly careful about observing regulations, he emphasized, because of who I am; even though we were going as ordinary tourists, we shouldn't fool ourselves, they would know who I was and what I would be up to.

"But I'm not up to anything," I said. "We just want to see Russia."

He winked and smiled. "They'll know." And they might just want to catch me off on some little black market deal; they might even plant an agent provocateur to tempt me. Like, if anyone should offer to sell me an ancient icon . . . .

No, no, I protested. I wasn't such an obvious idiot! (But, I reflected, suppose I could pick up an antique Torah crown, and smuggle it out?) No! I resolutely determined, if such an item appeared, I would try to obtain permission to buy it, as instructed in the Intourist pamphlet, through the Bureau of Antiquities. Everything on this trip would be correct. I wasn't going to try to see anyone I wasn't supposed to see, nor to go anywhere that was not on my Intourist itinerary, nor to photograph anything I wasn't supposed to photograph. Hadn't I read all those news reports about American tourists who had mysteriously vanished?

Another friend, in the diplomatic service, advised, "It wouldn't be a bad idea, especially as you are traveling by car, to leave your exact route with the American Embassy in Moscow." "The French Embassy too," said Tereska, my Paris-born wife.

When we crossed the border at Brest, everything went with remarkable ease. The checkpoint was in a large wayside house, and we waited only about an hour while a busload of East German tourists was processed. Then came our turn, in a cozy office where a polite young officer, who spoke correct book-English, sat behind a desk. Tereska, as keeper of our documents, disgorged the contents of a special plastic holder that contained passports, visas, Intourist papers, car papers and insurance, while I laid out my wallet and travelers checks.

The money was scrupulously counted and added up. I filled out the total on a green slip, which the inspector solemnly cautioned me not to lose since it would have to be presented when I left the country. Also, every time I changed *valuta* into rubles, I must be careful to preserve the receipt. All this was the familiar routine of currency control used in various countries to curb black-market exchanges. Then, our papers stamped, we went straight to the currency window and converted dollars into rubles, getting ninety for a hundred, and I folded away the receipt. At last we were ready for customs inspection.

OUT in the yard, our journalist-student daughter Dominique, who had escaped the boring formalities, was gaily translating the thick patois of a family of car tourists from Toulouse into ordinary French for the Intourist interpreter. Our eleven-year-old, Mikael, found the accent hilarious, particularly as the subject was onions. In the opened tonneau of the Toulousians' battered Simca there was exposed to view a large carton of onions, not to mention a smaller carton of garlic and supplies of potatoes, carrots, lettuce, apples, and oranges. These good people, Dominique explained, were not smugglers, but campers prepared against shortages.

"Parasite! Parasite!" the customs man declared. No, no, the tourists were not economic parasites. They were working people, French working people from Toulouse. The inspector held aloft a bunch of onions. "Parasites!" he said pointing to the onions, and the misunderstanding was cleared up. There was a quarantine on all plants, due to a parasitic epidemic.

"What shall we do?" asked the Toulousian in consternation. He was a nimble little man who kept dancing about his car. "We want to see the Soviet Union."

"You may eat the contraband here," said the Intourist girl.

Enthusiastically, the Toulousians began to pass around their fruits and vegetables. Beaming with international goodwill, all of us, including the customs inspectors, stood around eating carrots and apples. The garlic and onions, not entirely consumable on the spot, had, however, to be dumped into a garbage bin. Done, with fraternal expressions of regret and compassionate understanding.

The Toulousians had collected some flowers along the way. These, too, had to be dumped, but a Russian soldier ran up with two roses from a nearby garden. "Soviet flowers!" he beamed.

In this friendly atmosphere came our turn. What was in our suitcases? Clothing, and a few books. Ah, books. Please open. Strictly forbidden, we had read in the Intourist pamphlet, was the importation of anti-Soviet literature. "It's just the same in America," Tereska had defended the restriction. "No subversive literature." All I had brought along were a few samples of my novels. Opening a suitcase, I pulled out a copy of *Eva.*

"Oh, I know this book," said the Intourist girl, to my astonishment. I flushed. Could they really have been so thorough as to have read up on me? Suddenly I recalled that in this story the heroine, after the war, decides that she cannot live in a Communist country, and heads for Israel. But the interpreter was smiling as she explained something to the inspector. He handed back the book, and waved us on. Excitedly, we drove ahead, though later I kept wondering how that girl had happened to read *Eva.*

The highway to Moscow was broad and almost empty. There were only a few trucks and an occasional sedan. We felt a great sense of wheeling freely into an expansive land: flat, green fields, stretches of forest, vistas. At a fork, we took a wrong road. Instantly we heard a whistle from a sentry box. Our visas, please. We must please adhere to the route for foreign tourists.

Naturally. We might get lost. Returning to the route, we presently noticed a picturesque old church with painted cupolas, on a hillock. Would we be whistled down if we deviated that far? Boldly, I turned into a dirt lane. We traversed a village where elderly women in long skirts, wearing kerchiefs, calmly stared at us. The church was partly boarded up and looked unused. No one bothered us as we took our photographs, with Mikael clambering up a window to peer inside. Back to the main road, and onward. "See!" my wife said.

That night we stayed in our first Soviet auto-camp, near Minsk. There were two-cot tents, neatly set among the trees, ready for use. Surprisingly, there were few other foreign tourists. The camp was filled with Russians; car-owners; the proletarian bourgeoisie. They made friends with us over ping-pong and volleyball, came and examined our station wagon. One, an engineer, lingered. Our baggage-carrier seemed to fascinate him. "How much does such a thing cost?" he ventured.

We had paid $12 for it.

He sighed. Would we be willing to

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The auction at Sotheby's, then Fortnum and Mason's for unch. A visit to the Tate Gallery this afternoon, followed y a tour of the West End. Simpson's for dinner and the late oorshow at Churchill's. Very good, sir."

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sell the carrier. He eyed us hopefully.

"You see I still need it." He looked at it so yearningly that I added, "You know it is forbidden." He sighed more deeply than before.

In Moscow, would-be buyers of our possessions were not so modest. A young man fell into step with us, just outside the hotel. "You want to sell some clothes, suit, shirt?" he enquired in passable English. I shook my head. "Shoes? You sell me your shoes?" "I'm wearing them," I laughed. "Okay, I come with you into hotel, you have other shoes, sell me these shoes." Surely, I told my wife, that one was an agent provocateur, trying to catch me black-marketing right in our room!

When we went out after dinner for a walk in Red Square, another young man walked alongside. "Want to buy an old icon?" he asked in the intimate tones of a postcard salesman on the Rue de Rivoli. Though we shook our heads, he stayed with us, down into the underpass. We expected him to whip the ancient icon from beneath his jacket. "Don't worry, is genuine old," he repeated.

"That's not what I'm worried about," I said. "You know it's illegal." "Don't worry. You take it out easy, small, in your baggage."

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If he was another agent provocateur planted to tempt me, then he was one of an army. In front of the G.U.M. department store, as we window-shopped, we were accosted by a stream of little boys. "Ballpoint? I give one ruble."

On the advice of the "fur dealer" we had indeed brought along dozens of ballpoints, as well as lipsticks, to distribute as gifts. At a ruble each, the stock would pay for a good part of the trip. Tereska gave away one ballpoint, causing a stampede, and attracting the attention of a pair of older tradesmen who offered to buy anything—our camera, luggage, anything—and in dollars.

"But you have excellent cameras, and cheap," I said. In fact, a French photographer had advised me to pick up Russian photo equipment. "Yes, but we like something different," explained the entrepreneur.

Was the risk worthwhile for these lads? What about all those stories of "trafficants" arrested, and even executed?

At another auto-camp we met an American who laughed at our temerity. "I sold them everything but the shirt off my back," he said. As for the black market in money, he had indeed changed dollars, using some extra funds he had brought in undeclared. "They're not going to bother a tourist for a few bucks."

"See you in Siberia," we said, not realizing that we would nearly come to it.

WE had completed 6,000 exemplary miles. Not once, in Leningrad, Odessa, Kiev, or Lvov, had we yielded to the shoes, shirt, or ballpoint buyers. At one time, someone had even offered to buy the car! Along the tourist route, we had moved about quite freely, if always with the sense that our whereabouts were known. It had been a lively, fascinating trip. None of the disaster warnings seemed justified. Everyone had been friendly, helpful, and generous to the extreme. Russians we had met in the car camps had invited us to their homes in Moscow, stuffed us with cakes, showered us with Babushka dolls and picture-books. Even the regulations had proved less than formidable. We had changed our entire itinerary with only one or two slip-ups on reservations. Our son Gabriel, delayed by a Boy Scout camping trip in France, had arrived alone by train without a hitch, to complete the car trip with us.

In this relaxed atmosphere, we had entirely forgotten about leaving our route on file anywhere. Just as well. Wouldn't it have been absurd! Here we were, all done with our trip, heading for the Hungarian border at Tchop.

Only one little item marred our virtuous sense of having perfectly followed the rules. Our daughter Dominique had departed by train from Moscow a week before, to take her exams in Paris. At the last moment she had confessed to Tereska that she had carried with her, all this time, $500 she had received for school expenses. It was in five $100 bills, neatly folded, in her purse. But good heavens, it was *valuta!* and she hadn't declared it!

Exactly, she said. At the border, she had been busy gossiping in the yard while we had gone through all the red tape, and now she realized the money was a serious matter. She had heard of an African student who had been taken off a train for just such a violation, and been kept for three days and nights in a cell with water dripping on his head! So Tereska had taken over the five bills, and Dominique had departed for Paris without fear of water-dripping.

Resolutely, I put the $500 out of my mind. Five folded little bills. I didn't even know what Tereska had done with them. We were coming out fine, everything had figured out perfectly, as when you have just enough coffee to finish with your pie; I had just enough gas coupons so that I would drive out of Russia with a full tank. In our last Intourist restaurant, the waitress filled a glass with caviar, to use up our few extra meal-coupons. Tereska presented the happy girl with her remaining Paris lipstick. We had only to cross the border.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to roll up the five bills and hide them in that glass of caviar? I didn't dare mention the subject to my wife; I simply must not think about it. Or, maybe, someplace in the car? Like in the inside folds of an old roadmap. Or in a used film carton? No. Film was the item most likely to be inspected. Anyway, if the money was cunningly hidden and they found it, that would be the worst. It should be carried casually. Why not ask one of the boys simply to put the bills in his pocket? Horrors, what a thought, to involve the kids! Best way was to play it straight and honest. Let Tereska produce the bills and tell the truth. A simple error on the part of our daughter. You know how girls are. But where was the daughter?

We were approaching the barrier. Different from the border at Brest. Stretches of barbed wire here. A soldier carrying a burp gun, with a huge dog on leash, marching along the riverbank. A few more soldiers, guns at ready, posed on the roof of the custom house. As I drove the car up to the barrier, I found it being guided over a pit to a halt. A guard promptly descended to check our undercarriage.

Walking into the station, I handed over my wallet, my remaining travelers checks, a fistful of exchange slips, and the all-important green *valuta* declaration. Tereska drew out the thick packet

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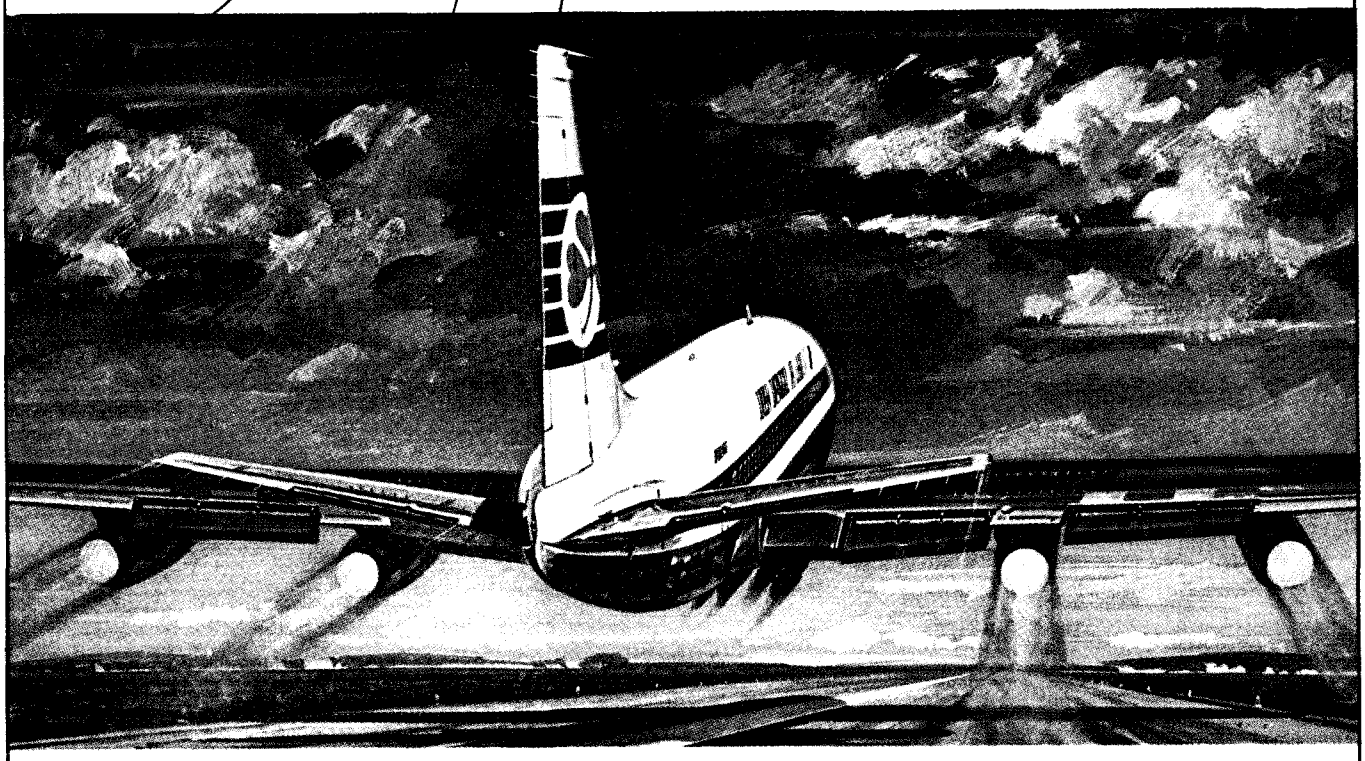

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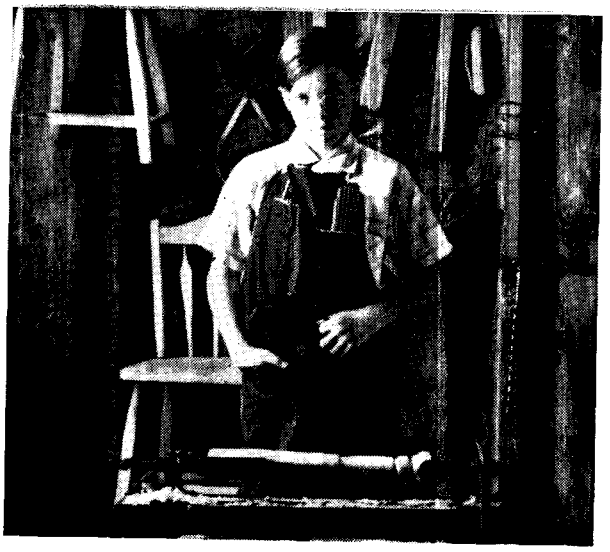

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of passports, visas, and Intourist vouchers. Should she confess now about the five bills?

At that very moment, the inspector picked up her purse and opened it. He drew out the contents. A $10 bill, three Israeli pounds worth $1 and some French coins. "You have not declared this money," he accused her, sternly.

"I just had it in my purse."

"So."

Without another word, and before we could make our great confession, even though this seemed the worst moment for it, he had snatched up all her papers, her purse, and, as an afterthought, the plastic bag, which contained a few extra documents. With all this, he made off to an inner room.

"I'm afraid they'll find the money now," my wife whispered.

"Where did you keep it?"

"In that plastic envelope. But maybe they won't find it. It's folded small."

To run after him? Before we could decide, a customs man engaged us. What was in this covered glass? "Caviar." And I shivered, as though I had really hidden the five bills in there. Now the film packets. He opened each one and peered inside. Now some carbon copies of letters in my typewriter case; they took the sheets away, for translation. Gabriel's scouting knapsack was emptied onto the counter, and there came to light a slip of paper with mysterious notations. These, we explained, represented, in abbreviated form, his items of Boy Scout equipment, but the slip was also carried to the inner sanctum.

WE were really getting a going-over. If they found that money, they would probably take the car apart, looking for more. Oh, why hadn't we left our itinerary at an Embassy!

Out came another officer. "Have you declared all your money?" he asked. This was the moment. "All I could think of . . ." Tereska began. He flashed the five bills. She told the whole story. Our daughter. No, not with us, but she had been with us. Gossiping in the yard, at Brest. Not used to all these regulations. You know how girls are. . . . The silence on the other side of the counter grew ominous. "Wait," the officer said as she finished. And he was gone again.

"Stay out of it, you didn't know anything about it," my wife whispered to me.

We waited an hour. We waited two hours. The boys tried not to show their worry. Just some of the usual red tape, we told them. Lucky we had had an early meal to use up our coupons, as otherwise we'd have been getting hungry. A young woman interpreter from Intourist appeared and listened sympathetically to the entire story. Yes, she understood, she said, but unfortunately "they"—the inspectors—did not understand. *Valuta* was a very serious matter.

"But if we wanted to change dollars on the black market, my wife would hardly be bringing extra dollars out!" I argued.

The interpreter gazed at the closed door to the inner room. Comes with his family, wife, and children, so everything appears innocent. But whom has he been seeing? Name of Levin. Went to every synagogue. In Moscow, in Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa. Made a special trip by plane to Vilna, went to the old ghetto and the synagogue. One boy arrives by train from Paris, to join the family. What did he bring with him? Then the daughter leaves by train, for Paris. What did she take out? The wife carries $500 above what they brought in. Did someone pay him for something? Or is he carrying out dollars for someone? Had his wife carried the money carelessly among her papers, so that if we found it they could say it was just an oversight. Five hundred dollars, an oversight? Even for rich Americans? They think they are so clever.

A third hour passed. Not a car, not a truck had approached the border post for a long while. Would they keep only me, or Tereska and the kids, too? And would we be locked up here or hauled away to some unknown jail? True, I had written a few postcards to friends telling them we were leaving through Hungary and giving the date. How long would it be before the disappearance of the Levin family would be noticed?

The officer emerged. "We cannot accept your explanation," he said. "This is an important sum of money."

"It certainly is," I tried to say with a touch of lightness. "Our daughter's school money."

"It is contraband. We must confiscate this sum." He handed Tereska a paper to sign.

I had a speech all composed. We made a mistake and realized that we should pay a fine of some kind, but $500! Surely you don't think we are smugglers. . . .

"Don't protest!" Tereska whispered as she signed. "If only they let us out!"

"Wait!" He held up his hand. "It is not finished." Was it jail? A signed confession and a show trial?

The inspector put down Tereska's $10, the three Israeli pounds, and 80 French centimes. "We will not confiscate this, as it is a small sum," he stated. And he motioned for her to pick it up.

"But it should be the other way around!" I began. "A simple fine."

"You can go."

Tereska pulled me. "Just figure the trip cost another $500!" she gasped. "After all, they have their own way of thinking, different from ours. A simple misunderstanding!"

—MEYER LEVIN.

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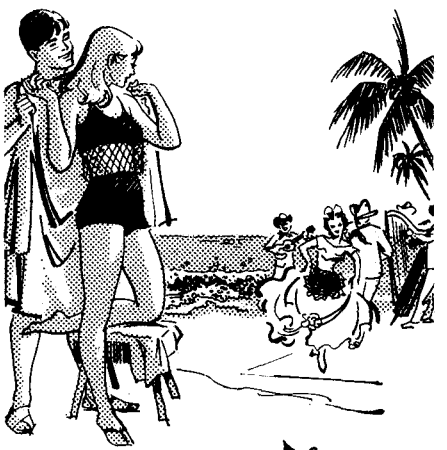

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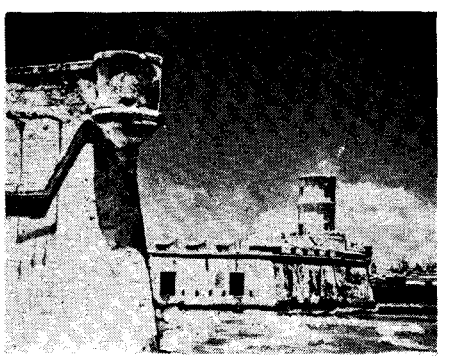

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The New Left

Continued from page 27

something about it. We can reach the moon, but we cannot reach across the frontier.

One light bomber lost over Vietnam is the equivalent of 500,000 bushels of wheat. I don't believe we prefer bombers to wheat. It's just that we seem mesmerized by bombers and the power they represent. We expend bombers while we store up surplus wheat in silos all across the country. It would appear as madness if it weren't for the historical truism that might makes right.

This truism has been the basis of all international relations down through the centuries. Whenever a vital interest, such as pride or treasure, is at stake, the merits of the case are set aside; the issue is decided by force of arms. But war can no longer be the ultimate sport of men and states; we possess the power to end life on this planet. Intellectually, we can accept this fact; viscerally, we cannot, for to so accept would be to strip ourselves of our power to force events and it would require us to seek out a new way to resolve differences. It would require us to look at the merits of a conflict and let the rule of reason prevail. This, to our dismay, would make us subject to reversals of ambition, since in many instances reason would prove us wrong.

But if Man is to prevail, reason must also prevail. This is not to be Utopian (also a pejorative term), but to be coldly realistic. In pursuing traditional paths, we are like lemmings on their way to the sea. Only a turning-away will lead us from the sea of oblivion.

Our critics try to limit us to our concern over Vietnam. Such is not the case. The struggle also is here in this country. Justice denied to Americans is no less a harm than justice denied in Vietnam or China or in any other country. Twenty-two million pigmented Americans suffer from injustice every moment of the day. Between 35,000,000 and 50,000,000 impoverished Americans suffer from injustice just as interminably. Our concern is as extensive as Man's suffering.

As for war, our concern does not derive from the fear that Man will annihilate himself, though this is an important consideration. We oppose war because of what it does both to its immediate victims and to those who cause the suffering. It has been said that the first victim of war is truth. It could be added that the second victim is compassion. Vietnam is a particularly poignant example. Despite irrefutable evidence of widespread suffering and death among the civilian population, we, as a people, remain totally unmoved. Napalm is an acceptable weapon—to most—notwithstanding the fact that it is indiscriminate in selecting its victims, and that it is tactically a poor weapon. Yet it is effective because it is a terror device; it routs the civilians, as well as suspected Vietcong. Also, it is very cheap.

THE basis of American policy vis-à-vis other nations is naked force. This is immoral and will ultimately lead to our moral disintegration as well as our downfall. Caucasian, European-oriented man is a shrinking minority. Today we possess the weapons, economic and military, to hold off the rest of the world. But as China, Africa, and other colored nations become strong, the weight of power will shift, and we will be inundated unless we can shift our emphasis in world affairs from competition to cooperation.

Probably, the most dominant theme of our philosophy is cooperation. We have seen competition and we know where it has led the world. We believe in the family of man, and a family cooperates. Those who need help get it; those who have help to give grant it.

All this may sound naïve, Utopian, ingenuous—as if we failed to appreciate the realities of man's greed, violence, and ambition. This is not so. It is because we recognize these realities that we choose the only moral and practical policy open to us: nonviolence, not violence; cooperation, not competition; peace, not war; justice, not injustice.

None of this is going to be achieved overnight. We are not so foolish as to believe you can overturn everything that has taken centuries to develop. But we insist that the first steps be taken. We have escalated war and moral numbness; we cannot de-escalate in a day. Three centuries have brought the race situation in this country to its present crisis; we cannot embrace our Negro brothers with money and programs and expect tranquility to replace strife, suspicion, and outrage. The poor we have ignored for so long will not move into suburbia tomorrow. But we must begin the long trek.

What is emerging more clearly every day is the polarization of Left and Right—that is, a polarization between those who support our principles and those who would follow the lemmings into the sea. The California primaries exemplify this polarization. Reagan on the right, Brown in the middle, and we on the left. Brown, and all he represents, is crumbling. His future will depend on his making a decision and then acting on it. Brown, in a larger sense, represents millions of Americans who cannot come to grips with reality, who cannot—or refuse to—look beyond personal horizons, who cannot make the leap of imagination and share the suffering of other people.

Unhappily, those on the right, as represented by Reagan in California, live in a shadowy world filled with devils; the devil of Communism, the devil of social unrest, the devil of a welfare state, of commingling races, of foreign aid, inflation, fiscal irresponsibility, centralization of power in Washington, and rent subsidies. And the paranoia grows.

These, too, are decent people and they suffer. They dream dreams of an imagined past when their world was simple and safe; when taxes were minimal; when frontiers beckoned; and when there was no Communist menace hovering over them. But the world has never been simple and safe. History reveals this. Man has always died of war and plagues; oppression has always been the order of the day; Man has always lived by the sweat of his brow, and more often than not reaped a meager harvest. Frontiers have always been menacing as well as alluring. Our country was not settled by Pan Am passengers, nor was our West occupied by tourists traveling on freeways. Man has always been menaced by other men. All this is part of the human condition. Certainly, there are problems to living, but they are not going to be solved by striking out in all directions. Nor are they going to be solved by destroying all who terrify us.

We must come to an understanding—with ourselves, and with others. This involves the fourth dimension of Man. The first three we know: Man's needs for food, for clothing, and for shelter. The fourth is more elusive; it concerns Man's fulfilment. Man aspires to something he can never fully achieve. Some call it the Beatific Vision, Nirvana, or peace of mind. Others, less austere, wish something better for their children, or a piece of land in retirement years, or perhaps just a chance to rest at day's end.

This fourth dimension is universal to all Mankind—it is what makes Man Man. This dimension is the dimension of peace—interior peace. It is this that we of the Left seek, not merely for ourselves but for all. Are we then so dangerous?

What impels us is an unshakable conviction that the old ways won't work anymore—if they ever worked at all, which we doubt. To achieve peace—through justice—will prove a wrenching task. We will have to let go of traditional rhetoric, stereotyped thought, preconceptions, and everything else that inhibits man from fulfiling himself. We wish to cooperate, not compete, so that the family of Man might become one. We see what can be. And we seek the ineffable. We will never grasp it in this life, but we can reach out—and live.

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Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see–and b seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renato Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.

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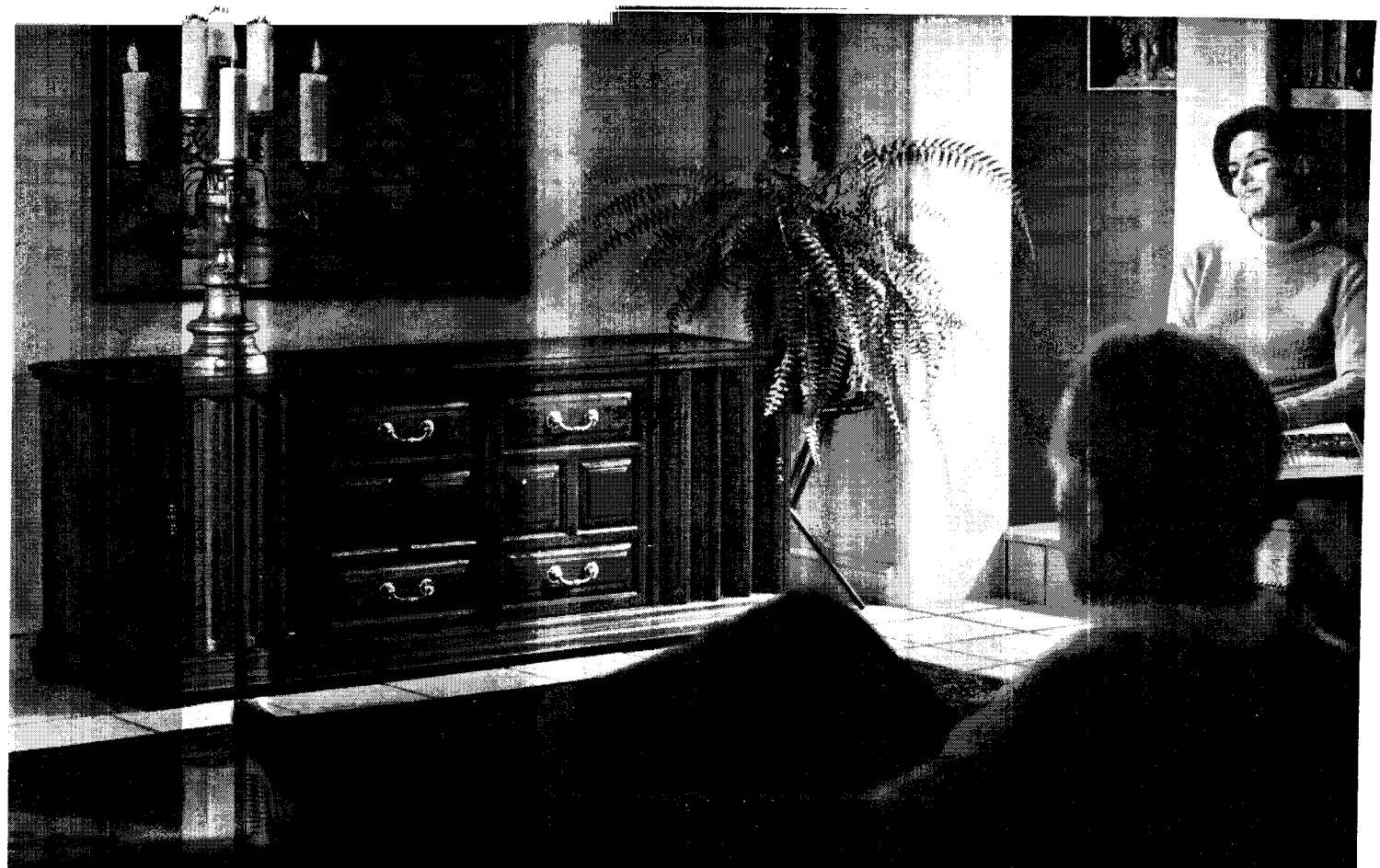

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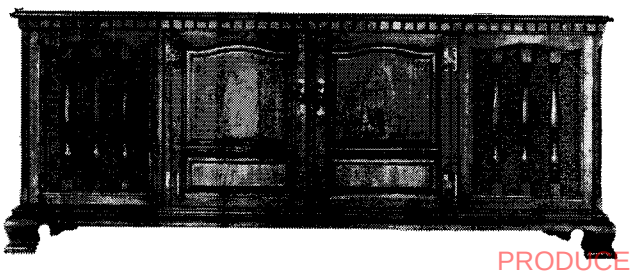

Featured above, the Monteverdi, Mediterranean styling, Model X966DE. Lower left, the Orchestral, Early American styling, Model X968M.

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—*Reg Wilson.*

MacMillan's *Song of the Earth*, with Donald MacLeary and Marcia Haydée—"a dance-poem fused with a song-symphony."

LONDON'S WORLD OF DANCE

By MORTON SEIF

LONDON.

"IN THE WORLD of the dance, rest has no place," said Valéry. The French poet could have been prophetically and perfectly describing the situation in its English territory today. Barriers between different styles based on hidebound artistic, social, and professional conceptions have broken down, and it is possible to speak of a *dance world* for the first time.

New ideas and projects are being launched in profusion, like satellites of the Arts Council committee which is currently exploring the future of opera and ballet in Great Britain and the extent of government responsibility in their financial support. Among the problems to be faced is the important one of giving native talents sufficient opportunities to develop so they will not go elsewhere (as John Cranko did five years ago to mold the Stuttgart company and Kenneth MacMillan is doing now as he moves to West Berlin), the most productive employment of various companies competing for dates and dancers, and providing home theaters for itinerant troupes.

British ballet has come a long, glory-studded way since Marie Rambert and Frederick Ashton won recognition for it as a major art just forty years ago this June (with the latter's *Tragedy of Fashion* at the Lyric Hammersmith), producing some of the world's most talented performers and choreographers. Ashton, who heads the Royal Ballet and remains the only master choreographer resident in England, has invented nothing memorable lately. His *Monotones II* (music by Satie), a pure but sterile *pas de trois*, slipped quietly into the Covent Garden repertory in spring.

At the crossroads of change, Ballet Rambert will survive, after all, by reducing its size to the original set-up of sixteen or seventeen dancers, and concentrating on the presentation of new works by a few gifted young creators and a small-scale traditional repertory. Their most touted member at the moment is Amanda Knott, whose *Singular Moves*, with *structures sonores* music (a non-electronic process based on the resonance and dissonance of metal, using specially constructed instruments, invented by two Frenchmen, Jacques Lasry and Bernard Baschet), evoked considerable interest. Innovations in form that not long ago would have encountered storms of protest or deprecation were accepted and even thoughtfully discussed by both the public and the critics.

A prime factor in bringing about this change was Martha Graham's first season here in 1963, which really knocked them out (not only the audiences, but also the entrenched notion of the classi-

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cal as sacred and the modern as profane). This has happened in all the arts in postwar Britain, but it took longer in dance. I remember Doris Humphrey telling me of her disappointment at the state of modern dance in Britain two decades ago, because she thought the English were natural dancers, and her expectations were that American influences would prevail and make a tremendous impact. A second season by Graham, and recitals by Alvin Ailey, Merce Cunningham, and Paul Taylor, have verified her prediction.

In addition, two trans-Atlantic-inspired educational ventures have opened during the past year, the Dance Centre on Floral Street and the London School of Contemporary Dance on Berners Place. The Dance Centre, a large, remodeled building with four stories of airy studios located in a jumble of Covent Garden mini-streets, pioneers in offering instruction in a variety of forms under one roof, and with a library and research facilities, plans to become a focal center for dance activities in several areas. Modern dance is taught by Gregg Mayer, and jazz and Afro-Cuban techniques by Molly Molloy, both bright, energetic American girls. The director, another such Yank, Gary Cockrell, is also progenitor of The Beat Girls, a go-go group which has built up a following among the younger generation through appearances on television and in Pop shows.

Robin Howard, that rare species of private patron in this age of nationalized art, is the guiding spirit of the London School of Contemporary Dance, an outpost of the Graham school in New York. Martha Graham, Dame Ninette de Valois, Dame Marie Rambert, Lord Harewood, Sir John Gielgud and Henry Moore are its patrons. One of their goals is to assemble a British company based on Graham methods and caliber, trained by American guest teachers from the Graham group (Yuriko, Takako Asakawa, Robert Powell, and Dudley Williams comprise the first contingent) and English returnees from advanced Graham classes in the States. Patricia Christopher, another American dancer with a distinctive combination of strength and lyricism, is also awakening fresh impulses in modern dance circles.

AFTER a heat-wave June in Manhattan during which dance events went into cold storage, I anticipated summer's usual doldrums here, too, but instead had the fortune to catch the Royal Ballet's production at Covent Garden of Kenneth MacMillan's unforgettable masterpiece, *Song of the Earth*, and the Western Theatre Ballet's first London season during two weeks in July at Sadler's Wells, which included two important new works, Peter Darrell's provocative *Sun Into Darkness* and MacMillan's *Las Hermanas*.

Since its inception nine years ago, I had heard increasingly about the Western Theatre Ballet, which has spent its entire existence touring the provinces (and therefore perhaps is more "in touch") as a mirror of characteristic modes in postwar society, with a definite image of its own. Its founder, Elizabeth West, who was later accidentally killed in Italy, in 1962, once jotted down a credo which is still the backbone of the company's policy. In it she wrote, "Ballet is a conglomeration of music, painting, movement, and ideas." *Sun Into Darkness* and *Las Hermanas* typify this approach.

—*Anthony Crickmay.*

***Las Hermanas*—"sensitive understanding of Lorca's literary kinetics"**

I had been pursuing the last-named since the Württemberg State Ballet of Stuttgart, the company it was created for, presented it at the Edinburgh Festival in 1963, and I understand the American Ballet Theatre wanted very much to import this ballet during its winter season at Lincoln Center. BBC 2's bold television version of *Las Hermanas* also contributed to the advance excitement connected with this work, derived from Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, *The House of Bernarda Alba.*

Lorca is a dancer's writer—through all his work runs a feeling for dance, a sense of rhythmic construction. When Argentinita formed the first Ballet Español, her main inspiration was the Spanish poet. MacMillan's sensitive understanding of Lorca's literary kinetics enables him to transpose the story and atmosphere faithfully into dance terms, without the least reminder of its verbal sources. Five unmarried sisters are dominated by their widowed mother, a tyrannical crone. The eldest and plainest daughter, heiress under the father's will, is being courted by an arrogant young man, who is also romancing the pretty youngest sister on the sly. Tragedy strikes when the jealous sister discovers their secret and the youngest sister hangs herself.

Frank Martin's Concerto for Harpsichord and Small Orchestra is a macabre yet appropriate musical accompaniment; the chaste, domestic caresses of the instrument counterpoint the sensual, dramatic passions unleashed on stage. And Nicholas Georgiadis's stark décor of white house with gray-toned staircase, window shutters, and archways, and the dark-hued costumes, follow Lorca's indications in which he says there is no color. Its naturalism matches the conventional, external setting of the volatile action.

A jarringly abrupt ending results from the theatrical stroke of the body found hanging in an upstairs room and the curtain immediately rung down, but MacMillan's intentions go far beyond an apparent touch of melodrama that is initially disturbing. On reflection, it is coherent with other emotion-suggesting devices: the taps of the mother's walking stick, the swish of rocking chairs, the flapping of fans. Reality *opens* continuously (the door), expanding to an ultimate point at which illusion *closes* in and down (the curtain). Ballet esthetics is a dangerous field to tread, but I think MacMillan's ploy is a minimal, nondecorative use of movement at the service of his themes or symbols, simultaneously stretching its tensile capabilities to limits that affect the emotions and nerves themselves.

Everyday life as modern myth is the subject of *Sun Into Darkness*, which

(*Continued on page* 86)

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ROBERT MARSH

Stereo And Hi-Fi

'LOHENGRIN' IN BOSTON

The new RCA-Victor album of Wagner's "Lohengrin," LSC 6710, is one of the most perfectly achieved operatic recordings to appear in several seasons. The cast is a fine one—you would be lucky to do as well in any major opera house of the world today. The level of orchestral performance is exceptional in every, respect, and why not, it's the Boston Symphony on home ground in all its glory.

But the real victory goes to the recording crew, headed by Richard Mohr, and conductor Erich Leinsdorf, who reminds us forcefully, that he can control the development of 3½-hour music drama with a security and authority unsurpassed since the death of his sometime mentor, Arturo Toscanini.

This is a beautiful set, both in its format and its sound. For opera collectors it is clearly one of the major events of the year. Historically it is of interest on two very substantial counts. First, although we have had four previous "Lohengrin" recordings that gave the complete text as generally presented in the theater, this is the first absolutely complete version with the "Anhang" following the third act Grail narrative as Wagner originally intended.

SECOND, WITH THESE SESSIONS in August of last year, American orchestral musicians not only were given their first opportunities to perform a complete Wagner opera for the microphone, but proved the artistic merit and economic possibility of recording opera in this country once more. The last time an American symphony orchestra taped a long opera under its resident music director was in 1954 when RCA-Victor concluded its opera series with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. A good part of that album was made during broadcasts, a much more primitive technique than the elaborate stereo staging employed in the new "Lohengrin." Since then opera recording has been largely the monopoly of the European musician. The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra last worked for the microphone eight years ago when it taped Verdi's "Macbeth" for Victor.

The Boston "Lohengrin" can be discussed from several aspects, but let's begin with the engineering. The perspective is that of an ideal seat in an ideal opera house. Balances between the large orchestral and choral forces, onstage voices, offstage instruments, and the rest of Wagner's mighty array have been well calculated and splendidly achieved in the two-track medium. The sound is rich and full but clean, with reverberation an enhancement rather than a distortion.

ANY OF THE GREAT PAGES (say the close of the second act or the start of the third) will prove this, especially if you compare it with earlier recordings and note the wider dynamic range and greater brilliance of the Victor set.

Comparisons are unavoidable with the other stereo version on the Angel label. Angel has superlative villains. Dietrich Fisher-Dieskau is Telramund, and Christa Ludwig sings Ortrud. Victor's William Dooley is a fine young artist, and his performance is in many ways the more orthodox of the two, but Fischer-Dieskau draws the more emphatic character.

Choosing between the two Ortruds, I am impressed by the beauty and weight of tone that Victor's Rita Gorr can produce, although Miss Ludwig's performance is a fine one.

Victor casts Sandor Konya in the title role, and his is a very warm and human performance, impassioned in the love music, and revealing a strong feeling for the text. Angel's Jess Thomas is a different sort of Lohengrin, more remote, superhuman and a little chilly.

ELISABETH GRUEMMER, Angel's Elsa, is a nearly perfect example of what a first-class German soprano does with this role. Victor departs from stereotypes and employs an American, Lucine Amara, who stresses the lyric elements in this music, more in the spirit of Italian opera. Her performance defends her viewpoint well.

Jeromes Hines is the king in the Victor set with Calvin Marsh the herald. Both are more than equal to their Angel counterparts. I prefer the Boston Chorus Pro Musica to the choral forces Angel employs, and it presents a much more flattering likeness on the disk.

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Mon., Aug. 1, 1966

Uncut, 5 L.P.s and libretto.

Lohengrin

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Fall Fashions in Audio

THE 1966 Component High Fidelity Music Show will take its customary stand at the New York Trade Show Building, 500 Eighth Avenue, from September 28 through October 2. There will be four floors of manufacturers' exhibits, plus extensive series of novice and semi-technical symposia on audio to be held in the large, second-floor hall.

The symposium schedule is expanded from last year's successful series of four to a total of eight: Leonard Feldman will offer introductory symposia for novices on Thursday and Friday (September 29 and 30) at 8 p.m.; at 3 p.m. on Saturday, October 1; and at 2:30 p.m. on Sunday, October 2. On September 28, the show's opening day, audio and video tape recorders will be discussed by Wybo Semmelink of Norelco and Kenneth Bell of Ampex. On Thursday at 7, raw tape and special effects of tape recording will be discussed and demonstrated by Joe Kempler of Audio Devices and by this writer. Victor Brociner of H. H. Scott, and Abe Cohen of University Loudspeakers will discuss the problems of matching speakers to transistor amplifiers, and of stereo and room acoustics, at 7 on Saturday.

As to the products themselves, this year's show, like last year's, will include glimpses of the newest additions to the consumer electronic field—home videotape and tape cartridge players. Only Sony Corporation has announced that it will show a video tape recorder this year, though it is possible that such other firms as Norelco and 3M-Wollensak might also have such units on display. The Sony line has expanded to four models: a new "deck" unit without a monitor screen, a battery-portable unit weighing only 46 pounds, and the two video recorders with monitor screens shown last year. Accessories available include a camera, wide-angle and telephoto lenses, a dust cover, a recorder cart, and a camera switcher. Separate receiver/monitors are available, one with an 8-inch screen and one with a 23-inch screen; both will serve as standard TV receivers as well as monitor and playback screens and tuners for the video recorders. A TV adapter allows most standard TV sets to be used as monitors and tuners with the Sony videocorder system.

In the growing field of tape cartridges, three major systems are contending to become industry-wide standards. The Fidelipac 4-track stereo cartridge, first shown at the High Fidelity Show by Viking several years ago, had gained wide acceptance for use in automobiles, when along came the Lear Jet Stereo 8 system, with the massive backing of the Ford Motor Company and RCA Victor, and many industry experts predicted that this system would win the upper hand. SJB, a division of Martel, has hedged its bets with a line of six Auto-Sonic cartridge players for automobile use, each capable of playing four-track and eight-track cartridges interchangeably. Several of the SJB units incorporate FM radios, and some may be used for tape playback in the home as well as in the car.

Philips of the Netherlands—Norelco in this country—recently proved itself a sleeping giant in the cartridge field when it announced that more than a million of its cartridge-loading Carry-Corders had, so far, been sold throughout the world, and that a new line of recorders using the same "cassette" as the Carry-Corder would be publicly shown for the first time at this show. The new line includes table model cassette recorders in both mono and stereo, mono and stereo cassette players for automobile use, a portable AM/FM/shortwave radio with built-in cassette recorder, and a library of pre-recorded music in cassette form on a variety of labels. The Norelco cassette system is the first tape system, cartridge or reel, in which mono and stereo equipment are *fully* compatible; recordings made on a monophonic cassette recorder will play back through *both* channels of a stereophonic one, while both channels of a stereo cassette recorder will automatically mix themselves into a mono signal when played on a monophonic cassette recorder. Since this system's unveiling by Philips (a giant among European companies), cassette equipment has been announced by Sony, 3M-Wollensak, and many others.

Both Norelco and Martel are also showing reel-to-reel recorders, of course. Martel's newest is its portable Pocketcorder, using special 1-14/16-inch reels; it can record up to ninety minutes without changing tape, and features a patented speed regulation system. Martel also offers a "Time Table for the Classical Repertoire," a 25-cent guide to the running time of classical works, enabling the reader to calculate how much tape each work will require.

Viking will be showing an all-new model, the 423, a three-speed, three-motor, solid-state recorder, Viking's first medium-priced recorder to break with the familiar format of their 70 and 80 series decks. Tandberg will be showing its first all-transistor home tape recorder, the Model 12, which incorporates a 10-watt per channel output amplifier. Also on view will be production versions of its Model 11 battery portable, shown in prototype last year, and new radios, receivers, and speakers.

3M-Wollensak has introduced six new tape recorders into its 1967 line, including the Model 1500SS monaural portable, transistor version of the well-known 1500, and the 4100 Cordless Recorder, using Norelco cassettes, as well as new additions to their 5000 series. The Wollensak Automatic Recorders, with automatic rewind and sequential playing of Wollensak's own cartridges will, of course, be on view also.

Crown International has several new solid-state models in its tradition of professionally-featured recorders taking 10½-inch reels. Another recorder taking 10½-inch reels, the ReVox, will be shown again by Elpa, in an improved version with a photoelectric programing switch and improved spooling motors. Elpa also will display the Editall line of splicing equipment and Beyer microphones. The Sony audio tape recorder line, imported

Scott stereo compact: Model 2502

and shown by Superscope one floor beneath the Sony Corporation's display of video tape recorders and other equipment, will include ten new models, among them three new battery portable units, the models 800, 900-A and 907, and a new microphone, the model F-121 Cardioid Dynamic.

Record-playing equipment is still, of course, the backbone of the audio industry, and many new products will be unveiled in this area as well. Grado's new model BTR is a ceramic cartridge for only $9.95, whose compliance is adjustable by the user. Elpa has just released the Ortofon S-15T moving-coil cartridge with an elliptical stylus, a 15-degree vertical tracking angle, and a scratch-preventing glide. Pickering's new V-15/3 Micro-Magnetic cartridges have built-in "Dustamatic" record

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brushes. Empire's new 888E stereomono cartridge has an elliptical stylus 0.4 x 0.9 mils, for record playing systems requiring too high a tracking force for Empire's standard 0.2 x 0.9 mil stylus. Shure's Super-Track V-15 Type II Cartridge has a built-in "flip-action" stylus guard. The Sony Corporation—distributors of the Sony video tape, but not the Sony audio tape lines—will display complete new stereo component lines, including a new moving-coil cartridge, a turntable with servo-controlled motor speeds, and a tone arm with anti-skating compensation and a cueing device.

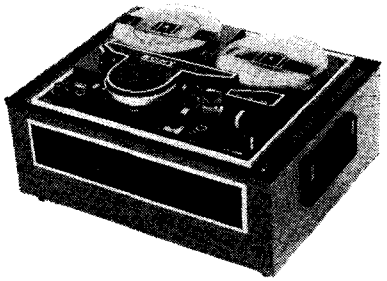
Cueing devices are becoming a standard feature in new record players: Bogen's new B52 turntable has one (and variable speed as well), and so do the Mark II versions of several Garrards (including the medium-priced models 60 and 50), the new BSR McDonald 500 automatic turntable, Miracord's new 50H, and the new Dual 1009SK. Anti-skating is a feature of the Garrard Lab 80 and 70, the Miracord 50H, and the Dual 1009SK. Dual's new, medium-priced unit, the 1010A, lacking these two features, offers stylus overhang adjustment for least tracking error, as does the new Miracord.

Compact music systems are now made by Bogen, EMI-Scope, Fisher, Harman-Kardon, Kenwood and H. H. Scott, as well as by KLH, their originator. Of these, Kenwood and Bogen are new to the fold this year. Bogen's compacts are the first to incorporate a standard component receiver, Bogen's 60-watt, AM/FM/multiplex TR100X. The TR100X is built up from modules for easy servicing, and the same modules lie at the heart of Bogen's new tuner, amplifier, and another new receiver with only FM/multiplex facilities.

The larger of Bogen's new compacts incorporates an 8-track stereo cartridge player, accepting Lear-system automobile tape cartridges. H. H. Scott's latest compacts have Field Effect Transistors in their tuner sections, guitar, microphone, and tape recorder inputs, plus jacks and switches for stereo headphones and extra speakers (the latter facility found also on the Bogen compacts).

Harman-Kardon's Nocturne series of receivers has tuning scales and meters

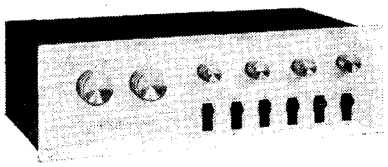
(*Continued on page* 85)



Sony 2000D tape recorder-reproducer.

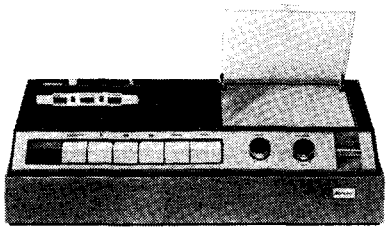
Directory of the '66 Hi-Fi Show

Acoustech. Solid state amplifiers, preamplifiers and tuners, factory-wired and kit form. Electrostatic speaker/amplifier units. 645-6.
Acoustic Research. Speakers and turntables. 620, 622, 624-5, 627-8.
Altec Lansing. Speakers, speaker systems, receivers. 534.
Audio Dynamics. ADC speakers, amplifiers, receivers, and cartridges. 333, 335.
Aztec Sound Corp. Speakers. 619, 621.
Benjamin. Compact Music Systems. Miracord automatic turntables. 640.
Bogen. Receivers, amplifiers, tuners, turntables, compact music systems, speaker systems. 424.
Bozak. Speakers and enclosures, equipment cabinets. 320-321-322-323.
British Industries. Wharfedale speakers and systems, Garrard turntables and changers. 633. 635-63-63, 643.
David Clark. Headphones. 441.



Dynaco stereo preamplifier.

C/M. Solid-state amplifiers and preamplifiers. 432, 434.
Computron. BASF recording tape and accessories. 438.
Concertone. Tape recorders. 437.
Crown International. Tape recorders, amplifiers.
Dynaco. Dynakit amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners; Bang & Olufsen recorders and radios. 433.
Electro-Voice. Speakers, amplifiers, receivers. 349.
Elpa. ReVox tape recorders, Beyer microphones, Editall splicing systems, Ortofon phono cartridges, Thorens turntables and tone arms. 414, 416, 418.
EMI-Scope. Loudspeakers, compact music systems. 325.
Empire Scientific. Loudspeakers and phono cartridges. 402, 422.
Fisher Radio. Tuners, amplifiers, receivers, speakers, record changers. 552-3.
Grado. Phono cartridges. 345.
Harman-Kardon. Receivers and compact music systems. 428, 430.
Hartley. Speaker systems. 401.
Jensen. Speakers and speaker systems. 338, 342, 344.
Kenwood. Receivers and compact music systems. 301.
KLH. Speaker systems. 545, 547.
Koss/Rek-O-Kut. Headphones, turntables and tone arms. 600-1.
J. B. Lansing. Speakers and systems, amplifiers, preamplifiers. 509-10, 515, 517, 519.
Marantz. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, turntables. 407, 447.
Martel. Martel and Uher tape recorders, SJB Tape Cartridge units. 520, 521.
McIntosh. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners and receivers. 531-2-3-4.
Neshaminy Electronics. JansZen speaker systems. 507.
North American Philips. Norelco reel-to-reel and cassette recorders, radios. 542, 544.
Oki-Chancellor. Oki tape recorders. 429, 431.
Pickering. Phono cartridges. 623.
Pioneer. Receivers, other components. 550, 551, 500.
Rectilinear Research. Speaker systems. 642.
Sansui. Receivers. 324.
H. H. Scott. Receivers, tuners, amplifiers, speakers, compact music systems; kit and assembled. 501, 503, 524.



Norelco table model Cassette recorder.

Sharpe. Headphones. 419.
Sherwood. Tuners, amplifiers, receivers, speakers. 339.
Shure. Phono cartridges, headphone amplifiers. 330.
Sony Corporation of America. Videotape recorders, high-fidelity amplifiers, and record-playing equipment. 537, 541, 546.
Sony/Superscope. Audio tape recorders, microphones. 408-9.
Stanton. Phono cartridges, turntables.
Superex. Headphones. 435.
Tandberg. Tape recorders, radios, receivers. 629.
Tannoy. Speakers and systems. 343.
Telex. Headphones. Magnecord tape recorders. 614, 616, 618.
United Audio. Dual automatic turntables. 526-7-8-9.
University. Loudspeakers, microphones. 328.
Utah. Speakers and systems. 651-2.
UTC-Sound. UTC-Goodmans speakers. 436, 440, 442.
Viking. Tape recorders. 614, 616, 618.
Wollensak-3M. Tape recorders. 348.

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Recordings in Review

A Bruckner "First" by Jochum

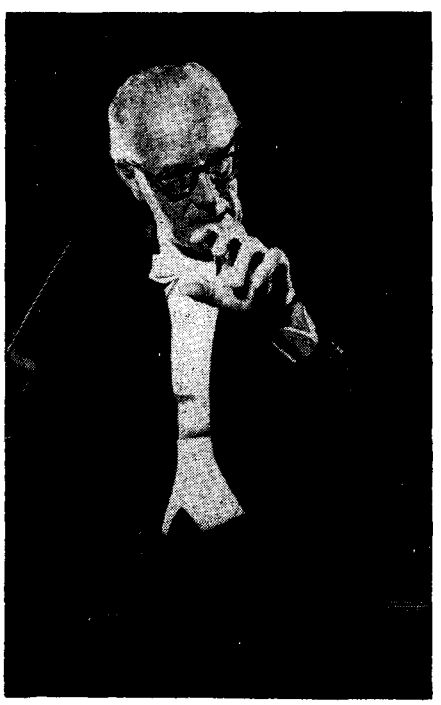
BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 1 in C minor. Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* DGG 39 131, $5.79; stereo 139 131, $5.79.

UNLIKE almost all other symphonists in the long line from Haydn to Brahms (always expecting Berlioz), Bruckner's early development was not conditioned by innumerable exercises in the disciplines of sonata form (sonatas, trios, quartets, other chamber music). Rather, he wrote psalms, masses, and magnificats, either a cappella, or with organ, or with orchestra (depending on what was available for use in Linz, where he lived most of his early life).

The effect of this on the kind of structure he evolved when he became imbued with the urge to write symphonies may be said to relate both to their strength and weaknesses. It was certainly to his benefit that he followed his own impulses without forcing them into a mold that would have been uncongenial for them. But, without doubt, he sacrificed something in discipline and concentration of expression thereby.

Eugen Jochum has conferred a real benefit on those who regard Bruckner, for all his idiosyncrasies, as a composer of magnificent aspirations and some superb accomplishments by applying his insight and musicianship to this C-minor Symphony (not his very first, for it was preceded by one "study symphony in F minor" and part of another, neither of which Bruckner considered representative). With all the burgeoning of Bruckner literature in recent years, it remains the first adequate presentation that has yet accrued to the C-minor. (Valuable as it was when there was no other, the F. Charles Adler-Vienna Orchestral Society version of the early Fifties had serious shortcomings.)

There are no shortcomings, serious or otherwise, in this powerful, beautifully controlled performance of a work which certainly merits more attention than it enjoys in the current symphonic repertory of American orchestras. It is a prevailing tendency among conductors, when thoughts of Bruckner present themselves, to turn to Nos. 7, 8, or 9 (even No. 4 doesn't have quite the favor that it once enjoyed), for self-evident reasons. But it would be a favor to those in the audience to whom Bruckner still remains a "problem" to show, now and then, the background from which he stemmed. As Jochum makes clear in his projection of what is described as the "Linz" version (how it differs from any other is not spelled out), it contains much of Bruckner in microcosm (a fine slow movement, a powerful trio, and diffuseness in the evolution of a satisfactory opening and closing statement).



—*DGG photo.*

Eugen Jochum—"powerful, beautifully controlled performance."

Copland, Early and Late

COPLAND: *Music for a Great City; Statements. The composer conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia 32 11 0001, $4.79; stereo 32 11 0002, $5.79.

THE APPEARANCE of a first recording of a work by Aaron Copland is always a command to the attention, especially a score that has had limited circulation since its first performance as recently as 1964. That description applies to *Music for a Great City*, which came into being on a commission from the London Symphony Orchestra to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its existence. Presumably the proprietary right also extended to its first recording, herewith issued by Columbia.

The first impression conveyed to me by the title and the sponsoring auspices was that it would be a work relating to the city in which the orchestra makes its home. It turns out, however, to be an elaboration, or derivation, of the score Copland wrote for a film with Carroll Baker, titled *Something Wild*, and is thus related to an American background similar to that Copland celebrated in *Quiet City*.

—*Photo by E. Fred Sher.*

Francis Robinson—"shepherd of [an] incomparable flock."

For the most part, however, this could be called the *Unquiet City*, for it deals with the unrest and tensions suggested by such subdivisions as 'Skyline," "Subway Jam," and "Toward the Bridge." For this purpose it strikes me that Copland has reverted to the rhythmic patterns that seem inevitable in such circumstances, partially suggestive of his own early piano concerto and the contemporary works of Gershwin and others. One sustained section titled "Night Thoughts" breaks new ground, however: It is a delicately inflected reverie with a suggestive use of appoggiaturas and other embellishments rarely ventured in the contemporary idiom. It is likely to have something of a vogue now.

Statements, of course, has had its share of performances since it was written, in 1934-35. The epigrammatic form adopted to parallel such moods as "Militant," "Cryptic," "Dogmatic," "Subjective," "Jingo," and "Prophetic" (none of the pieces is longer than three and a half minutes) is ingenious, and Copland foreshadowed more than a little of things to come in his later works with the ideas he evolved to suggest them. Though there is a previous version, on Everest, of *Statements* by Copland and the London Symphony, Columbia assures us this one is newly recorded.

Schumann by Ashkenazy

SCHUMANN: *Fantasia in C; Etudes Symphoniques. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano.* London CM 9471, $4.79; stereo CS 6471, $5.79.

THOUGH it would seem hardly possible for a pianist to come as far in a fine career as Vladimir Ashkenazy has

(*Continued on page* 79)

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The Met Family Robinson

TO IDENTIFY the shepherd of this incomparable flock as Francis Robinson, assistant manager of the Metropolitan (and as his colleague John Gutman refers to him, "Caruso's living representative on earth") is to answer the first question that arises in contemplating its composition: What discrimination has been exercised in collating its content? For, out of the mass of material that presents itself, Robinson has moved with constant discrimination and almost unflagging good judgment in documenting the somewhat specious premise on which the collection is based—the "Opening Nights" of the eighty-three years in which the Metropolitan company occupied its first home on Broadway. Even the inclusion with each album of a bit of the Met's True Cross—the "great gold curtain"—does not erase the recollection that opening nights are, more often than not, memorable for things other than great vocal art.

But rarely has a questionable premise given rise to so splendid a result. It is, with the exception of two or three dubious choices, probably the greatest collection of operatic artistry ever brought together in a single issue. In each case, the reason for the disputed selection is obvious: What Metropolitan album would be complete without Flagstad and Melchior in a *Tristan* excerpt, or Pinza as Boris? But the ill-starred venture with Edwin McArthur and the San Francisco Opera Orchestra (made in Hollywood) with its inappropriate ending on an interpolated C-major chord hardly answers that need. As for the *Boris* excerpt which emanates from the same source, it is one of the very few of thirty items that does not show its proponents in the prime of vocal form, as fine as it is otherwise.

That, of course, is one of the great joys of such a venture as this: to erase the last memory of some beloved artist—too often, one tinged with regret that the career ended too late, rather than too soon—and restore the sound to the estate that made it beloved. In a rare instance, the length of service has nothing to do with an inimitable outcome: Listening to the Rethberg-De Luca duet from *Aïda* one is inclined to wonder whether an Amonasro has ever sung the great phrase "Pensa che un popolo vinto, straziato" any better, though his Metropolitan debut was then (1930) fifteen years behind him, and he had been an Italian celebrity for a dozen years before.

As is apt to be the case with collections that must be comprehensive as well as selective, some of the choices are so inevitable that they are indispensable "classics," meaning they have been reproduced in many other collections (the *Rigoletto* quartet, for example, or Caruso's "Rachel! quand du Seigneur," but Robinson has courted us, in compensation, with a bit of Farrar's *Tosca* that has never before been issued, and put back into circulation a memorable example of Tibbett's artistry as Boccanegra, a great ensemble from *Samson*, with Caruso, Homer, and Journet, a long-deleted *Rosenkavalier* duo directed by Reiner, etc.

And, out of his embracing knowledge of this particular subject, he has put together a series of vignettes of the opening nights represented by each of the selections that are as entertaining as they are informative. What will the yield be from the next eighty-three years? Not, probably, of the same caliber.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Opening Nights at the Metropolitan

GOUNOD: *"Le Roi de Thulé" (Faust) Emma Eames, soprano. "Ah! je ris", Nellie Melba, soprano. "Je veux vivre dans ce rêve" (Roméo et Juliet) Eames, soprano.*

VERDI: *"Credo" (Otello) Antonio Scotti, baritone. "Non pensateci più," "Ora e per sempre addio." Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, and Lawrence Tibbett, baritone. "Niun mi tema." Ramon Vinay, tenor, with Arturo Toscanini conducting. "Bella figlia dell'amore (Rigoletto) Enrico Caruso, tenor; Marcella Sembrich, soprano; Antonio Scotti, baritone; and Gina Severina, mezzo-soprano. "O patria mia" (Aïda) Emmy Destinn, soprano. Temple Scene. Ezio Pinza, bass; Martinelli, tenor; and Grace Anthony, soprano. "Ciel! mio padre;" "Su, dunque." Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, and Giuseppe De Luca, baritone. "Ritorna vincitor." Zinka Milanov, soprano. "Dite alla giovine," "Imponete" (La Traviata) Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano, and De Luca, baritone. "Folle! Folle!" "Sempre Libera". Lucrezia Bori, soprano. "Plebe, Patrizi," "Piango su voi" (Simon Boccanegra) Tibbett, baritone; Rose Bampton, soprano; Martinelli, tenor; Robert Nicholson, bass; and Leonard Warren, baritone. "Forse la soglia attinse," "Ma se m'è forza perderti" (Ballo in Maschera) Jan Peerce, tenor. "Quel pallor" (Don Carlo) Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, and Robert Merrill, baritone. "Il Balen del suo sorriso" (Il Trovatore) Warren, baritone, and Nicola Moscona, bass.*

PONCHIELLI: *"Stella del marinar" (La Gioconda) Louise Homer, mezzo-soprano. "Suicidio." Rosa Ponselle, soprano.*

SAINT-SAENS: *"Je viens célébrer la victoire" (Samson et Dalila) Caruso, tenor; Homer, mezzo-soprano; and Marcel Journet, bass.*

PUCCINI: *"Ora stammi a sentir," "Stasera canto" (Tosca) Geraldine Farrar, soprano. "Vissi d'arte." Maria Jeritza, soprano.*

HALEVY: *"Rachel! quand du Seigneur" (La Juive) Caruso, tenor.*

WAGNER: *"Doch der Tag muss Tristan wecken?" "So stürben wir" (Tristan und Isolde) Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, and Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with Edwin McArthur conducting the San Francisco Opera Orchestra. "Euch lüften" (Lohengrin) Helen Traubel, soprano.*

MOZART: *"Deh vieni, non tardar." (Le Nozze di Figaro) Bidu Sayão, soprano.*

MOUSSORGSKY: *Death Scene (Boris Godounov) Ezio Pinza, bass, with the 20th Century-Fox Orchestra, Alfred Newman conducting.*

DELIBES: *"Où va la jeune indoue," "Là-bas dans la forêt" (Lakmé) Lily Pons, soprano.*

STRAUSS: *"Mir ist die Ehre," "Ist Zeit und Ewigkeit" (Der Rosenkavalier) Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano, and Erna Berger, soprano, with Fritz Reiner conducting.*

ROSSINI: *"Alfine, eccoci qua," "Zitti, zitti" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) Roberta Peters, soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; and Merrill, baritone, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting.*

—RCA Victor LM 6171, $15.00.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra. Herbert von Karajan, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon 39003, $5.79; stereo, 139003, $5.79.	This is, of course, not the first Karajan version of this remarkable work (one, it may be mentioned, which stands up to its accumulation of performances with interest undiminished and artistic values unimpaired). But as the required time has now elapsed to permit von Karajan to replace his prior version with the Philharmonia Orchestra on Angel, it is a version with some ten years accumulation of experience that results in a treatment much more subtle and imaginative than its predecessor. Unlike some other performances by Karajan that suggest he is trying to recast a work in his own spirit, this performance clearly defines his ability to shape his own inclinations to the spirit of a work in which he is sufficiently interested. It is a more probing, concentrated, and detailed examination of Bartók's intentions than is commonly heard, with less reliance on the externals of the work. These are sufficiently diverse to assure success for a mere orderly rendering of them, but what lies behind has seldom been revealed so completely as it is by Karajan. The fine orchestra has rarely sounded better, and the reproduction of it adds another to the lengthy list of DGG triumphs.
Dussek: Concerto in B flat, Op. 63. Michael and Anna Galperin, pianists, with Adolphe Schwartz conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra. Baroque 1867, $4.79; stereo 2867, $5.79.	Regrettable, indeed, it is that this issue cannot be auditioned for the enjoyment of James Huneker's "Old Fogy," who, according to his creator, "adored the slightly banal compositions of the worthy Dussek" and "named his little villa on the Wissahickon Creek after Dussek." I cite all of Huneker's humorous evaluation, for it still stands as a sound estimate of how Dussek's creations rate. But it is a sign of progress (Huneker's essays, first published in Etude Magazine, were published as a volume in 1913) that today's music lover can judge for himself what Jan Ladislaw Dussek's proper rating is, and not be dependent on hearsay. This effort of Galperin will win no *Prixs*, Grand or otherwise, either for interpretation or reproduction (sometimes it sounds as though four pianists were at work rather than merely the listed two), but it does amplify a couple of previous issues to establish Dussek—born a few years after Mozart, died a few years after Haydn—as an interesting offshoot of both. Fluent and spirited, it also tends to rattle along as if the spirit as well as the fluency were in the fingers rather than the mind.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 4 in G. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9443, $4.79; stereo CS 6443, $5.79.	It took the geniality and warmth of the late Bruno Walter to reveal this work to the world at large in a memorable recording of the early Fifties. This, by definition, puts a perimeter around the extent to which Karajan can penetrate to its substance, for his angular, insistent treatment is tangential rather than direct. This is particularly true of the great final variation movement (one of the best sustained stretches of writing Dvořák ever achieved, if not the best) which, as rebuilt by Karajan, is lacking both charm and humor. Indeed, if one did not accept the label attribution as indisputable, one might imagine it was the work of the Berlin, rather than the Vienna, Philharmonic. Fine reproduction.
Handel: *Water Music*. August Wenzinger conducting the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. Archive 73265, stereo only, $5.79. Pierre Boulez conducting the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra. Nonesuch H-1127, $2.50; stereo, H-71127, $2.50.	Though Wenzinger does not enjoy as lustrous a reputation as a conductor as does Boulez, he more than holds his own in this particular repertory. This is not so much by virtue of his distinction as it is because of Boulez's uneven response to the problem in hand. Some of the slow sections in the Boulez version benefit from his superior insight, but the fast sections tend to be rushed. However, as neither orchestra is of the first quality, the best all 'round version of this masterly succession of dance movements remains Rafael Kubelik's with the Berlin Philharmonic (DGG 138799).
Khrennikov: Concerto. Mozart: Concerto in G (K. 216). Leonid Kogan, violin, with the Leningrad Philharmonic conducted by Kurt Sanderling. Baroque 1866, $4.79; stereo, 2866, $5.79.	To such Americans as might be familiar with his name, Khrennikov is less identifiable, musically, than such other contemporary K's of the Soviet Union as Khachaturian and Kabalevsky. Indeed, he is most likely to be associated with "party line" statements in his capacity of Secretary General of the Union of Soviet Composers. However, this work (unidentified as to date, and not provided with an opus number) shows a very considerable command of compositional craft, and is especially well written for its solo instrument. The idiom is tinged with overtones of Prokofiev, but moves away in an individual manner as the work unfolds. Kogan plays it as though it might have been written for him, achieving a thoroughgoing totality with the excellent orchestra under Sanderling's direction. As he has demonstrated on prior occasions, Kogan's silky sound and cultivated style are admirably suited to Mozart. The orchestra is somewhat heavier than desirable (especially in the low strings), but it is, on the whole, polished Mozart that they accomplish together.
Schubert: Symphony No. 5 in B flat. Mozart: Symphony in G minor (No. 40). Rudolf Barshai conducting the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. Angel 36371, $4.79; stereo, S 36371, $5.79.	Unlike some prior productions of it on records, Barshai's treatment of the beguiling Schubert B flat is very much in the character of *hausmusik*. That is to say, the total complement of players is limited in numbers, the flute part soars out easily above the rest because it does not have files of string players to outproduce. In short, it sounds much as it might have when Schubert heard it in Vienna at Otto Hartwig's in 1816 (aged nineteen). Fortunately, too, the performance is very much of the "consensus" order—which is to say, what a group of musicians might arrive at on their own, without the intercession of a "name" conductor. The spirit of fitness prevails through the four movements, which means that it is consistently pleasurable listening. However, not quite so much can be said for the Mozart G minor. Technically, it is no less good, but interpretatively it demands more drive, mood, and intensity than Barshai provides. Both works are noted as recorded in France, with its expectable gain in quality on the previous recordings of the ensemble from its native country.
Tchaikovsky: *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake* (excerpts). Leopold Stokowski conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London SPC 21008, stereo only, $5.79.	Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* music has long rated as one of Stokowski's best "productions," and this one is, if anything, broader, more spacious and brighter in sound than its predecessors. For this, the virtues of London's "Phase 4" techniques are at least partially to be credited. As almost tends to be the case with Stokowski, however, the sequence is not without its vagaries, especially for those who have some picture in mind of the action that accompanies certain episodes of the dance action. Of course, the rejoinder can be that this is as a "concert treatment," without relation to the balletic values. (Especially at the end of No. 8, where a speed-up is introduced for "effect.") The *Swan Lake* is equally good at its best, and its best prevails from start to finish. Tonally, this is orchestral playing of outstanding quality. —Irving Kolodin.

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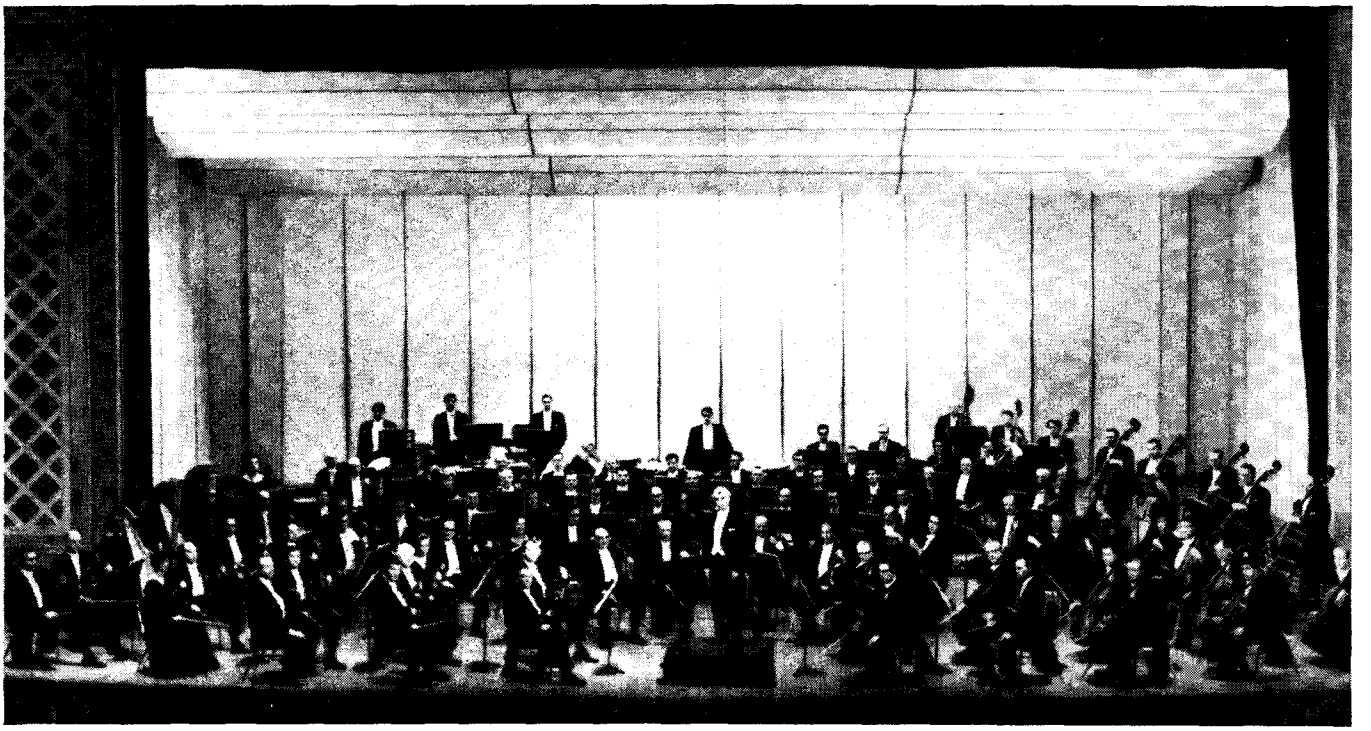

Baldwin salutes the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra,

the first symphony orchestra to be chosen to make a world tour under the sponsorship of the U. S. State Department. Forty-four concerts will be given in 15 countries, beginning August 2nd and concluding October 9th, 1966.

A Baldwin concert grand, the piano preferred by maestro Max Rudolf and piano soloist Lorin Hollander, will go around the world on this auspicious tour.

Baldwin

The sight and sound of fine music

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Trio in B flat, Op. 97. Josef Suk, violin; Jan Panenka, piano; and Josef Chuchro, cello. Crossroads 22 16 0021, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0022, $2.49.	Had the order of audition been different, this performance might have been cause for the same paean of praise inscribed below for Panenka's part in the *Forellen* Quintet of Schubert. It may suffice then to say that his work here speaks as eloquently for his qualifications as it does in the other context. Those affiliated with him are no less able (Suk, of course, has toured as soloist with leading American orchestras), resulting in an *Archduke* of singular vitality and freshness. It lacks some of the musical sophistication that characterized the recent version by Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and Eugene Istomin, but, also, some of its over-finicky detail. It is, in any case, a performance of its own high qualifications and distinctive character, which entitles it to a place of honor among the best versions of this great work.
Busoni: *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*. Peter Serkin and Richard Goode, pianos. Reger: Sonata in A minor, Op. 116. Mischa Schneider, cello, and Peter Serkin, piano. Columbia ML 6291, $4.79; stereo MS 6891, $5.79.	As an earnest of the intentions of Serkin *fils* to keep alive the enthusiasms of Serkin *père* this issue is altogether affirmative.There are doubtless enthusiasts for Busoni and Reger who will welcome those opportunities to further the "cause," and some others who will respond to the invitation to improve their knowledge of both subjects. However, a candid appraisal would lead to the conclusion that there are many more notes than music on these two sides. Creatively, there is more to be said for the Reger, which uses sound to project more than an architectural conception. But it also tends to turn backward to Brahms for guidance at almost every critical point, which tends to lessen its interest. It is difficult to imagine it being performed with greater understanding than it is here, for Schneider, the long time "low" member of the Budapest Quartet, shows himself possessed of a singularly sympathetic art as a soloist, and the ensemble is beautifully supported by Serkin. The two pianists cut a clear path through the forest of notes that make up Busoni's variations on Bach, but the underbrush makes heavy going for the listener.
Goodman, J.: Quintet (1954). Piston: Three Pieces (1925). Krenek: *Pentagram* (1957). The Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet, Lyrichord LL 158, $4.98; stereo LLST 7158, $5.95.	There is an abundance of general interest in these grooves, but the special interest relates to the quality of compositional art commanded by Joseph Goodman. A member of the faculty at Queens College, Goodman should certainly have a higher rating than he enjoys among composers generally, and Americans in particular. His background includes studies with Hindemith and Malipiero, which suggests neat workmanship: but there is far more than workmanship in these atmospheric, finely imagined sounds. They are superbly performed by the Soni Ventorum Quintet, which was responsible for its first performance in 1962. The early Piston work is full of aural felicities but not much emotional substance, the Krenek a typically "enigmatic" production of this composer's recent trend. The excellent ensemble, which includes Felix Skowronek, flute; James Caldwell, oboe; William McColl, clarinet; Robert Bonnevie, horn; and Arthur Grossman, bassoon, is an example of American musical skills which can be matched with those of any group anywhere.
Honegger: Sonata No. 1. Webern: Pieces, Op. 7. Debussy: Sonata in G minor. Ives: Sonata No. 4. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Roy Bogas, piano. Mercury MG 50442, $4.98; stereo SR 90442, $5.98.	This is in every way a "typical" Szigeti recording, of which there have not been too many lately, from the discerning choice of works to the beautifully proportioned performance of them with the latest in a series of excellent pianistic associates (previous ones included Nikita Magaloff, M. Horszowski, and Andor Foldes) previously unknown to fame. Each of the works is attractive in itself, while contributing a share of individuality to a well-varied sequence. Of greatest interest to me is the Honegger, a work of 1918 which shows the qualities of that admirable musician at their best. As for the others, they have long rated as Szigeti specialities, in whose style of performance Bogas had become thoroughly indoctrinated at the time of the recording (in 1959). The virtues of the repertory and performance are complemented by the reproduction, which is excellent.
Schubert: Quartet No. 12 in C minor (*Quartettsatz*); Quintet in A (*Forellen*), Op. 114. Members of the Smetana Quartet, with Jan Panenka, pianist. Crossroads 22 16 0029, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0030, $2.49.	There could hardly be a more auspicious introduction for this new series of economy-priced discs than this derivative from Supraphon sources. It is not only a superlative performance of the music, but a true and resonant reproduction of it that must give many reason to wonder why those who work with more expensive products cannot do as well, or even better. Panenka is a pianist hitherto unknown to recorded fame, but he leaves little doubt that he is one of the best chamber music players of the day, with just the right kind of sonority to blend with strings and a musician's instinct where balance is concerned. Indeed, as he seems to provide the leading impulse to the performance, the equality of opportunity that results suggests that *he* wants to hear all the other voices as much as the listener does. If nothing else, this performance is a living example of the importance of rhythmic precision to an alive outcome—but it is much, much more. In the short but exquisite quartet movement in C minor, the Smetana players sing out the enchanting sequence of sounds with an enchanting command of melodic statement. A disc to treasure.
Stamitz: Quartets (Op. 4, Nos. 3 and 6; Op. 8, Nos. 1 and 3). Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Jacques Lancelot, clarinet; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; and Gilbert Coursier, horn; with the Trio à Cordes Français. Nonesuch H 1125, $2.50; stereo H 71125, $2.50.	Players of the quality enumerated above could produce a web of sound to entice the listening interest with the slimmest of materials—a challenge to which they are almost, if not quite, put in these performances. Stamitz was a composer whose eminence earned the esteem of Mozart, which is understandable if one considers he was writing what was in many ways "Mozartian" music before the Salzburger. However, what is necessary to make it "Stamitzian" is mostly absent. That is to say, he echoed a mode, but never developed a method of his own. The performances are of the first quality, and with particular aural appeal in those works of side two in which cello and violin are combined, respectively, with oboe and horn, and flute and horn. The reproduction is worthy of the subject matter.
Vaughan Williams (arr.): "Just as the Tide was flowing"; "The captain's apprentice"; "The lark in the morning"; "An Acre of Land"; "The unquiet grave"; "The Carter"; "As I walked out"; "On Christmas Night." The Purcell Singers conducted by Imogen Holst, with Rosamond Strode, soprano, and Patrick Shuldham, baritone. Six Studies in English Folksong. Jean Stewart, viola, and Daphne Ibbott, piano. Everest 6137, $4.98; stereo 3137, $4.98.	Vaughan Williams's affection for folk song is, popularly, best known by his treatment of "Greensleeves" which virtually rescued that memorable tune from obscurity, but it was a pervasive part of his musical functioning generally. The present examples benefit from practically impeccable performances by the finely matched group of voices directed by Miss Holst, herself something of an authority on the subject. Miss Stewart, who draws a fine sound from her instrument, can claim almost equal identification with Vaughan Williams, for he shaped his second quartet to suit her special qualities in the Menges ensemble. In addition to the items enumerated above, the collection includes "Dives and Lazarus," "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," "Bushes and Briars," and the "Wassail Song." —I.K.

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ancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. ıst a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Ko- n village of Ku Am there are a dozen young, still-tender mul- ry trees growing on a small hill. meday these trees and their suc- ent leaves will be the heart of a village industry—a silk raising m. That day is still many months but it doesn't stop the village n from making daily inspection ks up the steep hill, just in case. t in case something miraculous happened since yesterday. After it wouldn't be the first miracle happen in Ku Am. Everyone in village knows the story of Chang k, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's nces of survival were as slim as was. Her father had disappeared ing the family's flight from th Korea. Her mother, a seam- ss, worked a backbreaking day most of the evening to earn a month. Barely enough to keep m from starving.

But today that's all changed be- se an American couple named tti are sharing a little of their d fortune with a girl to whom a e means everything. Nancy, n and five-year-old Alexandra tti are New Yorkers. They're not ılously wealthy as the villagers Ku Am believe. But, they're not r either. *Comfortable* probably cribes them best. They have rything they really need, but them ten minutes and they'll e up with ten things they want $15 a month would buy. Luck- hey thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children leration, the Seletti's $15 a th is doing a remarkable num- of things. First, Chang Sook's ediate needs and future school- are being taken care of. The fam- s getting help, too: Enough to ble Chang Sook's mother to start nall knit shop.

And with all this, there is still e money left over. This money, ether with money from other nsors, was borrowed by the vil- to start its precious mulberry n. Someday silk raising will n a permanent increase in the age's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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Schoenberg Revealed by Gould

By ALAN RICH

SOMETHING NEW has been added in Volume Four of Columbia's survey of the music of Arnold Schoenberg (M2S 736, also available in mono M2L 736), and that something is a precious commodity. Instead of the efficient, noncommittal, and uncommitted direction of Robert Craft, we are confronted here with a genuinely dedicated artistic viewpoint, that of Glenn Gould. It is a point of view with which issue might be taken, but it is at least strong and personally valid.

Gould once remarked to me in a radio interview that, to him, one of the greatest tragedies was that Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler had left behind no important piano music. The contents of this new album—all of Schoenberg's solo piano music, the lieder of Op. Nos. 1 and 2 and the song-cycle *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten*, Op. 15—offer his taste and his fingers a viable alternative. Even when Schoenberg himself seeks to obliterate his footsteps and to cut certain ties with his own musical past, as happens from time to time in the later piano pieces, Gould is there with his bloodhounds to reveal the trail.

Schoenberg's piano music forms something of a core around which the rest of his output revolves. Setting aside the two relatively inferior works of Op. 33, it spans the crucial years 1908-25. Thus, it extends between the composer's first real plunge into the waters of atonal possibility and the ultimate formulation of a method of composing with the twelve tones. Furthermore, somewhere along the 5:27 course of the six Opus 19 "little" pieces, the bright light of possibility suddenly begins to shine. These fragments really work. In them the whole paraphernalia of the atonal movement—the wispy trails of color, the extreme compression, the harmonic rootlessness, the little rhythmic crags—seem to coalesce into an obsessive search for a new philosophy of beauty. What's more, the search is as successful here as it has ever been since.

—*Columbia Record.*

Glenn Gould—"endearingly subversive."

Leading up to these wonderful pieces is the trail that began in the proclamative, resonant rhetoric of Brahms, turned a little muddy in the sentimental Straussian bogs, and pushed more exuberantly forward via Mahler. The songs of Op. Nos. 1 and 2 partake of all these elements, although it is more Mahler's influence that turns the harmony toward adventure, toward a seeking-out of strange and sudden darts of color in ways unexplainable by classic procedures. The best of the songs, *Waldsonne* from Opus 2, has the geniality of the *Wunderhorn* style, along with moments of harmonic unrest that seem to come right out of the later Mahler. Brahms is the composer one senses the strongest in the Opus 11 piano pieces, especially in the way the music is laid out along the keyboard and the melodic sweep. But in these works, as in the earlier songs, there is always that sense of unrest, of discontent with the adage that dominant chords resolve to tonic chords, which points clearly toward the drastic rethinking of the nature of harmony to come.

Yet, in *The Book of The Hanging Gardens* of the same year (1908), Schoenberg had already moved drastically forward. Perhaps the impetus was the symbolist, close-to-expressionist poetry of Stefan George, or merely the idea that a text, *any* text, might support certain advanced practices impractical in purely instrumental music (an idea shared, after all, by Bach and Mozart). Whatever the case, this cycle of fifteen short songs represents the emergence of a composer mature, self-assured, and dedicated; there could be no turning back from the new esthetic.

Even so, we cannot hear these songs today without some awareness of their romantic forbears. Fully atonal though their harmonic language may be, powerful as is their poetic atmosphere (formed out of the utmost freedom in the use of both vocal and piano color), we still hear in them melodic shapes and textures out of the past.

The importance, therefore, of Opus 19 is that here, for the first time, we do not hear these things. Here we have a new style fully formed and wholly communicative. Strangely enough, the piano pieces of Opus 23 represent almost a kind of reconciliation between past and present; again one senses something of the Brahmsian layout in one or two of the pieces, and it is today mostly of academic interest that the fifth of these pieces is Schoenberg's first piece of doctrinaire tone-row writing. The point is, rather, that Schoenberg *did* immediately set out to achieve some sort of synthesis, some inquiry as to where in the new esthetic some scraps of the old might be accommodated. The ultimate result of this inquiry, at least among the piano works, was the Opus 25 Suite, projected somewhat as a latter-day study in Baroque textures into which the twelve-tone outlook could be completely blended. The result was a masterpiece.

IN an endearingly subversive way, Glenn Gould manages to direct the attention almost continually to the old esthetic, rather than the new. His approach is constantly romantic, making the most of every invitation toward *ritardando* and *rubato*, intensifying the sonorous aspects of the music as though seeking some further reconciliation with the past. By comparison, the recordings of the piano works by the late Eduard Steuermann, whose career was intertwined with Schoenberg's for decades (Columbia ML 5216, deleted), are sharper, leaner, more propulsive.

Yet, it is a testimonial to the durability of any score, old or new, when it can support more than a single approach. Gould's performances are fascinating, assured, and, most important, loving. The music has engaged him, not merely to play it but to think about it, and this album is quite clearly the result of a great deal of important reflection.

Three singers are involved, and, for the most part, well. Donald Gramm's singing of the Opus 1 songs is elegant, beautifully phrased, and sympathetic to the music's relatively modest demands. Helen Vanni sings the cycle of George poems with lovely, rich, warm tones and a good sense for the special atmosphere of the poetry, but I prefer the greater dramatic thrust (although it is produced with some shrillness) of Bethany Beardslee's performance on Son-Nova 2. Ellen Faull's singing of the Opus 2 songs is flavorsome, but a persistent vibrato, not very well controlled, undermines her efforts.

Gould's work as accompanist is no less interesting or less carefully proportioned than his solo accomplishments. He is, also, as is unfortunately often the case in his recordings, his own vocalist from time to time.

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Recordings in Review

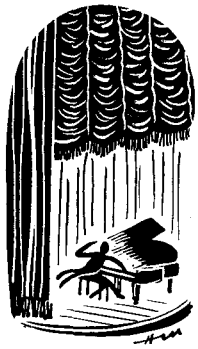
Continued from page 72

without recording any of the major solo works of Schumann, that was the impression conveyed by the appearance of this disc (Schwann identifies him only with a pair of duets performed with Malcolm Frager). How much of a deprivation that has been depends on which side of the disc you happen to play first.

My choice produced the Fantasia, which proved not to be the answer to a Schumann fancier's fondest hopes. It has its share of felicities—Ashkenazy is incapable of playing any worthwhile music without finding something in it that has eluded the attention of others—but neither the embracing line nor the underlying atmosphere that define its character for me. Pursuing the subject further, the companion side produced another kind of result altogether: a superb performance of the *Etudes Symphoniques* with all the virtues of judgment, taste, and insight that are the special distinction of Ashkenazy.

If one were searching for a capsule comment, it could be said that Ashkenazy performs the Fantasia studiously, and the *Etudes* fancifully. However accurately this might sum up the results, it would still leave the cause unexplored. My observation was that the brevity of statement in the *Etudes*, the swift panorama of change they present, are all to Ashkenazy's advantage, with the responsibility of sustaining listener attention assumed by the composer's juxtaposition of one mood and another. In the Fantasia, however, the performer himself must assume this burden, and it weighs heavily on Ashkenazy.

Having reached the foregoing conclusions, I was moved to play the Fantasia again, and this time found it a much more convincing performance. The aspect that I had found wanting was not in greater supply, but something else was: a kind of sensitivity it is possible to mistake for understatement, a strain of introspection that might be considered reticence. The simple fact is that the Fantasia engages the introvert side of Ashkenazy, the *Etudes Symphoniques* the extrovert—and that is the way it comes out. —Irving Kolodin.



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"La Vida" de los Angeles

WHEN Victoria de los Angeles is in optimum condition, there are few artists who can move the listener so deeply. Her fusion of the tonally beautiful with what Goethe might have welcomed as the embodiment of his *Ewig Weibliche* works an irresistible spell. And Miss de los Angeles, in Angel's new recording of the Manuel de Falla opera, *La Vida Breve* (BI-3672, stereo and mono), stands at the peak of her communicative powers. She has recorded this opera previously; her performances of the Granados *Tonadillas* that comprise the fourth side of this two-disc album are well known in the concert hall; yet never has her art seemed more persuasive, reminding us with characteristically gentle candor that here—in the midst of other divas apt to cast her in the shade by giant wing-extensions—stands the performer to whom one can return not only with admiration but with love.

Miss de los Angeles cannot really be separated from the score at hand: *La Vida Breve*. Each is an extension of the other. The gypsy girl of Granada, betrayed by her young man for a bride of the upper classes, might easily—in the hands of a lesser artist, one lacking in the aristocratic perception of this performer—be turned into an imitation Santuzza, the broadly spaced gesture replacing the interior drama. There are no such exaggerations here. Even that moment so nearly impossible of theatrical truth—when the abandoned Salud, confronting her lover at his wedding to Carmela, falls dead with the cry of "Paco!"—comes off shatteringly in this album. It is given a listener to praise the work of many great artists; yet how often in life can one truthfully say: "This *is* Isolde, this *is* Mélisande"? Whenever that happens, a milestone has been overtaken. In dwelling on such details of the de los Angeles Salud as consistently melting vocalism, dramatic imagery, endless resource of color and nuance, one only runs the danger of minimizing its strength as a whole.

Falla's music is the stuff of which first-class musical theater may be effected. Written in 1905, before the composer's long stay in France had begun (the actual premiere of *La Vida Breve* did not take place until 1913, in Nice, and with great success in the following year at the Paris Opéra-Comique), the score reflects an early Debussyian influence and even a touch of Charpentier—as in the urban panorama of Granada at sunset, the chorus blending in wordless chant with a sensuously tinted orchestra—along with, basically, Falla's own stark Iberian heritage. This two-act opera is brief,

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direct, unpretentious. It all works musically, theatrically. Even the well-known dance tune of the second act (the wedding scene), often so banal when excerpted, has the ring of rightness when heard in context.

It is forty years since this work was given its American premiere at the Metropolitan, with Lucrezia Bori as Salud, and it disappeared after a few performances. But our own generation might receive the score more raptly. At a time when *Elektra* and *Salome*, after years of traditional combination in double bills with other works, have come to be given singly, with the audience back on the sidewalk at an early hour, might it not be desirable to unite one of these with *La Vida Breve*? The contrast and the affinity would be worth noting.

The whole cast and production of the new recording are on a high level. Carlos Cossutta as the faithless Paco; Ines Rivadeneyra in the role of the Grandmother; Victor de Narké as the fierce Uncle Sarvaor; Luis Villarejo as Manuel, brother of the bride, not only sing expertly but provide the genuinely Spanish atmosphere at the core of the performance. Even the small part of the singer at the wedding, as taken by Gabriel Moreno, projects a dark authenticity.

The National Orchestra of Spain and the chorus of the Orfeon Donostiarra perform splendidly under the direction of Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. In the case of previous recordings of Spanish music by this conductor, one felt a certain reserve as to temperament, but here Frühbeck directs glowingly.

On the fourth side of the album, Miss de los Angeles is heard in nine of the Granados *Tonadillas*, which she sings surpassingly. Gonzalo Soriano is the excellent pianist. If one makes the inevitable comparison between the de los Angeles performance of the *Tonadillas* and the disc issued recently by her compatriot, Montserrat Caballé, one must conclude—after first noting that the Caballé is with orchestra, rather than piano, and that there are some variations in the choice and order of songs within the set—the de los Angeles version comes from the heart and the Caballé from a wondrously well-manipulated larynx. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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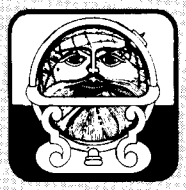

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New Tenants for "Bluebeard's Castle"

IN ITS fifty-five-year history, Béla Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* has remained more a stranger to the operatic eye than to the operatic ear. During the past few years, especially, nearly a half-dozen recordings have found their way into the catalogue; yet the average, not to say the itinerant, operagoer has found little opportunity to see it performed "live" on the stage. There would seem to be some justice to this circumstance, for the opera offers a minimum of what can be considered dramatic action, and even the cleverest of stage directors find it a challenge to overcome the built-in static quality of the one-act opera. The fascinating, if somewhat obscure, text by Béla Balázs is "acted out" in the inner chambers of the psyche and deals with the spiritual relationship of a man and his wife, though cloaked, as it is, in the dreamlike, fairly-tale atmosphere of ancient legend.

On the other hand, this is an ideal recording opera, since the dramatic and psychological action is vividly portrayed in the music itself. Bartók expertly evoked the lyrical and passionate music of Bluebeard's and Judith's love, the heightened tensions as Judith turns the key in the locks, and, of course, the richly descriptive visions that are to be found behind each of the seven doors. This sensuous and imaginative score conveys a poignant human tragedy, and when it is expertly played and sung, it cannot help but encourage the imagination to strike out on its own to supply the rest of the magic.

Bluebeard's Castle is given just such a reading on London's new version (stereo OSA 1158, $5.79; mono A 4158, $4.79) with the young Hungarian conductor Istvan Kertesz and the London Symphony Orchestra. The employment of the LSO for the second time in recording the opera creates an interesting point for comparison, since the 1962 Mercury recording with the LSO was under the baton of another Hungarian maestro, Antal Dorati. The orchestra, under Kertesz's knowing hand, combines a brilliance and warmth of tone with an incisiveness and clarity. But his generally sympathetic reading of the score—while dedicated and finely molded—is a mite lacking in the dramatic thrust and theatrical sweep with which Dorati invested his powerfully authoritative performance. Some of the inner anguish and dark portents of the music has not been fully exploited in what is a more straightforward, though extremely musical, interpretation.

Kertesz's two soloists, who happen to be husband and wife off-stage, possess two of the most beautiful voices currently to be heard. The two, Walter Berry and Christa Ludwig, are ideally and superbly cast as Bluebeard and Judith, bringing an opulence of tone and an unerring dramatic sense that make this an intense and heartfelt experience. Miss Ludwig has the ability to illuminate each word with meaning and a variety of tonal color. From her opening address to "Kékszakállú," the mezzo-soprano conveys an urgency and passion that foretell what is to come. At each of the seven doors, she turns from wonder to dismay as blood covers what is contained within. Her demand to continue the quest begins with subtle insistence that is loving and insinuating. But after the fifth door (Bluebeard's spacious domain) her pleas are rightly filled with desperation and even ecstasy.

Walter Berry, too, has a strong sense of character, offering subtle variation of expression to meet the changing moods and mounting climax of the story. His voice reflects Bluebeard's maturity, as he gives both weight and power to his generally lyric baritone. He captures the melancholy and resigned tone of a man powerless before the woman who must possess him physically and spiritually.

For those who are comparison-minded, Mihaly Szekely and Olga Szönyi in the Dorati-directed version for Mercury are often vocally hard-put. On the other hand, the high-level vocalism of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hertha Töpper on Deutsche Grammophon, conducted by Ferenc Fricsay, is negated by an awkward German translation and several meaningless cuts in the score. And the Columbia recording, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, suffers from an English translation, though ably sung by Jerome Hines and Rosalind Elias.

Bartók's genius musically renders the natural inflection of the Hungarian tongue; his music carries these particular vocal rhythms, and any translation seems to run against the music's own natural flow. For current-day Bartókianos, this use of the original Hungarian text along with soloists Ludwig and Berry—and Kertesz's significant contribution—contribute to this definitive recording of Bartók's only opera.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Crossroads, Seraphim, World Series

TO START OFF the new season, we have three brand-new economy labels, each of them offering something a little different. Epic has just introduced its low-priced subsidiary label called Crossroads, Philips has an entry, appropriate enough for a debut at this time, called World Series, and Angel has brought out a line called Seraphim.

The Crossroads label has been created especially for releasing recordings from the Czechoslovak Supraphon catalogue, to which Epic now has exclusive rights in this country. All the material is new (or, at least, new on domestic labels), and all is offered in genuine stereo. Evidently, none of the Supraphon material previously issued on Artia or Parliament will be transferred to Crossroads, but some of the recent Supraphons available here as imports are on the new label, which lists at $2.49 for both mono and stereo. An example is the superb pairing of Honegger's Second and Third Symphonies, played by the Czech Philharmonic under Serge Baudo. The really first-rate sound here indicates that the Supraphon tapes must have been a good deal better than one would have thought from Supraphon's own disc pressings: a noticeable improvement and a most welcome record.

Among the other nineteen items in the initial Crossroads release is a splendid two-disc set of Smetana's *Má Vlast* cycle, with Karel Ančerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic. The same conductor and orchestra are also represented by a Mahler First, and in Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 3, with Miroslav Stefek as soloist. The Horn Concerto is filler on side two of the disc featuring the Mozart *Sinfonia Concertante* for wind quartet and orchestra, Václav Smetáček conducting. Mozart's other *Sinfonia Concertante* (for violin and viola) is in the list, too, under Kurt Redel, with the soloists—Josef Suk and Milan Skampa—playing the Duo in B flat (K. 424) as an encore.

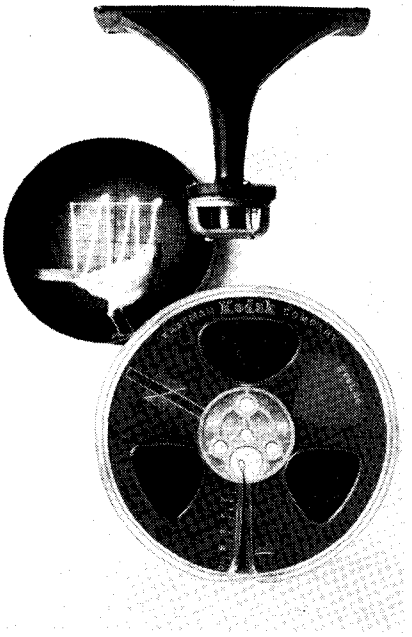
Smetáček also conducts the first stereo recording of Orff's *Catulli Carmina* on Crossroads (his reading of *Carmina Burana* is on Parliament). Other particularly attractive Crossroads discs are those of Janáček's two string quartets played by the ensemble bearing his name; Beethoven's *Archduke* Trio, with pianist Jan Panenka, violinist Josef Suk and cellist Josef Chuchro; the two Brahms cello sonatas with André Navarra and Alfred Holeček; Schubert's *Trout* Quintet and *Quartettsatz* by the Smetana Quartet and friends; the Prague Madrigal Singers in works of Lassus and Monteverdi, and records of orchestral pieces by Reicha, Voříšek, Stamitz and Vejvanovsky.

Paul Myers, who is producing the Crossroads series, advises that some Supraphon material will be issued on the full-priced Epic label, too. He is especially happy with the irreverent cartoons that adorn the Crossroads covers, since they represent a striking departure from the cartoon style popularized by Nonesuch and imitated by so many other labels. The Crossroads cartoons are not so arty, but more in the nature of out-and-out gags.

The two dozen items in the initial World Series release come for the most part from the Philips catalogue, some having been available here earlier on Epic and Columbia, though one or two may be traced to Mercury originals. Less than half, in any event, fall into the reissue catagory, and some of the new material is quite exciting. The repertory ranges from Gregorian Chant to Rafael Druian's two-disc set of violin sonatas by Ives and Bartók, and the price is $2.50. No need to specify "mono or stereo," for what makes World Series different is that all the records are pressed in "compatible stereo."

Formerly (or perhaps still) a controversial matter, compatible stereo has been refined a good deal, and there have been some excellent examples recently, such as the Vox Box Sampler issued about a year ago. Some European record companies are said to be producing everything in compatible stereo now, and simply labeling half their production mono and the other half stereo, to keep everybody happy. The only drawback in the case of World Series is that, since the older recordings are all served up in "electronically reprocessed stereo," those who disapprove of phony stereo in principle can't avoid it here unless their equipment allows for strictly mono reproduction as well as (or instead of) stereo.

Particularly welcome among the reissues, in addition to the Druian set already mentioned, are the late Eduard van Beinum's beefy account of the complete *Water Music* of Handel (formerly on Epic), Clara Haskil's pairing of the second and third sonatas of Beethoven's Opus 31 set (also from Epic), and Paul Sacher's elegant collection of orchestral



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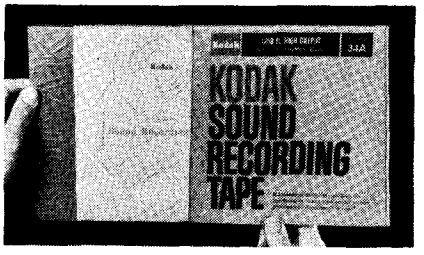

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works by Johann Christian Bach (formerly on Columbia).

Intriguing new items are the Dvořák Symphony No. 6 in D (formerly No. 1, Opus 60), with the London Symphony under Witold Rowicki; Charles Mackerras conducting the same orchestra in ballet music by Rameau (*Castor et Pollux*) and Gluck (*Orphée*); the Tchaikovsky Second Piano Concerto with Nikita Magaloff (Colin Davis conducting); a really smashing Liszt recital by György Cziffra (worth the price for the E-major Polonaise alone), and a charming disc of Schubert works for guitar—the Matiegka-derived Quartet for flute, guitar, viola and cello, and the Eight Minuets for guitar, violin and cello—with guitarist Antonio Membrado, flutist Roger Bourdin, and the Trio à Cordes Français.

In a two-disc World Series set, Werner Haas plays all the Ravel piano music. Michel Corrette's *Concertos Comiques* are offered on a single LP by the "Antiqua Musica" Chamber Orchestra under Jacques Roussel. A selection of Psalms and *Cantiones Sacrae* by Sweelinck is performed on another by the Netherlands Chamber Choir under Felix de Nobel, and there is still more new matter to be added to the Telemann discography in the collection of four works by that composer performed by the Rouen Chamber Orchestra under Albert Beaucamp (three "new" suites in addition to the familiar *Don Quichotte*).

There is strikingly handsome cover art for World Series, by the way, and the annotation includes, in most cases, references to recommended reading on the respective composers. To some eyes, the World Series emblem, or "logo," will bear an astonishing similarity to the one for Crossroads.

If the first batch of Seraphim records is less adventurous than either Crossroads or World Series in the way of repertory, it is hardly unexciting in terms of personnel. Seraphim is essentially a reissue series—some items from Angel, some from the EMI import list, some from Capitol, and a few that were on Victor and Columbia before those companies ended their historic affiliations with EMI—and there are things here that one would have expected to see in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series instead of on a $2.49 label. The price applies to both mono and, where available, stereo; there is a preponderance of mono-only discs, since Seraphim does not offer "electronically enhanced" editions of pre-stereo recordings.

One wonders about the use of the plural "Seraphim" for the name of the series, and wonders, too, whether "Cherub" might not have been less confusing, since one of the items in the initial Seraphim release is conducted by Tullio Serafin. It is the Donizetti *L'elisir d'amore* from La Scala, with Carteri, Alva, Taddei and Panerai, available in stereo, as is the complete *Nozze di Figaro* under Ottmar Suitner. The *Figaro* is one of the very few Seraphim issues not available here earlier on another label.

A third complete opera is the Beecham *Bohème*, originally on RCA Victor. This is in mono only, and so, of course, is the Flagstad/Furtwängler disc of excerpts from *Götterdämmerung*. Fischer-Dieskau's Verdi arias (Erede conducting) are in stereo, as are Edith Mathis's recordings of Handel songs. The Schwarzkopf pairing of Mozart's motet "Exsultate, jubilate" with Bach's Cantata No. 51 (formerly on a Columbia disc), the Geraint Jones coupling of Bach's *Magnificat* and Purcell's *Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary* (formerly on Angel), and one record from the Boris Christoff album of Mussorgsky songs complete the vocal segment of the release.

Also noteworthy on Seraphim: Klemperer conducting Hindemith's *Nobilissima Visione* and the Brahms Haydn Variations; Hindemith conducting the Philharmonia in his own *Concert Music for Strings and Brass* and Symphony for Concert Band; Richard Strauss's 1941 recording of his *Alpensymphonie* with the Bavarian State Orchestra; Gerald Moore's *The Unashamed Accompanist;* Dinu Lipatti in the Chopin E-minor Concerto; Dame Myra Hess in the Schumann Concerto and *Etudes Symphoniques;* Dennis Brain in the Beethoven Horn Sonata; Guido Cantelli conducting the *Italian* and *Unfinished* symphonies, and a Beecham collection of works by Sibelius, Delius, Dvořák, Grieg and Fauré. Of the records mentioned in this paragraph, only the Beecham and Hindemith are available in stereo.

Since the Seraphim emphasis is really on memorable performances instead of unusual repertory, it is not surprising that the jacket covers are given over to photographs of the respective performers. This itself represents rather a new departure in the low-price category.

According to rumor, the next economy line is to come from Columbia, probably early next year. Because of the standards already established in the low-priced range by such labels as those discussed here, one must assume that the Columbia entry will be of major significance in musical as well as economic terms—and something worth talking about in terms of cover art as well.

—Richard Freed.

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Audio Fashions

Continued from page 71

that "disappear" behind an onyx-black face plate when power is turned off; Acoustech's new Model VIII tuner has a "disappearing" dial also. Fisher's new receivers have Field Effect Transistors and an overload protection circuit for the output stages. Audio Dynamics has added two receivers and an amplifier to their line of speakers and phono cartridges.

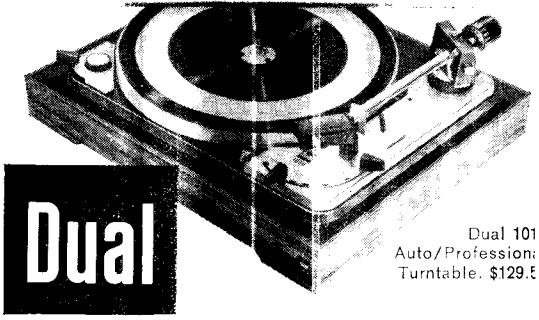
Two new Japanese firms, Sansui and Pioneer will be on hand with receivers and other components. Sansui is completely new to the show, but Pioneer appeared here in 1963 under the "ITT Pioneer" label.

Dynaco and Marantz, last of the vacuum-tube holdouts until the appearance last year of their solid-state amplifier and preamplifier, respectively, have this year added a solid-state preamplifier and amplifier to their respective lines. The Dyna PAT-4 preamplifier has a continuous tone control that is truly "flat" at the center of the control rotation (a feature shared with the new PAS-3X and PAS-2X versions of their tube preamplifier), a low-frequency filter, and a high-frequency filter with variable cut-off points. The Marantz Model 15 Solid State 60 watt/channel stereo basic amplifier is really two all-silicon amplifiers sharing only a common front panel, power cord, and switch. As a result, each channel has its own power supply, for maximum isolation; and a single-channel version, the Model 14, is available for mono or center channel use.

Sony's new power amplifier and integrated amplifier, each carrying 60 watts per channel, have silicon-controlled-rectifiers for output stage protection. The function switch on the integrated amplifier is unique, with the most-often-used functions, tuner and phono, connected to a lever switch whose third position brings into play a conventional rotary selector switch for such relatively unused functions as microphone, tape head, auxiliary, and a second phono input. Tape, of course, is cued in through a tape monitor switch.

Acoustech will introduce a 200-watt power amplifier, the Model I-B, a 100-watt integrated amplifier, Model V-A, and a 100-watt, kit-built power amplifier, the Model XII, which becomes equivalent to the V-A when the Acoustech P/M preamplifier module is added to it.

Wharfedale has added several speakers to its Expandule line, introduced last year, in which basic, wide-range speaker systems plug directly into extended-range woofer/tweeter systems, becoming the mid-range unit of the new combination. The W20, at $49.95 the



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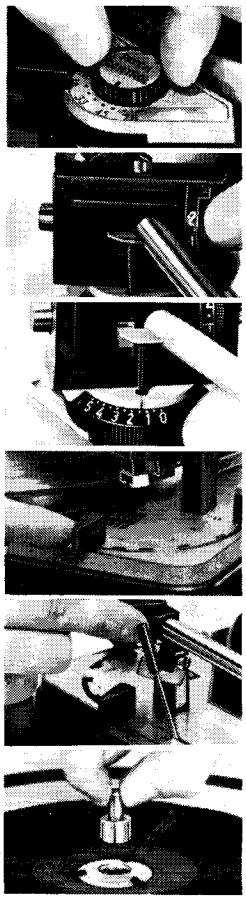

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least expensive Wharfedale ever, will also be shown.

KLH will offer a new, three-way, four-speaker, full-range acoustic-suspension loudspeaker system of roughly the same size as the KLH Model Four, which it supersedes. Hartley has a new co-axial speaker system, the Jr. Concertmaster, and Bozak has announced a series of speaker and equipment cabinets with colonial styling. Goodmans has added a Maximus Seven three-way system to its Maximus line. EMI has three new speaker systems with high-compliance polyvinylchloride edge suspensions, aluminum center cones, and removable grilles for easy fabric changing.

Both Fisher and Jensen offer four-way, seven-speaker systems in floor-standing consolettes. Jensen also will show two new bookshelf systems, and one large system, the 700XL, described as "the ultimate in bookshelf . . . systems" and—at 60 pounds—probably requiring the ultimate in bookshelves to hold it. Scott's new speakers have Controlled Impedance—their rated impedance is maintained across the audio range, rather than just in the midrange, as with most speakers. Better matching to transistor amplifiers is claimed.

Empire and Tannoy have departed from the usual, rectangular speaker for-

mat: Empire's Cavalier is a smaller version of their rounded Grenadier system, while Tannoy's Biarritz is a low, floor-standing hexagon. Tannoy also offers a new system in the standard format, the compact Townsman Audiometric, and ADC's model 404 is even more compact, designed, perhaps, for paperback bookshelves.

Acoustic Research's live-vs.-recorded demonstrations should be even more fun than usual this year: Instead of the string quartets and guitarists of previous years, AR is using an old nickelodeon whose sounds include piano, banjo, bass drum, wood blocks, cymbals, castanets and a tambourine. AR's new product this year is the "X" version of the AR-4 compact speaker introduced a year ago.

—Ivan Berger.

Dance

Continued from page 68

claims several "firsts" in the history of British ballet: the first evening-long ballet with a contemporary setting, the first three-act work in which all the elements have been specially commissioned, the first with a producer as well as a choreographer, the first with a detailed plot by a playwright, the first to be associated with mass-magazine feature articles (the *Time* and *Elle* "swinging city" stories).

Choreographer Peter Darrell and production consultant Colin Graham's work—"one of the most valuable experiments toward total theatre that has been carried out for some time," a leading critic wrote, although reactions were generally mixed—poses a significant question: Can ballet in this country, using the academic vocabulary alongside materials and motifs of today as tangible as motorcycles and ineffable as neuroses, successfully perform the function usually accomplished in America by the musical comedy?

Within the tableau of a Cornwall village carnival celebrated by a garage owner and his wife (Judge and Priestess), their imbecile son and nubile daughter, a youthful stranger who arrives on a motorcycle in need of repair (it is eventually completely dismantled and the parts used to bash him) and is forced to undergo grotesque rituals with hints of pagan and Christian scaffolding, a weird priest, and the populace of mechanics, carriers, farm workers, local girls, and whores (all assume vague symbolic roles), details of a darker, private ceremony are hidden.

This so-called "play for dancing" is enjoyable, but stubbornly refuses to jell. The music by Malcolm Williamson, the Australian composer best known for his opera score *Our Man in Havana*, from the Graham Greene novel, is a framework of reinforcement which makes the proper points at the right time, heavy with an overstress on chords, but misses the chance to add a dimension of its own. When I recall Darrell's range of choreographic invention (such as the ape and flagellation dances, the shadow-silhouette striptease, the can-can parody during the revels of the second act) and the effective design by Harry Waistnage and lighting by Charles Bristow then I am inclined to blame the scenario by David Rudkin. He has not thought his ideas out thoroughly, with the result that *Sun Into Darkness* makes the schizoid impression of constantly operating on two levels of meaning—realism and ritual. But there is no denying its cumulative power and daring, and the excellent "dance-acting" of the cast.

The remainder of the Western Thea-

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tre Ballet's program consisted of one other new work, Laverne Meyer's *Trial* (music by Alban Berg), portraying the crackup of a psychotic girl, Darrell's *A Wedding Present* (music by Bartók), about a marriage broken by a wife's learning of her husband's homosexual past, *Chiaroscuro* (music by Milhaud), an impressionistic study of light and shade in human behavior, and *Jeux* (music by Debussy) and *Mods and Rockers '63* (music by The Beatles), both sophisticated satires abounding with verve, Peter Wright's *Ballet to This Music* (music by Haydn), a modest piece too much in the vein of a classroom exercise, Walter Gore's *Street Games* (music by Ibert), a divertissement burdened by social observation, and finally, a new production of emigré Cranko's early *Beauty and the Beast* (music by Ravel), a charming *pas de deux* recreating the familiar fairy tale. Of the dancers I would single out Gary Sherwood, Peter Cazalet, Robin Haig, Elaine McDonald, and Donna Day Washington as outstanding talents who bear watching.

Song of the Earth, Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet to Mahler's music, has been universally acclaimed one of the greatest created in our time, since its English premiere in May. MacMillan possesses this extraordinary awareness of how the other arts are related to dance, and an unerring, instinctive ability to employ them to advantage within his total concept. *Song of the Earth* may be described as a dance-poem fused with a song-symphony in one majestic work, where all the parts interact to enrich each other.

Gustav Mahler was mortally ill when, in 1908, a friend sent him a German translation of a book of Chinese poems, Hans Bethge's *The Chinese Flute*. Their fatalistic attitude toward life paralleled his own at the time, and fired his imagination to set six of them to music in *Das Lied von der Erde*, that supreme musical expression of the transitory nature of mortal experience, the beauty of life co-existent with the finality of death. MacMillan forges another link in the creative chain, assimilating the poems and the music, and in a wholly successful synthesis expressing their themes through movement. A previous abortive attempt at utilizing this complex Mahler symphony was Anthony Tudor's *Shadow of the Wind*; he had fared better with the *Kindertotenlieder* music in *Dark Elegies*.

The first part, "The Drinking Song of Earth's Sorrow," is a rapturous paean to experience; the male principal and five other boys execute joyful leaps and swoops until Der Ewige/The Eternal One (Covent Garden translation: The Messenger of Death), a masked solo dancer, enters to mock them and engages in conflict with Man. At the be-

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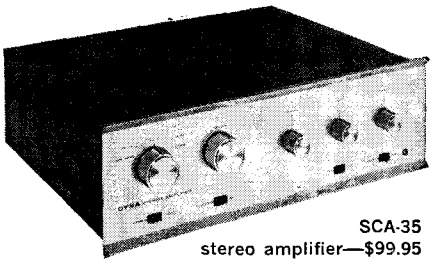

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ginning of the second part, "Autumn Solitude," four girls are partnered by four boys, who depart at The Eternal One's approach. The female principal is cut off from the others, and dances a *pas de deux* with The Eternal One in which they never touch, poignantly delineating the sad loneliness of Woman.

The third and fourth parts are relevant memory interludes. "Of Youth" conveys a vivacious, light-hearted feeling until at the end The Eternal One appears, lifting the female figure off in a grim assertion that even youth must yield before him. A good example of how the movement is related to the words of the songs occurs in this sequence when one of the girls is stood on her head, an allusion to the upside-down mirror made by the little pond. "Of Beauty" is the only part where The Eternal One does not show up; it is a lovely, fragile, moving daub reminiscent of the qualities of Chinese water colors and calligraphy that subtly pervade the whole work. As seven girls are picking flowers on a river bank, a troop of seven horsemen ride by. One of the girls, drawn to a rider, does a solo of desire for him, then they participate in a delicate passage of shy contact, and at the end, bask in love's fleeting embrace, spotlighted, with the others now paired off in silhouette. "The Drunken One in Spring," the fifth part, is an ironic comment on the pleasures of wine and song. The Eternal One dogs the gaily intoxicated steps of a sextet of drunks, and at last jumps on one and hovers above his staggering prey.

The last part, "The Farewell," is breathtakingly exquisite, a half hour of emotion articulated in physical patterns. A diagonal line of four windblown couples forms a semi-circle surrounding Man, Woman, and The Eternal One, who we feel by now is almost an old friend. The movement is basically simple, but its continual shifts do not break up as in a kaleidoscope; they have a magic, personal geometry I have seen before only in Balanchine. The Eternal One wrenches Man away from Woman, later to return with both of them wearing masks. Then the two Eternal Ones join their arms together with Woman's, and from the depths of the stage lead her forward with a wing-like, undulating movement into the promise of life's renewal and eternity.

In harmony with the reigning principle of simplicity, the only set was a plain dark backdrop against which lighting was eloquently manipulated (a blue cyclorama was used in Stuttgart, where *Song of the Earth* was first danced) and practice clothes, with short tunics for the girls, replaced ornate costumes. Lynn Seymour interpreted Woman with her customary technical clarity and dramatic presence, but without the lyrical brilliance Marcia Haydée radiated in May, Donald MacLeary was a virile Man battling destiny with some near-herculean *tours de force,* and Nureyev as The Eternal One for once could safely turn on his romanticism full-blast. The singers Yvonne Minton and Vilem Pribyl seemed a trifle awed, and the orchestra under Hans Swarowsky wavered in phrasing, and its rhythm was too stilted for the fluid demands of the choreography. (Or it could be the typical English climate, where hot days are rare even in summer.)

What a wonderful audio-visual crescendo it would have been if Bruno Walter, Kathleen Ferrier, and Julius Patzak had lent their talents to *Song of the Earth!* But here the distinguished music critic of the Sunday Times, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, emerged with his "esthetic dilemma" of the music and dance distracting attention from each other, and compared MacMillan's ballet to an excellent club sandwich too huge to eat. An old battle—Ernest Newman, Shawe-Taylor's predecessor, took the opposite stand in praising Massine's symphonic ballets back in the Thirties—but it was still raging among the teacups when I left.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Lang and Baroque

VIVA PAUL HENRY LANG! His criticism of Time-Life records [*SR*, Apr. 30] is well placed. In the introductory music appreciation course at Douglass College, our professor, James R. Wilson, went to great lengths to provide us with authentic and authoritative references as a guide to our own musical explorations. The technique was valuable to our class of 400; how much more important it should be in compiling an "introductory course" for national distribution!

MARIE L. COOLEY.

West Hartford, Conn.

Rights for Germany

MY COMPLIMENTS to Eloise Lehmert of Blairstown, N.J. for her letter in *SR* Aug. 27 in defense of *Deutschland über Alles*. In these days of *Combat!* and other self-righteous, anti-German propaganda, it is refreshing to hear from someone who believes in the right of Germany to exist. *Gott erhalte sie!*

JOHN KELLY.

Manchester, N.H.

Mahler and Foster

HAS NORMAN FOSTER, bass-baritone, made any other recordings besides the *Songs of a Wayfarer* and *Kindertotenlieder*? Also does he perform anywhere at the present time?

JOE BARISH.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No other Foster records are known, though he did direct, produce and appear in a film version of Nicolai's "Merry Wives" within the last year or so. He has also been a member of the Vienna State Opera ensemble.*

Bizet by Weingartner

ON PAGE 54 of the Aug. 27 issue of *SR* in a review of a recording of Bizet's *L'Arlésienne* Suite, you mention "memories of early recordings of Bizet's Suite by Weingartner, Mengelberg . . . "I, and, doubtless, other music lovers, would be very much interested to hear these two conductors' performances of the Suite, but I've been unable to locate record numbers or any evidence whatever of such recordings (save one movement used as a filler in a Mengelberg set) in any reference work on 78 rpm records. Would you please supply further information about these recordings.

RICHARD WARREN JR.

Hamden, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Weingartner L'Arlésienne excerpts (Prelude and Adagietto) predated the later Columbia records of symphonies for which he is well known. They were joined with the "Prelude" and "Intermezzo" from Act IV of "Carmen," seemingly an odd choice for the admired interpreter of Beethoven. However, it should be remembered that Weingartner was Mahler's successor as director of the Vienna Opera. The number of the all-Bizet disc was Columbia A5559, and may be found in a listing of early Weingartner discs in Julian Morton Moses's "Collectors' Guide to American Recordings 1895-1925."*

Coon and Sanders

IN YOUR ISSUE of May 14 I found great interest in the article by Herb Shultz, "The Dancing World of Coon Sanders." It was interesting, factual, and a real word picture of the orchestra. However, perhaps Mr. Shultz will allow some correction. Carlton and Joe met long before Christmas week of 1918. I am sure of this for the reason that in the fall of 1917 I deposited my AFofM union card in the Kansas City local. I was playing saxophone with a small combo near 12th and Walnut, where Carlton and Joe approached me with an offer. At that time, late in '17 or early '18, they had a small booking office downtown. Through that winter I played several engagements with them around Kansas City, (the Blue Hills Country Club). . . . I recall the year for I left that spring to enlist in the army at Camp Dodge, Iowa. . .

HOWARD C. ROSS.

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"The Tempest"

Continued from page 57

forgotten that it was originally a celebration of a major rite of passage.

Like *A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Tempest* was almost certainly written for a particular court wedding. There is a total difference in the interpretation of the sacrament of matrimony in the two plays. The new definition of the kind of supernatural grace conferred is the product of wisdom gained by a life lived and reflected in the great bitter tragedies.

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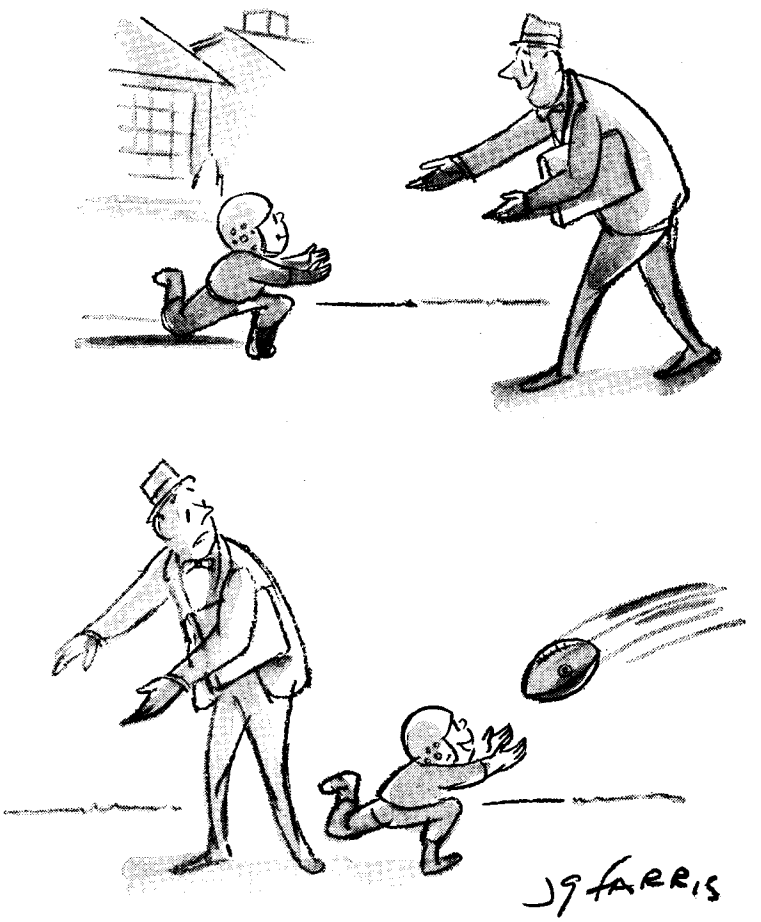

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1694

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Elbows.	5 203 106 10 90 129 31
B. "Ah, what is more blessed," says Catullus, "than to put cares away" — and then: these 2 wds.	34 151 54 163 175 56 121 33
C. Clove.	23 168 73 83 42 2 178
D. One thing which, Benjamin Franklin tells us, is never found again (2 wds.)	64 6 208 110 119 13 70 125
E. Creature which Milton said "stretched like a promontory" (*Paradise Lost*).	60 142 128 164 76 180 114 9 44
F. Short-lived, temporary things.	205 185 131 58 191 186 87 35
G. Colloq. for a piece of the daily press.	24 19 1 148 61 138 3 183 136
H. Attractions of the big-circus sideshows (2 wds.)	201 172 29 188 41 122 176 153 55
I. Something burdensome; awkward treatment (2 wds.)	22 59 127 85 7 12 50 63 195
J. Make corrections in (a literary work).	28 187 109 101 91
K. Stimulates; sharpens.	82 108 48 113 154
L. Zoology's word for a curved process.	162 144 45 43 67
M. Present selling slogan implied by practically all dentifrice makers (3 wds.)	89 165 39 68 181 116 92 206 25 184 98 74 78
N. Specifying machines sold by the fictional Alexander Botts of William Hazlitt Upson.	118 104 47 72 204 8 53 189 79
O. Followed by *iron*, some of the things Cassius said could not *be retentive to the strength of spirit* (*Julius Caesar*; 2 wds.)	193 147 77 99 66 100 49
P. Temporary knot around rope, spar, post (2 wds.)	52 80 30 171 135 167 161 11 103
Q. Suffering impairment or absence of normal respiration (3 wds.)	160 133 137 46 155 199 17 65 207 102 126
R. Antonym for V.I.P.s.	200 197 182 209 132 124 38 179
S. Undeniable stage success (2 wds.)	174 117 139 20 143 150 194 130
T. Most primitive natural or kindred group.	169 140 141 75 190 192
U. Single pieces or subdivisions of a series.	26 16 177 198 159 32 123
V. First musical comedy to win a Pulitzer Prize (1931), revived 1952 (4 wds.)	97 146 210 88 71 84 196 115 173 36 15
W. Anglo-Saxon heir-apparent.	156 21 93 27 96 62 81 134
X. Activities appropriate to any business or profession.	57 37 18 95 158 120 152 202 166
Y. One versed in the science of improving living conditions in order to secure more efficient human beings.	94 112 107 149 86 14 69 157 51
Z. Biting, corroding.	111 170 145 40 4 105

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 G	2 C		3 G	4 Z	5 A	6 D	7 I		8 N	9 E	10 A	11 P	12 I						
13 D	14 Y	15 V		16 U	17 Q	18 X	19 G	20 S	21 W		22 I	23 C	24 G	25 M	26 U	27 W							
28 J	29 H	30 P	31 A		32 U	33 B		34 B	35 F	36 V		37 X	38 R	39 M	40 Z	41 H	42 C						
43 L	44 E		45 L	46 Q	47 N	48 K		49 O	50 I	51 Y	52 P	53 N	54 B	55 H		56 B	57 X						
	58 F	59 I	60 E	61 G		62 W	63 I		64 D	65 Q	66 O	67 L		68 M	69 Y	70 D	71 V						
	72 N	73 C	74 M	75 T		76 E	77 O	78 M		79 N	80 P	81 W		82 K	83 C		84 V						
85 I	86 Y	87 F		88 V	89 M	90 A	91 J		92 M	93 W	94 Y		95 X	96 W	97 V	98 M	99 O						
	100 O	101 J		102 Q	103 P	104 N	105 Z	106 A		107 Y	108 K	109 J		110 D	111 Z	112 Y	113 K						
114 E		115 V	116 M	117 S	118 N	119 D	120 X	121 B	122 H	123 U		124 R	125 D		126 Q	127 I	128 E						
129 A		130 S	131 F	132 R	133 Q	134 W	135 P	136 G		137 Q	138 G	139 S	140 T		141 T	142 E							
143 S	144 L	145 Z		146 V	147 O	148 G	149 Y	150 S	151 B	152 X	153 H	154 K		155 Q	156 W	157 Y	158 X						
	159 U	160 Q		161 P	162 L	163 B		164 E	165 M	166 X	167 P	168 C	169 T		170 Z	171 P							
172 H	173 V	174 S		175 B	176 H	177 U	178 C	179 R		180 E	181 M		182 R	183 G	184 M	185 F							
186 F	187 J		188 H	189 N	190 T	191 F		192 T	193 O	194 S	195 I	196 V	197 R	198 U		199 Q	200 R						
201 H		202 X	203 A		204 N	205 F		206 M	207 Q	208 D	209 R	210 V											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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